GRADED LITERATURE READERS

FIFTH AND SIXTH BOOKS COMBINED

MAYNARD, MERRILL & CO
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His arrow split the willow rod. [*See page 237.*]

GRADED LITERATURE READERS

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FIFTH BOOK

MAYNARD, MERRILL, & CO., PUBLISHERS

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PREFACE

It is believed that the Graded Literature Readers will commend themselves to thoughtful teachers by their careful grading, their sound methods, and the variety and literary character of their subject-matter.

They have been made not only in recognition of the growing discontent with the selections in the older readers, but also with an appreciation of the value of the educational features which many of those readers contained. Their chief points of divergence from other new books, therefore, are their choice of subject-matter and their conservatism in method.

A great consideration governing the choice of all the selections has been that they shall interest children. The difficulty of learning to read is minimized when the interest is aroused.

School readers, which supply almost the only reading of many children, should stimulate a taste for good literature and awaken interest in a wide range of subjects.

In the Graded Literature Readers good literature has been presented as early as possible, and the classic tales and fables, to which constant allusion is made in literature and daily life, are largely used.

Nature study has received due attention. The lessons on scientific subjects, though necessarily simple at first, preserve always a strict accuracy.

The careful drawings of plants and animals, and the illustrations in color — many of them photographs from nature — will be attractive to the pupil and helpful in connection with nature study.

No expense has been spared to maintain a high standard in the illustrations, and excellent engravings of masterpieces are given throughout the series with a view to quickening appreciation of the best in art.

These books have been prepared with the hearty sympathy and very practical assistance of many distinguished educators in different parts of the country, including some of the most successful teachers of reading in primary, intermediate, and advanced grades.

INTRODUCTION

In the Fourth and Fifth Readers the selections are longer, the language more advanced, and the literature of a more mature and less imaginative character than in the earlier books.

The teacher may now place increased emphasis on the literary side of the reading, pointing out beauties of language and thought, and endeavoring to create an interest in the books from which the selections are taken. Pupils will be glad to know something about the lives of the authors whose works they are reading, and will welcome the biographical sketches throughout the book. These can be made the basis of further biographical study at the discretion of the teacher.

The word lists at the end of the selections contain all necessary explanations of the text. For convenience, the more difficult words, with definitions and complete diacritical markings, are grouped together in the vocabulary at the end of the book.

A basal series of readers can do little more than broadly outline a course in reading, relying on the teacher to carry it forward. If a public library is within reach, the children should be encouraged to use it; if not, the school should exert every effort to accumulate a school library of standard works to which the pupils may have ready access.

The primary purpose of a reading book is to give pupils the mastery of the printed page, but through oral reading it also becomes a source of valuable training of the vocal organs. Almost every one finds pleasure in listening to good reading. Many feel that the power to give this pleasure comes only as a natural gift, but an analysis of the art shows that with practice any normal child may acquire it. The qualities

which are essential to good oral reading may be considered in three groups:

First — An agreeable voice and clear articulation, which, although possessed by many children naturally, may also be cultivated.

Second — Correct inflection and emphasis, with that due regard for rhetorical pauses which will appear whenever a child fully understands what he is reading and is sufficiently interested in it to lose his self-consciousness.

Third — Proper pronunciation, which can be acquired only by association or by direct teaching.

Clear articulation implies accurate utterance of each syllable and a distinct termination of one syllable before another is begun.

Frequent drill on pronunciation and articulation before or after the reading lesson will be found profitable in teaching the proper pronunciation of new words and in overcoming faulty habits of speech.

Attention should be called to the omission of unaccented syllables in such words as *history* (not *histry*), *valuable* (not *valuble*), and to the substitution of *unt* for *ent*, *id* for *ed*, *iss* for *ess*, *unce* for *ence*, *in* for *ing*, in such words as *moment*, *delighted*, *goodness*, *sentence*, *walking*. Pupils should also learn to make such distinctions as appear between *u* long, as in *duty*, and *u* after *r*, as in *rude;* between *a* as in *hat*, *a* as in *far*, and *a* as in *ask*.

The above hints are suggestive only. The experienced teacher will devise for herself exercises fitting special cases which arise in her own work. It will be found that the best results are secured when the interest of the class is sustained and when the pupil who is reading aloud is made to feel that it is his personal duty and privilege to arouse and hold this interest by conveying to his fellow-pupils, in an acceptable manner, the thought presented on the printed page.

CONTENTS

		PAGE
A Farewell Appearance	F. Anstey	9
To-day	Thomas Carlyle	27
The Old-Fashioned School	Nathaniel Hawthorne	28
Sidney Lanier		34
Song of the Chattahoochee	Sidney Lanier	38
The Four MacNicols	William Black	40
The Landing of the Pilgrim Fathers	Felicia Dorothea Hemans	57
The Boston Massacre	Nathaniel Hawthorne	60
Concord Hymn	Ralph Waldo Emerson	67
Eppie	George Eliot	69
Charles and Mary Lamb		77
The Magpie's Nest	Charles and Mary Lamb	81
The Framework of the Body		84
The Bugle Song	Alfred, Lord Tennyson	95
Robinson Crusoe Gets Supplies from the Wreck	Daniel DeFoe	97
The Tiger	William Blake	116
The Battles of Crécy and Poitiers	Charles Dickens	118
The Snowstorm	John Greenleaf Whittier	129
Ball Bearings		132
The Irish Widow's Message to her Son in America	Ellen Forrester	136
The Larch and the Oak	Thomas Carlyle	138
Self-Control	John Henry, Cardinal Newman	139
Caleb and Bertha	Charles Dickens	140
To a Butterfly	William Wordsworth	157

		PAGE
To the Dandelion	James Russell Lowell	158
The Chieftainess and the Volcano	Charlotte Mary Yonge	163
Kapiolani	Alfred, Lord Tennyson	167
An Ascent of Kilauea	Lady Brassey	170
The Skeleton in Armor	Henry Wadsworth Longfellow	176
The Story of William Shakspere		183
Forest Scene from "As You Like It"	William Shakspere	192
The Story of "The Tempest"	Charles and Mary Lamb	196
Animal Mimics	Henry Drummond	215
The Cloud	Percy Bysshe Shelley	221
Sir Walter Scott		224
The Archery Contest	Sir Walter Scott	231
The Frigate and the Galleys	Arthur Thomas Quiller-Couch	239
Abou Ben Adhem	Leigh Hunt	251

CLASSIFIED CONTENTS

Stories:
- A Farewell Appearance
- The Four MacNicols
- Eppie
- Robinson Crusoe Gets Supplies from the Wreck
- Caleb and Bertha
- The Story of "The Tempest"
- The Archery Contest
- The Frigate and the Galleys

Biography:
- Sidney Lanier
- Charles and Mary Lamb
- The Story of William Shakspere
- Sir Walter Scott

History, Travel, and Adventure:
- The Boston Massacre
- The Battles of Crécy and Poitiers
- The Chieftainess and the Volcano
- An Ascent of Kilauea

Nature Study and Science:
- The Framework of the Body
- Ball Bearings
- Animal Mimics

Poems:
- To-day
- Song of the Chattahoochee
- The Landing of the Pilgrim Fathers
- Concord Hymn
- The Magpie's Nest
- The Bugle Song
- The Tiger
- The Snowstorm
- The Irish Widow's Message to her Son in America
- Self-Control
- To a Butterfly
- To the Dandelion
- Kapiolani
- The Skeleton in Armor
- Forest Scene from "As You Like It"
- The Cloud
- Abou Ben Adhem

Miscellaneous:
- The Old-Fashioned School
- The Larch and the Oak

FIFTH READER

A Farewell Appearance

By F. Anstey

F. Anstey (1856 ——): The pen name of Thomas Anstey Guthrie, an English novelist. He is the author of "Vice Versâ," "The Tinted Venus," and other novels.

I

1. "Dandy, come here, sir; I want you." The little girl who spoke was standing by the table in a room of a London house one summer day, and she spoke to a small silver-gray terrier lying curled up at the foot of one of the window curtains.

2. As Dandy happened to be particularly comfortable just then, he pretended not to hear, in the hope that his child mistress would not press the point.

3. But she did not choose to be trifled with in this way: he was called until he could dissemble no longer, and came out gradually, stretching himself and yawning with a deep sense of injury.

"I know you haven't been asleep; I saw you watching the flies," she said. "Come up here, on the table."

4. Seeing there was no help for it, he obeyed, and sat down on the tablecloth opposite to her, with his tongue hanging out and his eyes blinking, waiting her pleasure.

5. Dandy was rather particular as to the hands he allowed to touch him, but, generally speaking, he found it pleasant enough — when he had nothing better to do — to resign himself to be pulled about, lectured, or caressed by Hilda.

6. She was a strikingly pretty child with long, curling, brown locks. On the whole, although Dandy thought she had taken rather a liberty in disturbing him, he was willing to overlook it.

"I've been thinking, Dandy," said Hilda, "that, as you and Lady Angelina will be thrown a good deal together when we go into the country next week, you ought to know each other, and you've never been properly introduced yet; so I'm going to introduce you now."

7. Now, Lady Angelina was only Hilda's doll, and a doll, too, with perhaps as few ideas as any doll ever had yet — which is a good deal to say.

Dandy despised her with all the enlightenment of a thoroughly superior dog. He considered there was simply nothing in her, except possibly sawdust, and it had made him jealous and angry for a long time to notice the influence that this staring creature had managed to gain over her mistress.

8. "Now sit up," said Hilda. Dandy sat up. But he was careful not to look at Lady Angelina, who was lolling ungracefully in the work-basket, with her toes turned in.

9. "Lady Angelina," said Hilda next, with great ceremony, "let me introduce my particular friend, Mr. Dandy. Dandy, you ought to bow and say something nice and clever, only you can't; so you must give Angelina your paw instead."

Here was an insult for a self-respecting dog. Dandy determined never to disgrace himself by giving his paw to a doll; it was quite against his principles. He dropped on all fours, rebelliously.

10. "That's very rude of you," said Hilda; "but you shall do it. Angelina will think it so odd of you. Sit up again and give your paw, and let Angelina stroke your head."

The dog's little black nose wrinkled and his lips twitched, showing his sharp white teeth: he was not going to be touched by Angelina's flabby wax hand if he could help it!

11. Unfortunately, Hilda, like older people sometimes, was bent upon forcing persons to know one another, in spite of an unwillingness on at least one side. So she brought the doll up to the terrier, and, taking one limp pink arm, attempted to pat the dog's head with it.

This was too much: his eyes flamed red like two

signal lamps, there was a sharp sudden snap, and the next minute Lady Angelina's right arm was crunched between Dandy's keen teeth.

12. After that there was a terrible pause. Dandy knew he was in for it, but he was not sorry. He dropped the mangled pieces of wax one by one, and stood there with his head on one side, growling to himself, but wincing for all that, for he was afraid to meet Hilda's indignant gray eyes.

13. "You abominable, barbarous dog!" she said at last, using the longest words she could to impress him. "See what you've done; you've bitten poor Lady Angelina's arm off!"

He could not deny it; he had. He looked down at the fragments before him, and then sullenly up again at Hilda. His eyes said what he felt — "I'm glad of it; serves her right; I'd do it again."

14. "You deserve to be well whipped," continued Hilda, severely, "but you do howl so. I shall leave you to your own conscience" — a favorite remark of her governess — "until your bad heart is touched, and you come here and say you're sorry and beg both our pardons. I only wish you could be made to pay for a new arm. Go away out of my sight, you bad dog; I can't bear to look at you!"

15. Dandy, still impenitent, moved leisurely down from the table and out of the open door into the kitchen. He was thinking that Angelina's arm was

very unpleasant to the taste, and he should like something to take the taste away. When he got downstairs, however, he found the butcher was calling and had left the gate open, which struck him as a good opportunity for a ramble. By the time he came back Hilda would have forgotten all about it, or she might think he was lost, and find out which was the more valuable animal — a silly, useless doll, or an intelligent dog like himself.

16. Hilda saw him from the window as he bolted out with tail erect.

"He's doing it to show off," she said to herself; "he's a horrid dog sometimes. But I suppose I shall have to forgive him when he comes back!"

17. However, Dandy did not come back that night, nor all the next day, nor the day after that, nor any more; for, the fact was, Dandy happened that very morning to come across a dog stealer who had long had his eye upon him.

18. He was not such a stupid dog as to be unaware he was doing wrong in following a stranger; but then the man had such delightful suggestions about him of things dogs love to eat, and Dandy had started for his run in a disobedient temper.

19. So he followed the man till they reached a narrow, lonely alley, and then, just as Dandy was thinking about going home again, the stranger turned suddenly on him, caught him up in one

hand, tapped him sharply on the head, and slipped him, stunned, into a big inside pocket.

II

20. For some reason or other, the dog stealer did not think it prudent to claim the reward offered for Dandy, as he had intended to do at first, and the dog not being of a breed in fashionable demand, the man tried to get rid of him for the best price that could be obtained. And so Dandy was bought by Bob and Jem, two traveling showmen, and became the dog Toby in their Punch-and-Judy show. Though in time the new Toby learned to perform his duties respectably enough, he did so without the least enthusiasm. Day by day he grew more miserable and homesick.

21. He never could forget what he had once been and what he was, and often in the close sleeping room of some common lodging house he dreamed of the comfortable home he had lost and Hilda's pretty, imperious face, and woke to miss her more than ever.

At first his new masters had been careful to keep him from all chance of escape, and Bob led him after the show by a string; but, when he seemed to be getting resigned to his position, he was allowed to run loose.

22. He was trotting tamely at Jem's heels one

hot August morning, followed by a small train of admiring children, when all at once he became aware that he was in a street he knew well, — he was near his old home, — a few minutes' hard run and he would be safe with Hilda!

He looked up sideways at Jem, who was beating his drum and blowing his pipes. Bob's head was inside the show, and both were in front and not thinking of him just then.

23. Dandy stopped, turned round upon the unwashed children behind, looked wistfully up at them, as much as to say, "Don't tell," and then bolted at the top of his speed.

There was a shrill cry from the children at once of "Oh, Mr. Punch, sir, please — your dog's running away from you!" and angry calls to return from the two men. Jem even made an attempt to pursue him, but the drum was too much in his way, and a small dog is not easily caught at the best of times when he takes it into his head to run away. So he gave it up sulkily.

24. Meanwhile Dandy ran on, till the shouts behind died away. And at last, panting and exhausted, he reached the well-remembered gate, out of which he had marched so defiantly, it seemed long ages ago. Fortunately, some one had left the gate open, and he pattered eagerly down the steps, feeling safe and at home at last.

The kitchen door was shut, but the window was not, and, as the sill was low, he contrived to scramble up somehow and jumped into the kitchen, where he reckoned upon finding friends to protect him.

25. But he found it empty, and looking strangely cold and desolate; only a small fire was smoldering in the range, instead of the cheerful blaze he remembered there, and he could not find the cook — an especial friend of his — anywhere.

He scampered up into the hall, making straight for the room where he knew he should find Hilda curled up in one of the armchairs, with a book.

26. But that room, too, was empty, — the shutters were up, and the half light which streamed in above them showed a dreary state of confusion: the writing table was covered with a sheet and put away in a corner, the chairs were piled up on the center table, the carpet had been taken up and rolled under the sideboard, and there was a faint, warm smell of flue and dust and putty in the place.

27. He pattered out again, feeling puzzled and a little afraid, and went up the bare staircase to find Hilda in one of the upper rooms, perhaps in the nursery.

But the upper rooms, too, were all bare and sheeted and ghostly, and, higher up, the stairs were spotted with great stars of whitewash, and there were ladders and planks on which strange men in

dirty white clothes were talking and joking a great deal, and doing a little whitewashing now and then, when they had time for it.

28. Their voices echoed up and down the stairs with a hollow noise that scared him, and he was afraid to venture any higher. Besides, he knew by this time somehow that Hilda, her father and mother, all the friends he had counted upon seeing again, would not be found in any part of that house.

It was the same house, though stripped and deserted, but all the life and color and warmth had gone out of it; and he ran here and there, seeking for them in vain.

29. He picked his way forlornly down to the hall again, and there he found an old woman with a duster pinned over her head and a dustpan and brush in her hand; for, unhappily for him, the family, servants and all, had gone away some days before into the country, and this old woman had been put into the house as a caretaker.

30. She dropped her brush and pan with a start as she saw him, for she was not fond of dogs.

"Why, dear me," she said. "How did the little beast get in, running about as if the whole place belonged to him?"

31. Dandy sat up and begged. In the old days he would not have done such a thing for any servant below a cook, — who was always worth while being

polite to, — but he felt a very reduced and miserable little animal indeed just then, and he thought she might be able to take him to Hilda.

32. But the woman's only idea was to get rid of him as quickly as possible.

"Why, if it isn't a Toby dog!" she cried, as her dim old eyes caught sight of his frill. "Here, you get out; you don't belong here!"

And she took him up by the scruff of the neck and went to the front door. As she opened it, a sound came from the street outside which Dandy knew only too well: it was the long-drawn squeak of Mr. Punch.

33. "That's where he came from," cried the caretaker, and she went down the steps and called over the gate: "Hi, master, you don't happen to have lost your Toby dog, do you? Is this it?"

The man with the drum came up — it was Jem himself; and thereupon Dandy was handed over the railings to him, and delivered up once more to the hard life he had so nearly succeeded in shaking off.

34. He had a severe beating when they got him home, as a warning to him not to rebel again; and he never did try to run away a second time. Where was the good of it? Hilda was gone, he did not know where, and the house was a home no longer.

35. So he went patiently about with the show, a dismal little dog captive, the dullest little Toby that

ever delighted a street audience; so languid and listless at times that Mr. Punch was obliged to rap him really hard on the head before he could induce him to pay the slightest attention to his duties.

III

36. It was winter time, about a fortnight after Christmas, and the night was snowy and slushy outside, though warm enough in the kitchen of a big London house. The kitchen was crowded, a stream of servants was perpetually coming and going. In front of the fire a tired little terrier, with a shabby frill around his neck, was basking in the blaze, and near him sat a little dirty-faced man with a red beard, who was being listened to with some attention by some of the servants, who were enjoying a moment's leisure.

37. The little man was Jem; and he, with his partner, Bob, and Dandy, were in the house, owing to a queer notion of its master, who happened to have a taste for experiments.

He agreed with many who consider that some kind of amusement in the intervals of dancing is welcome to children; and he was curious to see whether the drama of Punch and Judy had quite lost its old power to please.

38. So he had decided upon introducing the original Mr. Punch from his native streets, and Jem and

Bob chanced to be the persons selected to exhibit him.

"Your little dog seems very wet and tired," said a pretty housemaid, bending down to pat Dandy, as he lay stretched out wearily at her feet. "Would he eat a cake if I got one for him?"

39. "He isn't fed on cakes as a general thing," said Jem, dryly; "but you can try him, miss."

But Dandy only half raised his head and did not take the cake. He was very comfortable there in the warm firelight, and the place made him feel as if he were back in his own old kitchen; but he was too tired to be hungry.

40. "He will hardly look at it," said the housemaid. "I don't think he can be well."

"Well!" said Jem. "He's well enough; that's all his contrariness, that is. The fact is, he thinks himself too good for the likes of us. I tell you what it is, miss: that dog's heart isn't in his business — he looks down on the whole concern, thinks it low!"

41. Here Bob, who had been setting up the show in one of the rooms, came into the kitchen, looking rather uneasy at finding himself in such fine company, and Dandy was soon called upon to follow the pair upstairs.

42. They went into a large, handsome room, where at one end there were placed rows of chairs, and at

the other the homely old show, seeming oddly out of place in its new surroundings.

Poor draggled Dandy felt more ashamed of it and himself than ever, and he was glad to get away under its ragged hangings and lie still by Bob's dirty boots till he was wanted.

43. And then there was the sound of children's voices and laughter as they all came trooping in, with a crisp rustle of delicate dresses and a scent of hot-house flowers and kid gloves that reached Dandy where he lay. It reminded him of evenings long ago when Hilda had had parties, and he had been washed and combed and decked out in ribbons for the occasion. The children had played with him and given him nice things to eat, which had generally disagreed with him; but now he could only remember the pleasure and petting of it all.

44. He would not be petted any more! Presently these children would see him smoking a pipe and being familiar with that low Punch. They would laugh at him, too, — they always did, — and Dandy, like most dogs, hated being laughed at.

45. The host's experiment was a complete success: the children were delighted to meet an old friend. Many had often wished to see the show through from beginning to end, and chance or a stern nurse had never permitted it. Now their time had come; and Mr. Punch was received with the usual applause.

46. At last the hero called for his faithful dog Toby; and accordingly Dandy was caught up and set on the shelf by his side.

The sudden glare hurt his eyes, and he sat there blinking at the audience with a pitiful want of pride in his dignity as dog Toby.

47. He tried to look as if he didn't know Punch, who was doing all he could to catch his eye. He longed to get away from the whole thing and lie down somewhere in peace.

Jem was scowling up at him. "I knew that dog would go and disgrace himself," he was saying to himself. "When I get him to myself, he shall catch it for this!"

48. Dandy was able to see better now. He found, as he had guessed, that here was not one of his usual audiences — no homely crowd of ragged children, turning their grinning faces up to him.

49. There were children here, too, plenty of them, but children at their best and daintiest, and looking as if untidiness and quarrels were things unknown to them, though possibly they were not. The laughter, however, was much the same as he was accustomed to, more musical perhaps and pleasanter to hear, but quite as hearty and unrestrained; they were laughing at him, and he hung his head.

50. But all at once he forgot his shame, though he did not remember Mr. Punch a bit the more for

that; he ran backwards and forwards on his ledge, sniffing and whining, wagging his tail and giving short, piteous barks in a state of the wildest excitement. The reason of it was this: near the end of the front row he saw a little girl who was bending eagerly forward with her pretty gray eyes wide open and a puzzled line on her forehead.

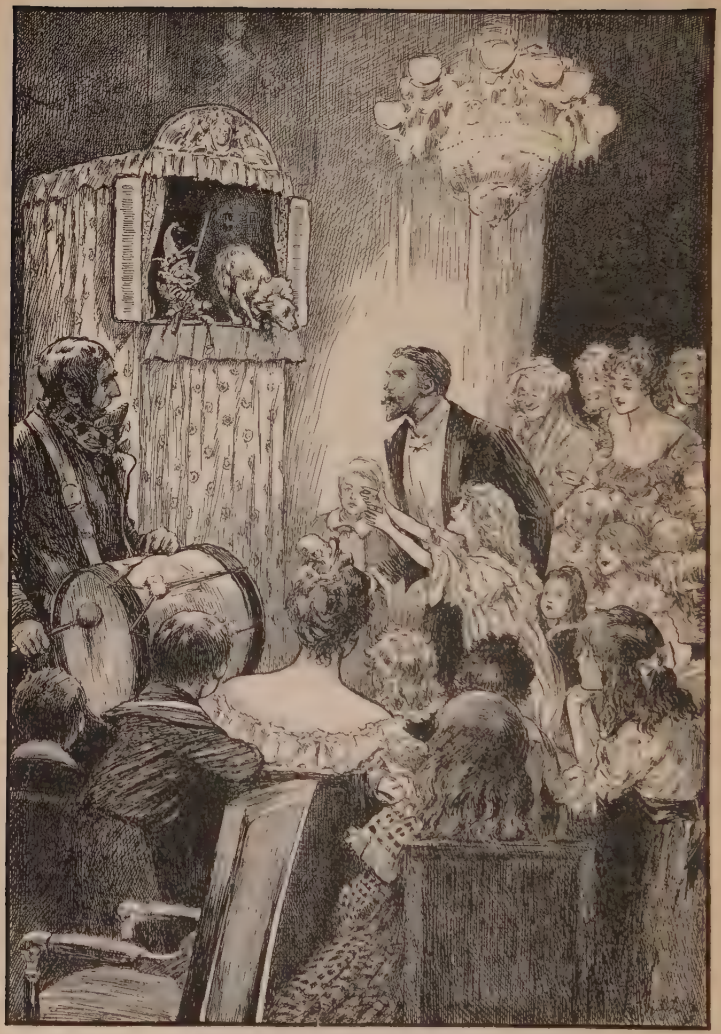
51. Dandy knew her at the very first glance. It was Hilda, looking more like a fairy princess than ever.

She knew him almost as soon, for her clear voice rang out above the general laughter: "Oh, that isn't Toby — he's my own dog, my Dandy, that I lost! It is, really! Let him come to me, please do! Don't you see how badly he wants to?"

52. There was a sudden surprised silence at this, even Mr. Punch was quiet for an instant; but as soon as Dandy heard her voice, he could wait no longer and crouched for a spring.

"Catch the dog, somebody, he's going to jump!" cried the master of the house, more amused than ever, from behind.

53. Jem was too sulky to interfere, but some good-natured grown-up person caught the trembling dog just in time to save him from a broken leg, or worse, and handed him to his delighted little mistress. I think the joy which Dandy felt as he was clasped tightly in her loving arms once more and covered



"Let him come to me! Please do!"

her flushed face with his eager kisses, more than made up for all he had suffered.

54. Hilda refused to have anything to do with Jem, who tried hard to convince her she was mistaken. She took her recovered favorite to her hostess.

"He really is mine!" she assured her earnestly; "and he doesn't want to be a Toby, I'm sure he doesn't: see how he trembles when that horrid man comes near! Dear Mrs. Lovibond, please tell them I'm to have him!"

55. And of course Hilda carried her point; for the showmen were not unwilling, after a short conversation with the master of the house, to give up their rights in a dog that would never be much of an ornament to their profession and was out of health into the bargain.

Hilda held Dandy, all muddy and draggled as he was, fast in her arms all through the remainder of the show, as if she was afraid Mr. Punch might still claim him for his own; and the dog lay there in perfect content.

56. "I think I should like to go home now," she said to her hostess, when Mr. Punch had finally retired. "Dandy is so excited; feel how his heart beats, just there, you know; he ought to be in bed, and I want to tell them all at home so much!"

She resisted all entreaties to stay, from several

small partners, and she and Dandy drove home together.

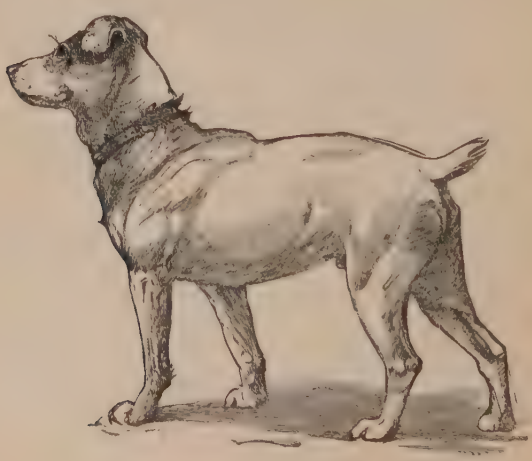
57. "Dandy, you're very quiet," she said once. "Aren't you going to tell me you're glad to be mine again?"

But Dandy could only wag his tail feebly and look up in her face with a sigh. He had suffered much and was almost worn out, but rest was coming to him at last.

I. **Dĭs sĕm'bl*e***: pretend not to be what one really is. **Rė-s̤ī*g*n'**: submit; give up. **Ȧ bŏm'ĭ nȧ bl*e***: hateful. **Bär'bȧ r*o*ŭs**: cruel. **Ĭm pĕn'ĭ tent**: not sorry.

II. **Ĕn thū's̤ĭ ăs̤m**: joyful excitement. **Ĭm pē'rĭ *o*ŭs**: commanding; overbearing. **Dė fī'ant lў**: showing a disposition to resist.

III. **Pĕr pĕt'ū al lў**: constantly.



To-day

By Thomas Carlyle

Thomas Carlyle (1795–1881): A Scotch author, who exerted great influence on the religious and political beliefs of his time. His translations and essays on German literature made it for the first time familiar to English readers. He wrote "Sartor Resartus," "The French Revolution," "Heroes and Hero Worship," "Cromwell's Letters and Speeches," "The History of Frederick the Great," and other works.

1. So here hath been dawning
   Another blue day:
   Think, wilt thou let it
   Slip useless away?

2. Out of Eternity
   This new day is born;
   Into Eternity,
   At night, will return.

3. Behold it aforetime
   No eye ever did;
   So soon it forever
   From all eyes is hid.

4. Here hath been dawning
   Another blue day;
   Think, wilt thou let it
   Slip useless away?

---

a fōre'tīme: before.

The Old-Fashioned School

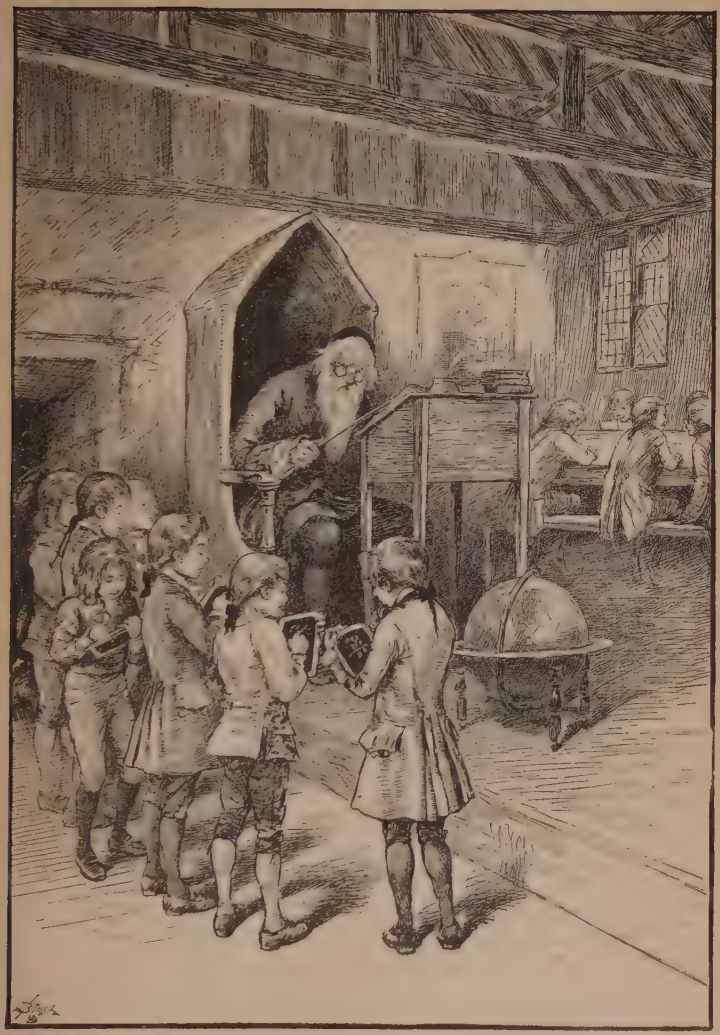
By Nathaniel Hawthorne

Nathaniel Hawthorne (1804–1864): An American author whose work ranks among the best American contributions to literature. He wrote "The Scarlet Letter," "The Marble Faun," and several other novels. He also wrote for children some beautiful imaginative stories, tales from New England history, and stories from Greek mythology.

1. Imagine yourselves in Master Ezekiel Cheever's schoolroom. It is a large, dingy room, with a sanded floor, and is lighted by windows that turn on hinges and have little diamond-shaped panes of glass. The scholars sit on long benches with desks before them.

2. At one end of the room is a great fireplace, so very spacious that there is room enough for three or four boys to stand in each of the chimney corners. This was the good old fashion of fireplaces when there was wood enough in the forests to keep people warm without their digging into the earth for coal.

3. It is a winter's day when we take our peep into the schoolroom. See what great logs of wood have been rolled into the fireplace, and what a broad, bright blaze goes leaping up the chimney! And every few moments a vast cloud of smoke is puffed into the room, which sails slowly over the heads of the scholars until it gradually settles upon the



The old-fashioned school

walls and ceiling. They are blackened with the smoke of many years already.

4. Do you see the venerable schoolmaster, severe in aspect, with a black skullcap on his head, like an ancient Puritan, and the snow of his white beard drifting down to his very girdle? What boy would dare to play, or whisper, or even glance aside from his book while Master Cheever is on the lookout behind his spectacles? For such offenders, if any such there be, a rod of birch is hanging over the fireplace, and a heavy ferule lies on the master's desk.

5. And now school is begun. What a murmur of multitudinous tongues, like the whispering leaves of a wind-stirred oak, as the scholars con over their various tasks! Buzz! buzz! buzz! Amid just such a murmur has Master Cheever spent above sixty years; and long habit has made it as pleasant to him as the hum of a beehive when the insects are busy in the sunshine.

6. Now a class in Latin is called to recite. Forth steps a row of queer-looking little fellows wearing square-skirted coats and smallclothes, with buttons at the knee. They look like so many grandfathers in their second childhood. These lads are to be sent to Cambridge and educated for the learned professions.

7. Old Master Cheever has lived so long and seen

so many generations of schoolboys grow up to be men that now he can almost prophesy what sort of a man each boy will be. One urchin shall hereafter be a doctor, and administer pills and potions, and stalk gravely through life. Another shall be a lawyer, and fight his way to wealth and honors, and in his declining age shall be a member of his majesty's council. A third — and he the master's favorite — shall be a worthy successor to the old Puritan ministers now in their graves; he shall preach with great unction and effect, and leave volumes of sermons in print and manuscript for the benefit of future generations.

8. But, as they are merely schoolboys now, their business is to read Virgil. Poor Virgil! whose verses, which he took so much pains to polish, have been misparsed and misinterpreted by so many generations of idle schoolboys. There, sit down, ye Latinists. Two or three of you, I fear, are doomed to feel the master's ferule.

9. Next comes a class in arithmetic. These boys are to be merchants, shopkeepers, and mechanics of a future period. Hitherto they have traded only in marbles and apples. Hereafter some will send vessels to England for broadcloths and all sorts of manufactured wares, and to the West Indies for sugar and coffee.

10. Others will stand behind counters and measure

tape and ribbon and cambric by the yard. Others will upheave the blacksmith's hammer, or drive the plane over the carpenter's bench, or take the lapstone and the awl and learn the trade of shoemaking. Many will follow the sea and become bold, rough sea captains.

11. This class of boys, in short, must supply the world with those active, skillful hands and clear, sagacious heads, without which the affairs of life would be thrown into confusion by the theories of studious and visionary men. Wherefore, teach them their multiplication table, good Master Cheever, and whip them well when they deserve it; for much of the country's welfare depends on these boys.

12. But, alas! while we have been thinking of other matters, Master Cheever's watchful eye has caught two boys at play. Now we shall see awful times. The two malefactors are summoned before the master's chair, wherein he sits with the terror of a judge upon his brow. Ah, Master Cheever has taken down that terrible birch rod! Short is the trial, — the sentence quickly passed, — and now the judge prepares to execute it in person. Thwack! thwack! thwack! In these good old times a schoolmaster's blows were well laid on.

13. See, the birch rod has lost several of its twigs and will hardly serve for another execution. Mercy on us, what a bellowing the urchins make! My ears

are almost deafened, though the noise comes through the far length of a hundred and fifty years.

14. And thus the forenoon passes away. Now it is twelve o'clock. The master looks at his great silver watch, and then, with tiresome deliberation, puts the ferule into his desk. The little multitude await the word of dismissal with almost irrepressible impatience.

"You are dismissed," says Master Cheever.

15. The boys retire, treading softly until they have passed the threshold; but, fairly out of the school-room, lo, what a joyous shout! what a scampering and tramping of feet! what a sense of recovered freedom expressed in the merry uproar of all their voices! What care they for the ferule and birch rod now? Were boys created merely to study Latin and arithmetic? No; the better purposes of their being are to sport, to leap, to run, to shout, to slide upon the ice, to snowball.

16. Happy boys! Enjoy your playtime now, and come again to study and to feel the birch rod and the ferule to-morrow. Sport, boys, while you may, for the morrow cometh with the birch rod and the ferule; and after that another morrow with troubles of its own.

17. Now the master has set everything to rights and is ready to go home to dinner. Yet he goes reluctantly. The old man has spent so much of his

life in the smoky, noisy, buzzing schoolroom that, when he has a holiday, he feels as if his place were lost and himself a stranger in the world.

Mŭl tĭ tū'dĭ noŭs: very many. **Cŏn**: study. **Proph'e sȳ**: foretell. **Sŭc çĕs'sor**: one who takes the place of another; follower. **Unc'tion**: religious zeal; strong devotion. **Vĭr'gĭl** (B.C. 70–19): a great Roman poet. **Ŭp hēave'**: raise. **Sa ga'cious**: wise. **Măl ĕ făc'tor**: an evil doer. **Ex e cu'tion**: as a law term, the carrying into effect the judgment of a court of law. **Ĭr rĕ prĕss'ĭ ble**: that cannot be repressed or controlled.

Sidney Lanier

1. Sidney Lanier was born at Macon, Georgia, on the 3d of February, 1842. From childhood he showed love for books and music, and he learned, almost without instruction, to play on the flute, organ, piano, violin, and guitar. The violin was his favorite instrument; but in deference to the wishes of his father, who feared for him the fascination of the violin, he devoted himself especially to the flute.

2. At the age of fourteen Sidney Lanier entered Oglethorpe College, from which he was graduated four years later. He was offered a tutorship in the college, and he held that position until the beginning of the war between the states.

3. In April, 1861, Lanier enlisted with the Macon Volunteers in the Confederate army, and remained

in service till the last year of the war. In 1864, he was put in charge of a vessel which was to run the blockade. The vessel being captured, Lanier was for five months a prisoner at Point Lookout. This period of his life is described in his novel, "Tiger Lilies."

4. In February, 1865, Lanier was released by an exchange of prisoners, and he returned on foot to his Georgia home, carrying with him his one possession, — his flute, — which he had concealed in his sleeve when he entered the prison. He reached home utterly exhausted, and for weeks was desperately ill.

5. He was married, in 1867, to Miss Mary Day, and for several years he filled clerical positions, taught in a country academy, and practiced law. During the spring and summer of 1870 he was very ill, and the next eleven years were a struggle with illness, want, and care, ending only with death. Years brought a sense of obligation for the use of his talents, — the deeper because he felt his time short, — and he resolved to devote himself to an artistic life.

6. "For twenty years," he said, "through poverty, through pain, through weariness, through sickness, through the uncongenial atmosphere of a farcical college and of a bare army, and then of an exacting business life — in spite of all these depressing circumstances, and of a thousand more which I could

enumerate, these two figures of music and of poetry have steadily kept in my heart so that I could not banish them. Does it not seem that I begin to have the right to enroll myself among the devotees of these two sublime arts, after having followed them so long and so humbly and through so much bitterness?"

7. In 1873, he made his home in Baltimore under engagement as first flute for the Peabody Symphony Concerts. The remaining years of his life were at once happy and sad. "On the one hand, was the opportunity for study, and the full consciousness of power, and a will never subdued; and on the other hand, a body wasting with consumption, that must be forced to tasks beyond its strength, not merely to express the thoughts of beauty which strove for utterance, but from the necessity of providing bread for his children."

8. Lanier's poem, "Corn," published in 1875, made him known to appreciative readers, and led to his being chosen to write the cantata for the opening of the Centennial Exposition at Philadelphia.

9. In 1879, he was appointed lecturer on English literature at Johns Hopkins University, and for the first time had an assured income. During the next two years some of his finest poems were written, including the "Song of the Chattahoochee," "A Song of Love," and "The Marshes of Glynn." Some of

his University lectures were published in the volumes entitled, "The Science of English Verse" and "The Novel and its Development." He also edited for young people several volumes of hero tales, — "The Boy's Froissart," "The Boy's King Arthur," "The Boy's Mabinogion," and "The Boy's Percy."

10. The winter of 1880 brought a struggle for life itself, but no cessation of work. When too weak to leave his bed, with a fever temperature of a hundred and four degrees, he penciled his last poem, "Sunrise," one of a projected series of "Hymns of the Marshes," which he was not to live to finish. In the summer of 1881 he went with his wife to Lynn, North Carolina, and there he died, September 7, 1881.

11. By virtue of originality, lyrical beauty, and nobility of subject and treatment, Lanier's poems are being more and more recognized as ranking high among the best work yet produced in America.

Un con gen'ial: not adapted to; not in sympathy with. **Făr'çĭ cal**: ridiculous. **Děv ō tēe'**: one who is wholly devoted. **Cän tä'tä**: a poem set to music. **Jean Frois'särt** (1337–1410?): a French author who wrote an entertaining history of his own times. **King Arthur**: a hero-king of Britain said to have lived in the sixth century. **Mà bĭ nō'ġĭ on**: a series of Welsh tales, chiefly about King Arthur and his knights. **Thomas Percy** (1729–1811): an English clergyman who collected and published early English poems.

Song of the Chattahoochee

By Sidney Lanier

1. Out of the hills of Habersham,
Down the valleys of Hall,
I hurry amain to reach the plain,
Run the rapid and leap the fall,
Split at the rock and together again,
Accept my bed, or narrow or wide,
And flee from folly on every side,
With a lover's pain to attain the plain
Far from the hills of Habersham,
Far from the valleys of Hall.

2. All down the hills of Habersham,
All through the valleys of Hall,
The rushes cried, "Abide, abide,"
The willful waterweeds held me thrall,
The laving laurel turned my tide,
The ferns and the fondling grass said, "Stay,"
The dewberry dipped for to work delay,
And the little reeds sighed, "Abide, abide,
Here in the hills of Habersham,
Here in the valleys of Hall."

3. High o'er the hills of Habersham,
Veiling the valleys of Hall,
The hickory told me manifold
Fair tales of shade, the poplar tall

Wrought me her shadowy self to hold,
The chestnut, the oak, the walnut, the pine,
Overleaning, with flickering meaning and sign,
Said, "Pass not, so cold, these manifold
Deep shades of the hills of Habersham,
These glades in the valleys of Hall."

4. And oft in the hills of Habersham,
And oft in the valleys of Hall,
The white quartz shone, and the smooth brook stone
Did bar me of passage with friendly brawl,
And many a luminous jewel lone
— Crystals clear or a-cloud with mist,
Ruby, garnet, and amethyst —
Made lures with the lights of streaming stone
In the clefts of the hills of Habersham,
In the beds of the valleys of Hall.

5. But oh, not the hills of Habersham,
And oh, not the valleys of Hall
Avail: I am fain for to water the plain.
Downward the voices of Duty call —
Downward, to toil and be mixed with the main,
The dry fields burn, and the mills are to turn,
And a myriad flowers mortally yearn,
And the lordly main from beyond the plain,
Calls o'er the hills of Habersham,
Calls through the valleys of Hall.

— From "Poems of Sidney Lanier," copyright 1884, 1891, by Mary D. Lanier, and published by Charles Scribner's Sons.

Chăt tà hōō′chĕe: a river of Georgia. **Lāv′ĭng**: bathing. **For to**: in order to; an expression now little used. **Măn′ĭ fōld**: many. **Bär**: hinder. **Lū′mĭ noŭs**: very bright; shining. **Lūres**: attractions. **Fān**: glad; contented. **Mān**: the sea. **Mŷr′ĭ ad**: a very great number; the word at first meant ten thousand.

The Four MacNicols

By William Black

William Black (1841–1899): An English novelist. He studied art with the view of becoming a landscape painter, but gave up art for journalism. He wrote many novels, of which "A Princess of Thule" and "A Daughter of Heth" are the most popular.

I

1. The four MacNicols lived at Erisaig, a fishing village in the north of Scotland. Robert, the eldest, was an active, stout-sinewed, black-eyed lad of seventeen; Duncan and Nicol were Rob's younger brothers, and Neil was their orphan cousin.

2. Their father, a hand on board the steamer *Glenara Castle*, had but small wages. It was all he could do to pay for the boys' lodging and schooling, leaving them pretty much to hunt for themselves as regarded food and clothes.

Their food, mostly porridge, potatoes, and fish of their own catching, cost little; and they did not spend much money on clothes.

3. Nevertheless, for various purposes, money was

necessary to them; and this they obtained by going down in the morning when the herring boats came in and helping the men to strip the nets. The men were generally tired out and sleepy with their long night's work. They were glad to give these lads twopence or threepence apiece to undertake the labor of lifting the nets out of the hold and shaking out the silvery fish.

4. And when they had shaken out the last of the nets and received their wages, they stepped ashore with a certain pride; and generally they put both hands in their pockets, as a real fisherman would do.

5. On the whole, it was an idle, careless, happy life that they led up to the time that their father was drowned.

That was a sad evening for Rob MacNicol. It was his first introduction to the cruel facts of life. And amid his sorrow for the loss of his father, Rob felt that now he must care for his two brothers and his cousin.

6. "Neil," said Rob to his cousin, "we'll have to think about things now. We have just about as much left as will pay for the lodgings this week, and Nicol must go three nights a week to the night school. What we get for stripping the nets will not do now."

"It will not," said Neil.

7. "Neil," said he, "if we had only a net, do you not think we could trawl for cuddies?"

And again he said, "Neil, do you not think we could make a net for ourselves out of the old rags lying at the shed?"

8. And again he said, "Do you think that Peter, the tailor, would let us have his old boat for a shilling a week?"

It was clear that Rob had been carefully considering the details of this plan. And it was eagerly welcomed, not only by Neil, but also by the brothers Duncan and Nicol.

9. It was determined, under Rob's direction, to set to work at once. So Rob bade his brothers and cousin get their rude fishing rods and betake themselves down to the rocks at the mouth of the harbor, and see what fish they could get for him during the afternoon.

10. Meanwhile he himself went along to the shed, which was used as a sort of storage house by some of the fishermen; and here he found lying about plenty of pieces of net that had been cast aside.

11. Rob was allowed to pick out a number of pieces that he thought might serve his purpose; and these he carried home. But then came the question of floats and sinkers. Enough pieces of cork to form the floats might in time be got about the beach; but the sinkers had all been removed from the cast-away netting.

12. In this extremity Rob thought of rigging up a couple of guy poles, as the salmon fishers call them, one for each end of the small seine he had in view, so that these guy poles, with a lump of lead at the lower end, would keep the net vertical while it was being dragged through the water.

13. All this took up the best part of the afternoon; for he had to hunt about before he could get a couple of stout poles; and he had to bargain with the blacksmith for a lump of lead. Then he walked along to the point where the other MacNicols were busy fishing.

14. They had been lucky with their lines and bait. On the rocks beside them lay two or three small cod, a large flounder, and nearly a dozen saithe. Rob got hold of these, washed them clean, put a string through their gills, and marched off with them to the village.

II

15. He felt no shame in trying to sell fish: was it not the whole trade of the village? So he walked into the grocer's shop.

"Will you buy some fish?" said he; "they're fresh."

16. The grocer looked at them.

"What do you want?"

"A ball of twine."

"Let me tell you this, Rob," said the grocer,

severely, "that a lad in your place should be thinking of something else besides flying a kite."

17. "I don't want to fly a kite," said Rob; "I want to mend a net."

"Oh, that is quite different," said the grocer; and then he added, with a good-natured laugh, "Are you going to be a fisherman, Rob?"

"I will see," said Rob.

18. So he had his ball of twine — and a very large one it was.

Off he set to his companions. "Come away, boys, I have other work for you."

19. Well, it took them several days of very hard and constant work before they rigged up something resembling a small seine. Then Rob affixed his guy poles; and the lads went to the grocer and got from him a lot of old rope, on the promise to give him a few fresh fish whenever they happened to have a good haul.

20. Then Rob proceeded to his fateful interview with Peter, the tailor, who agreed to let them have his boat for a shilling a week.

Rob went back eager and joyous. Forthwith, a thorough inspection of the boat was set about by the lads: they tested the oars, they tested the thole pins, they had a new piece of cork put into the bottom.

21. At last they were ready and went out to try their luck. So successful were they, and so eagerly

did they work, that, when the coming darkness warned them to return, they had the stern of the boat about a third full of very fair-sized saithe.

22. When they got into the slip, Neil at once proceeded to inform the inhabitants of Erisaig that for sixpence a hundred they could have fine fresh cuddies.

23. The sale of the cuddies proceeded briskly. Indeed, when the people had gone away again, and the four lads were by themselves, there was not a single cuddy left except a dozen that Rob had put into a can of water, to be given to the grocer in the morning as part payment for the loan of the ropes.

24. "What do you make it all together?" said Neil to Rob, who was counting the money.

"Three shillings and ninepence."

"Three shillings and ninepence! Man, that's a lot! Will you put it in the savings bank?"

25. "No, I will not," said Rob. "I'm not satisfied with the net, Neil. We must have better ropes all the way round; and sinkers, too; and whatever money we can spare, we must spend on the net."

26. It was wise counsel, as events showed. For one afternoon, some ten days afterward, they set out as usual. They had been having varying success; but they had earned more than enough to pay their landlady, the tailor, and the schoolmaster; and every farthing beyond these necessary expenses they had spent on the net.

27. They had replaced all the rotten pieces with sound twine; they had got new ropes; they had deepened it, moreover, and added some more sinkers to help the guy poles.

III

28. Well, on this afternoon, Duncan and Nicol were pulling away to one of the small, quiet bays, and Rob was idly looking around him, when he saw something on the surface of the sea at some distance off that excited a sudden interest. It was what the fishermen call "broken water" — a seething produced by a shoal of fish.

29. "Look, look, Neil!" he cried. "It's either mackerel or herring: shall we try for them?"

The greatest excitement now prevailed on board. The younger brothers pulled their hardest for that rough patch on the water.

30. Rob undid the rope from the guy pole and got this last ready to drop overboard. They came nearer and nearer that strange hissing of the water. They kept rather away from it; and Rob quietly dropped the guy pole over.

31. Then the three lads pulled hard, and in a circle, so that at last they were sending the bow of the boat straight toward the floating guy pole. The other guy pole was near the stern of the boat, the rope made fast to one of the thwarts. In a

few minutes Rob had caught this first guy pole; they were now possessed of the two ends of the net.

32. But the water had grown suddenly quiet. Had the fish dived and escaped them? There was not the motion of a fin anywhere; and yet the net seemed heavy to haul.

33. "Rob," said Neil, almost in a whisper, "we've got them!"

"We haven't got them, but they're in the net. Man, I wonder if it'll stand."

34. Then it was that the diligent patching and the strong tackle told. The question was not with regard to the strength of the net; it was rather with regard to the strength of the younger lads: for they had succeeded in inclosing a goodly portion of a large shoal of mackerel, and the weight seemed more than they could get into the boat.

35. But even the strength of the younger ones seemed to grow into the strength of giants when they saw through the clear water a great moving mass like quicksilver.

And then the wild excitement of hauling in; the difficulty of it; the danger of the fish escaping; the warning cries of Rob; the clatter made by the mackerel; the possibility of swamping the boat, as all the four were straining their utmost at one side!

36. When that heaving, sparkling mass of quick-

silver at last was captured, shining all through the brown meshes of the net, the young lads sat down quite exhausted, wet through and happy.

37. "Man! Rob, what do you think of that?" said Neil, in amazement.

"What do I think?" said Rob. "I think that if we could get two or three more hauls like that, I would buy soon a share in Coll MacDougall's boat and go after the herring."

38. They had no more thought that afternoon of "cuddy" fishing after this famous take, but rowed back to Erisaig; then Rob left the boat at the slip and walked up to the office of the fish salesman.

39. "What will you give me for mackerel?" he said. The salesman laughed at him, thinking he had caught a few with rods and flies.

40. "I'm not buying mackerel," said he; "not by the half dozen."

"I have half a boat load," said Rob.

"Well, I will buy the mackerel from you," he said. "I will give you half a crown the hundred for them."

41. "Half a crown!" said Rob. "I will take three and sixpence the hundred for them."

"I will not give it to you. But I will give you three shillings the hundred, and a good price, too."

"Very well, then," said Rob.

42. So the MacNicols got all together two pounds

and eight shillings for that load of mackerel; and out of that Rob spent the eight shillings on still further improving the net, the two pounds going into the savings bank.

43. It is to be imagined that after this they kept a pretty sharp lookout for "broken water"; but of course they could not expect to run across a shoal of mackerel every day.

44. However, as time went on, with bad luck and good, and by dint of hard and constant work, whatever the luck was, the sum in the savings bank slowly increased, and at last Rob announced to his companions that they had saved enough to enable him to purchase a share in Coll MacDougall's boat. This was accordingly done after a great deal of bargaining.

IV

45. These MacNicol boys had grown to be greatly respected in Erisaig. The audacity of four boys setting up to do fishing on their own account had at first amused the neighbors, but their success and their conduct generally soon raised them above ridicule.

46. One day, as Rob was going along the main street of Erisaig, the banker called him into his office.

"Rob," said he, "have you seen the skiff at the building yard?"

"Yes," said Rob, rather wistfully, for many a time

he had stood and looked at the beautiful lines of the new craft; "she's a splendid boat."

"And you've seen the new drift net in the shed?"

"Yes, I have that."

47. "Well, you see, Rob," continued Mr. Bailie, regarding him with a good-natured look, "I had the boat built and the net bought as a kind of speculation. Now, I have been hearing a good deal about you, Rob, from the neighbors. They say that you and your brothers and cousin are sober and diligent lads, and that you are good seamen and careful. Then you have been awhile at the herring fishing yourself. Now, do you think you could manage that new boat?"

48. In his excitement at the notion of being made master of such a beautiful craft, Rob forgot the respect he ought to have shown in addressing so great a person as the banker. He blurted out, "Man, I would just like to try!"

49. "I will pay you a certain sum per week while the fishing lasts," continued Mr. Bailie, "and you will hire what crew you think fit. Likewise, I will give you a percentage on the takes. Will that do?"

50. Rob was quite bewildered. All he could say was, "I am obliged to you, sir. Will you wait for a minute till I see Neil?"

And very soon the wild rumor ran through Erisaig that no other than Rob MacNicol had been

appointed master of the new skiff, the *Mary of Argyle*, and that he had taken his brothers and cousin as a crew.

51. Rob, having sold out his share in MacDougall's boat, bought jerseys and black boots and yellow oil-skins for his companions; so that the new crew, if they were rather slightly built, looked smart enough as they went down to the slip to overhaul the *Mary of Argyle*.

52. Then came the afternoon on which they were to set out for the first time after the herring. All Erisaig came out to see; Rob was a proud lad as he stepped on board with the lazy indifference of the trained fisherman very well imitated, and took his seat as stroke oar.

53. The afternoon was lovely; there was not a breath of wind; the setting sun shone over the bay; and the *Mary of Argyle* went away across the shining waters, with the long white oars dipping with the precision of clockwork.

54. At the mouth of the harbor, Daft Sandy rowed his boat right across the path of the *Mary of Argyle*. Daft Sandy was a half-witted old man to whom Rob had been kind.

"What is it you want?" cried Rob.

55. "I want to come on board, Rob," the old man said, as he now rowed his boat up to the stern of the skiff.

"I want to come on board, Rob," said Daft Sandy.

"Rob," said he, in a whisper, as he fastened his boat, "I promised I would tell you something. I'll show you how to find the herring."

56. "You!" said Rob.

"Yes, Rob; I'll make a rich man of you. I will tell you something about the herring that not any one in Erisaig knows — that not any one in all Scotland knows."

57. He begged Rob to take him for that night's fishing. He had discovered a sure sign of the presence of herring, unknown to any of the fishermen; this sign that the old man had discovered went to show the presence of large masses of fish, stationary and deep; it was the appearance, on the surface of the water, of small air bubbles.

58. He was sure of it. He had watched it. It was a secret worth a bankful of money. And again he besought Rob to let him accompany him. Rob had stopped the lads when they were throwing herring at him; Rob alone should have the benefit of this valuable discovery of his.

59. Rob MacNicol was doubtful, for he had never heard of this thing before; but he could not resist the old half-witted creature. So they pulled him in and anchored the boat; then they set forth again, rowing slowly as the light faded out of the sky, and keeping watch all around on the almost glassy sea.

V

60. There was no sign of any herring; no breaking of the water; and none of the other boats, as far as they could make out, had as yet shot their nets.

61. The night was coming on, and they were far away from Erisaig, but still old Sandy kept up his watch, studying the surface of the water as though he expected to find pearls floating there. And at last, in great excitement, he grasped Rob's arm.

62. Leaning over the side of the boat, they could just make out in the dusk a great quantity of minute air bubbles rising to the surface of the sea.

"Put some stones along with the sinkers, Rob," the old man said in a whisper, as though he were afraid the herring would hear. "Go deep, deep, deep!"

63. To let out a long drift net, which sometimes goes as deep as fifteen fathoms, is an easy affair; but to haul it in again is a hard task; and when it happens to be laden, and heavily laden, with silver-gleaming fish, that is a break-back business for four young lads.

64. But there is such a thing as the nervous, eager, joyous strength of success; and if you are hauling in yard after yard of a dripping net, only to find the brown meshes starred at every point with the shining silver of the herring, then even young lads can work like men. Daft Sandy was laughing all the while.

65. "Rob, my man, what think you of the air bubbles now? Maybe Daft Sandy is not so daft after all. And do you think I would go and tell any one but yourself, Rob?"

66. Rob could not speak: he was breathless. Nor was their work nearly done when they had got in the net, with all its splendid silver treasure. There was not a breath of wind; they had to set to work to pull the heavy boat back to Erisaig.

67. The gray of the dawn gave way to a glowing sunrise. When they at length reached the quay, the people were all about. The lads were tired out, but there were ten crans of herring in that boat.

68. Mr. Bailie came along and shook hands with Rob and congratulated him; for it turned out that, while not another Erisaig boat had that night got more than from two to three crans, the *Mary of Argyle* had ten crans — as good herring as ever were got out of Loch Scrone.

69. Well, the MacNicol lads were now in a fair way of earning an independent and honorable living. Sometimes they had good luck and sometimes bad luck; but always they had the advantage of that additional means of discovering the whereabouts of the herring that had been imparted to them by Daft Sandy.

70. And the last that the present writer heard of them was this: that they had bought outright the

Mary of Argyle and her nets from the banker; and that they were building for themselves a small stone cottage on the slope of the hill above Erisaig; and that Daft Sandy was to become a sort of general major-domo, — cook, gardener, and mender of nets.

I. **Trawl**: take fish with a trawl, or large bag net. **Cŭd'dĭes**: a Scotch name for the coalfish, or pollock. **Sēine**: a large fishing net. **Sāithe**: the pollock, or coalfish.

II. **In spec'tion**: close examination. **Thōle pĭns**: wooden or metal pins set in the side of a boat to support the oars in rowing. **Fär'thĭng**: a small copper coin of Great Britain, equal in value to half a cent.

III. **Sēeth'ĭng**: boiling; being in a state of violent commotion. **Thwarts**: seats in a boat reaching from one side to the other; that is, athwart it. **Crown**: an English silver coin worth about a dollar and twenty cents. **Dint**: a blow; the mark left by a blow; also, force or power, especially as in this phrase "by dint of."

IV. **Au dăç'ĭ tў**: daring; venturesomeness. **Dåft**: foolish; insane. **Sta'tion a ry**: not moving; fixed. **Bĕ sôught'**: begged.

V. **Mĭ nūte'**: very small. **Făth'ŏms**: the fathom is a measure of length, containing six feet, used chiefly in measuring cables and the depth of water. **Crănz**: the cran is a Scotch measure for fresh herring, — as many as will fill a barrel. **Mā'jor-dō'mō**: a man employed to manage domestic affairs and to act within certain limits as master of the house.

The Landing of the Pilgrim Fathers

By Felicia Dorothea Hemans

Felicia Dorothea Hemans (1793–1835): An English poet. She began to write when a small child, and published many volumes of verse. Among her best-known poems are, — "The Voice of Spring," "The Better Land," "The Graves of a Household," "The Treasures of the Deep," and the following poem.

1. The breaking waves dashed high
   On a stern and rock-bound coast;
   And the woods, against a stormy sky,
   Their giant branches tossed;

2. And the heavy night hung dark,
   The hills and waters o'er,
   When a band of exiles moored their bark
   On the wild New England shore.

3. Not as the conqueror comes,
   They, the true-hearted, came,
   Not with the roll of the stirring drums,
   And the trumpet that sings of fame;

4. Not as the flying come,
   In silence and in fear; —
   They shook the depths of the desert gloom
   With their hymns of lofty cheer.

5. Amidst the storm they sang;
   And the stars heard, and the sea;

From the painting by G.H. Boughton

The Return of the Mayflower

And the sounding aisles of the dim woods rang
To the anthem of the free.

6. The ocean eagle soared
From his nest by the white wave's foam;
And the rocking pines of the forest roared, —
This was their welcome home!

7. There were men with hoary hair,
Amidst that pilgrim band; —
Why had they come to wither there,
Away from their childhood's land?

8. There was woman's fearless eye,
Lit by her deep love's truth;
There was manhood's brow serenely high,
And the fiery heart of youth.

9. What sought they thus afar?
Bright jewels of the mine?
The wealth of seas, the spoils of war?
They sought a faith's pure shrine.

10. Ay, call it holy ground,
The soil where first they trod.
They have left unstained what there they found,
Freedom to worship God.

Ĕx′ĭle: people who are sent away from home. **Mo͝ored**: fixed in place, as by an anchor. **Ăn′thĕm**: a song or hymn. **Sē rēne′lў**: calmly.

The Boston Massacre

By Nathaniel Hawthorne

I

1. It was now the 3d of March, 1770. The sunset music of the British regiments was heard as usual throughout the town. The shrill fife and rattling drum awoke the echoes in King Street, while the last ray of sunshine was lingering on the cupola of the Town House. And now all the sentinels were posted.

2. One of them marched up and down before the Custom House, treading a short path through the snow, and longing for the time when he would be dismissed to the warm fireside of the guardroom. Meanwhile, Captain Preston was, perhaps, sitting before the hearth of the British Coffee House. In the course of the evening there were two or three slight commotions which seemed to indicate that trouble was at hand.

3. Small parties of young men stood at the corners of the streets or walked along the narrow pavements. Squads of soldiers who were dismissed from duty passed by them, shoulder to shoulder, with the regular step which they had learned at the drill. Whenever these encounters took place, it appeared to be the object of the young men to treat the soldiers with as much incivility as possible.

4. "Turn out, you lobsterbacks!" one would say.

"Crowd them off the sidewalks!" another would cry. "A redcoat has no right in Boston streets!"

"Oh, you rebel rascals!" perhaps the soldiers would reply, glaring fiercely at the young men. "Some day or other we'll make our way through Boston streets at the point of the bayonet!"

5. Once or twice such disputes as these brought on a scuffle, which passed off, however, without attracting much notice. About eight o'clock, for some unknown cause, an alarm bell rang loudly and hurriedly.

6. At the sound many people ran out of their houses, supposing it to be an alarm of fire. But there were no flames to be seen, nor was there any smell of smoke in the clear, frosty air; so that most of the townsmen went back to their own firesides and sat talking with their wives and children about the calamities of the times. Others, who were younger and less prudent, remained in the streets; for there seems to have been a presentiment that some strange event was on the eve of taking place.

7. Later in the evening, not far from nine o'clock, several young men passed by the Town House and walked down King Street. The sentinel was still on his post in front of the Custom House, pacing to and fro; while, as he turned, a gleam of light from some neighboring window glittered on the barrel of his musket. At no great distance were the barracks

and the guardhouse, where his comrades were probably telling stories of battle and bloodshed.

II

8. Down toward the Custom House, as I told you, came a party of wild young men. When they drew near the sentinel, he halted on his post and took his musket from his shoulder, ready to present the bayonet at their breasts.

"Who goes there?" he cried, in the gruff, peremptory tones of a soldier's challenge.

9. The young men, being Boston boys, felt as if they had a right to walk their own streets without being accountable to a British redcoat, even though he challenged them in King George's name. They made some rude answer to the sentinel. There was a dispute or perhaps a scuffle.

10. Other soldiers heard the noise and ran hastily from the barracks to assist their comrades. At the same time many of the townspeople rushed into King Street by various avenues and gathered in a crowd round about the Custom House. It seemed wonderful how such a multitude had started up all of a sudden.

11. The wrongs and insults which the people had been suffering for many months, now kindled them into a rage. They threw snowballs and lumps of ice at the soldiers. As the tumult grew louder, it reached

the ears of Captain Preston, the officer of the day. He immediately ordered eight soldiers of the main guard to take their muskets and follow him. They marched across the street, forcing their way roughly through the crowd and pricking the townspeople with their bayonets.

12. A gentleman — it was Henry Knox, afterwards general of the American artillery — caught Captain Preston's arm.

"For Heaven's sake, sir," exclaimed he, "take heed what you do or there will be bloodshed."

"Stand aside!" answered Captain Preston, haughtily. "Do not interfere, sir! Leave me to manage the affair."

13. Arriving at the sentinel's post, Captain Preston drew up his men in a semicircle with their faces to the crowd and their rear to the Custom House. When the people saw the officer, and beheld the threatening attitude with which the soldiers fronted them, their rage became almost uncontrollable.

"Fire, you lobsterbacks!" bellowed some.

"You dare not fire, you cowardly redcoats!" cried others.

14. "Rush upon them!" shouted many voices. "Drive the rascals to their barracks! Down with them! Down with them! Let them fire if they dare!"

Amid the uproar the soldiers stood glaring at the people with the fierceness of men whose trade was to shed blood.

III

15. Oh, what a crisis had now arrived! Up to this very moment, the angry feelings between England and America might have been pacified. England had but to stretch out the hand of reconciliation, and acknowledge that she had hitherto mistaken her rights, but would do so no more.

16. Then the ancient bonds of brotherhood would again have been knit together as firmly as in old times. The habit of loyalty, which had grown as strong as instinct, was not utterly overcome. The perils shared, the victories won in the old French War, when the soldiers of the colonies fought side by side with their comrades from beyond the sea, were unforgotten yet.

17. England was still that beloved country which the colonists called their home. King George, though he had frowned upon America, was still reverenced as a father.

18. But should the king's soldiers shed one drop of American blood, then it was a quarrel to the death. Never, never would America rest satisfied until she had torn down the royal authority and trampled it in the dust.

19. "Fire, if you dare, villains!" hoarsely shouted

The Boston massacre

the people, while the muzzles of the muskets were turned upon them. "You dare not fire!"

They appeared ready to rush upon the leveled bayonets. Captain Preston waved his sword and uttered a command which could not be distinctly heard amid the uproar of shouts that issued from a hundred throats. But his soldiers deemed that he had spoken the fatal mandate, "Fire!"

20. The flash of their muskets lighted up the streets, and the report rang loudly between the edifices. It was said, too, that the figure of a man, with a cloth hanging down over his face, was seen to step into

the balcony of the Custom House and discharge a musket at the crowd.

21. A gush of smoke had overspread the scene. It rose heavily as if it were loath to reveal the dreadful spectacle beneath it. Eleven of the sons of New England lay stretched upon the street. Some, sorely wounded, were struggling to rise again. Others stirred not nor groaned; for they were past all pain.

22. Blood was streaming upon the snow; and that purple stain in the midst of King Street, though it melted away in the next day's sun, was never forgotten nor forgiven by the people.

I. **Cȧ lăm'ĭ tĭe̱s**: great misfortunes. **Prē sĕn'tĭ ment**: foreboding; impression that something unpleasant is about to happen. **Băr'racks**: buildings in which soldiers are lodged.

II. **Pêr'ĕmp tō rў**: positive; commanding. **Henry Knox** (1750–1806): an American Revolutionary general. **Ha*ugh*'tĭ lў**: proudly; in an overbearing manner. **Ăt'tĭ tūd*e***: position.

III. **Păç'ĭ fĭ*ed***: made to be at peace; calmed. **Rec on cil i-a'tion**: reunion; renewal of friendship. **Loy'al tў**: faithfulness, especially to one's king or government. **Dēem*ed***: thought. **Măn'dāt*e***: order.

Truth crushed to earth shall rise again:
The eternal years of God are hers;
But Error, wounded, writhes with pain,
And dies among his worshipers. — BRYANT

Concord battleground and monument

Concord Hymn

By Ralph Waldo Emerson

Ralph Waldo Emerson (1803–1882): An American poet and essayist. Many of his essays were delivered as lectures. "In both poetry and prose he is the philosophic and religious teacher, the lover of nature, dwelling remote from human passion and human sorrow." He wrote "Representative Men," "English Traits," "The Conduct of Life," other lectures and essays, and a volume of poems.

This poem was written in 1836, and was sung at the completion of the Concord battle monument, April 19, 1836.

1. By the rude bridge that arched the flood,
   Their flag to April's breeze unfurled,
   Here once the embattled farmers stood,
   And fired the shot heard round the world.

2. The foe long since in silence slept;
Alike the conqueror silent sleeps;
And Time the ruined bridge has swept
Down the dark stream which seaward creeps

3. On this green bank, by this soft stream,
We set to-day a votive stone;
That memory may their deed redeem,
When, like our sires, our sons are gone.

4. Spirit, that made those heroes dare
To die, and leave their children free,
Bid Time and Nature gently spare
The shaft we raise to them and thee.

Ĕm băt′tl*e*d: arranged in order of battle; prepared or armed for battle. **Vō′tĭv*e***: devoted; given in fulfillment of a vow. **Rē dē*e*m′**: rescue; buy back.

On this question of principle, while actual suffering was yet afar off, the Colonies raised their flag against a power, to which for purposes of foreign conquest and subjugation, Rome, in the height of her glory, is not to be compared — a power which has dotted over the surface of the whole globe with her possessions and military posts, whose morning drum-beat, following the sun, and keeping company with the hours, circles the earth with one continuous and unbroken strain of the martial airs of England.

— Webster

Eppie

By George Eliot

George Eliot (1819–1880): The pen name of the great English novelist, Marian Evans Cross. In 1851 she went to London, and there became the center of a literary circle. She wrote "Adam Bede," "The Mill on the Floss," "Silas Marner," "Romola," and other novels. Her pictures of middle-class life in England are hardly equaled in English literature.

George Eliot

A little girl had wandered away from her mother, who lay dead in the snow, and had come to the cottage of Silas Marner, a weaver, who lived by himself near a stone pit and who had recently been robbed of a large sum of money. The child entered the cottage and fell asleep on an old sack by the fire. Silas, meanwhile, while in the act of closing the door, had fallen into one of the unconscious fits to which he was subject, and knew nothing of his little visitant.

I

1. When Marner recovered he closed his door, unaware of any change except that the light had grown dim and that he was chilled and faint. He thought he had been too long standing at the door and looking out.

2. Turning towards the hearth, where the two logs had fallen apart and sent forth only a red, uncertain glimmer, he seated himself on his fireside chair, and was stooping to push his logs together, when, to his blurred vision, it seemed as if there were gold on the floor in front of the hearth.

3. Gold! — his own gold — brought back to him as mysteriously as it had been taken away. He felt his heart begin to beat violently, and for a few moments he was unable to stretch out his hand and grasp the restored treasure. The heap of gold seemed to glow and get larger beneath his agitated gaze. He leaned forward at last and stretched forth his hand; but instead of the hard coin with the familiar resisting outline, his fingers encountered soft, warm curls.

4. In utter amazement, Silas fell on his knees and bent his head low to examine the marvel; it was a sleeping child — a round, fair thing, with soft yellow rings all over its head. Could this be his little sister come back to him in a dream — his little sister whom he had carried about in his arms for a year before

she died, when he was a small boy without shoes or stockings? That was the first thought that darted across Silas's blank wonderment. Was it a dream?

5. He rose to his feet again, pushed his logs together, and, throwing on some dried leaves and sticks, raised a flame; but the flame did not disperse the vision — it only lit up more distinctly the little round form of the child and its shabby clothing. It was very much like his little sister. Silas sank into his chair powerless, under the double presence of an inexplicable surprise and a hurrying influx of memories. How and when had the child come in without his knowledge?

6. But there was a cry on the hearth; the child had awakened, and Marner stooped to lift it on his knee. It clung round his neck and burst louder and louder into cries of "Mammy." Silas pressed it to him, and almost unconsciously uttered sounds of hushing tenderness, while he bethought himself that some of his porridge, which had got cool by the dying fire, would do to feed the child with if it were only warmed up a little.

7. He had plenty to do through the next hour. The porridge, sweetened with some dry brown sugar, stopped the cries of the little one, and made her lift her blue eyes with a wide quiet gaze at Silas, as he put the spoon into her mouth.

8. Presently she slipped from his knee and began

to toddle about, but with a pretty stagger that made Silas jump up and follow her lest she should fall against anything that would hurt her. But she only fell in a sitting posture on the ground and began to pull at her boots, looking up at him with a crying face as if the boots hurt her.

9. He took her on his knee again, but it was some time before it occurred to Silas's dull bachelor mind that the wet boots were the grievance, pressing on her warm ankles. He got them off with difficulty.

II

10. Silas kept the little girl, and called her Eppie, lavishing on her the affection he had formerly given only to his gold.

11. By the time Eppie was three years old, she developed a fine capacity for mischief and for devising ways of being troublesome, which found much exercise, not only for Silas's patience, but for his watchfulness.

12. For example. He had wisely chosen a broad strip of linen as a means of fastening her to his loom when he was busy; it made a broad belt round her waist, and was long enough to allow of her reaching the low bed and sitting down on it, but not long enough for her to attempt any dangerous climbing.

13. One bright summer's morning Silas had been more engrossed than usual in "setting up" a new piece of work, an occasion on which his scissors were in requisition. These scissors had been kept carefully out of Eppie's reach; but the click of them had a peculiar attraction for her ear. Silas had seated himself in his loom, and the noise of the weaving had begun; but he had left his scissors on a ledge which Eppie's arm was long enough to reach; and now, like a small mouse, watching her opportunity, she stole quietly from her corner, secured the scissors, and toddled to the bed again, setting up her back as a mode of concealing the fact.

14. She had a distinct intention as to the use of the scissors; and having cut the linen strip in a jagged but effectual manner, in two moments she had run out at the open door where the sunshine was inviting her, while poor Silas believed her to be a better child than usual. It was not until he happened to need his scissors that the terrible fact burst upon him: Eppie had run out by herself — had perhaps fallen into the stone pit.

15. Silas, shaken by fear, rushed out, calling, "Eppie!" and ran eagerly about the uninclosed space, exploring the dry cavities into which she might have fallen, and then gazing with questioning dread at the smooth red surface of the water. The cold drops stood on his brow. How long had

she been out? There was one hope, — that she had crept through the stile, and got into the fields where he usually took her to stroll.

16. But the grass was high in the meadow, and there was no descrying her, if she were there, except by a close search. Poor Silas, after peering all round the hedge rows, traversed the grass, beginning with perturbed vision to see Eppie behind every group of red sorrel, and to see her moving always farther off as he approached. The meadow was searched in vain; and he got over the stile into the next field, looking with dying hope towards a small pond which was now reduced to its summer shallowness, so as to leave a wide margin of good adhesive mud.

17. Here, however, sat Eppie, discoursing cheerfully to her own small boot, which she was using as a bucket to convey the water into a deep hoof mark, while her little naked foot was planted comfortably on a cushion of olive-green mud. A red-headed calf was observing her with alarmed doubt through the opposite hedge.

18. Silas, overcome with joy at finding his treasure again, could do nothing but snatch her up and cover her with half-sobbing kisses. It was not until he had carried her home and had begun to think of the necessary washing, that he recollected the need that he should punish Eppie and "make her remember." The idea that she might run away again and come

Here sat Eppie.

to harm gave him unusual resolution, and for the first time he determined to try the coal hole — a small closet near the hearth.

19. "Naughty, naughty Eppie," he suddenly began, holding her on his knee, and pointing to her muddy feet and clothes; "naughty to cut with the scissors and run away. Eppie must go into the coal hole for being naughty. Daddy must put her in the coal hole."

20. He half expected that this would be shock enough, and that Eppie would begin to cry. But instead of that she began to shake herself on his knee as if the plan opened a pleasing novelty. He put her in the coal hole and held the door closed, with a trembling sense that he was using a strong measure.

21. For a moment there was silence. Then came a little cry, "Open, open!" and Silas let her out again, saying, "Now Eppie will never be naughty again, else she must go in the coal hole — a black, naughty place."

The weaving must stand still a long while this morning, for now Eppie must be washed and have clean clothes on; but it was to be hoped that this punishment would have a lasting effect, and save time in future — though, perhaps, it would have been better if Eppie had cried more.

22. In half an hour she was clean again. Silas, having turned his back to see what he could do with

the linen band, threw it down again, with the reflection that Eppie would be good without fastening for the rest of the morning. He turned round again, and was going to place her in her little chair near the loom, when she peeped out at him with black face and hands again, and said, "Eppie in de toal hole!"

I. **Mȳs tē'rĭ ŏŭs lȳ**: in a way difficult or impossible to understand. **Ăġ'ī tāt ĕd**: disturbed; excited. **Dĭs pĕrse'**: drive away; scatter. **Ĭn ĕx'plĭ cà ble**: that cannot be explained. **Ĭn'flŭx**: a flowing in. **Un con'scious ly**: not purposely; without being aware of. **Pŏs'tûre**: position. **Grĭēv'ançe**: trouble; grief.

II. **Dē vĭs'ĭng**: planning; inventing. **Ĕn grōssed'**: occupied wholly. **Req ui si'tion**: requirement; need. **Dē scrȳ'ĭng**: seeing; discovering. **Pĕr tûrbed'**: disturbed; troubled. **Ăd hē'sĭve**: sticky.

Charles and Mary Lamb

1. Few brothers and sisters have been so closely united in joys and sorrows throughout a lifetime as Charles and Mary Lamb.

Charles Lamb was born in London, February 10, 1775. Mary was eleven years his senior, but as children they began their literary studies by "browsing" together in an old library.

2. John Lamb, a poor clerk, would hardly have been able to give his son educational advantages had not it been for the help of a friend, who placed Charles in Christ Church School. This is a quaint old Lon-

don school, founded by "that godly and royal child, King Edward VI." Lamb has left us in two charming papers his "Recollections" of his seven years there. The poet Coleridge was one of his schoolfellows, and the friendship then begun between him and Lamb lasted a lifetime.

3. As soon as Charles Lamb left school, the poverty of his family made it necessary for him to set to work to earn his daily bread. After holding a position in the South Sea House for a while, he obtained a place as clerk in the India House, and there he remained thirty-three years.

4. In 1796, a terrible calamity befell the family. In a sudden fit of insanity Mary Lamb stabbed her mother to the heart, and wounded her invalid father. She recovered from this attack, but she was always afterward subject to fits of insanity, becoming more frequent and more prolonged in the course of years. When these attacks were over, she was a charming woman, clever and amiable.

5. This sad event affected the whole life of Lamb. Whatever plans he might have formed for his individual happiness, were bravely and cheerfully given up, and the remainder of his life was devoted to the care of his afflicted sister. "Out of that misery and desolation," says one who knew them, "sprang that wonderful love between brother and sister which has no parallel in history."

Charles Lamb

6. Hard and dreary as was his daily life, Charles Lamb found time to read and reread the great English authors of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. His mind was so saturated with much reading of these old authors that his style has a peculiar and subtle charm — the flavor of the writers who were his familiar friends.

7. In the scanty leisure allowed him by his "drudgery at the desk's dead wood," he wrote criticisms and essays for various London periodicals. The best known of these are the "Essays of Elia," characterized by quaint humor and tender pathos. The name signed, Elia, was the borrowed name of an Italian who had at one time been a fellow-clerk.

Mary Lamb, the "Cousin Bridget" of the essays, was her brother's housekeeper. Their humble home was a favorite resort of many distinguished men.

8. Charles and Mary Lamb together wrote several books for children. One is a volume of "Poetry for Children," from which "The Magpie's Nest" is taken. Another is "Tales from Shakspere," consisting of twenty tales, founded upon as many different plays of Shakspere. Fourteen were written by Mary, and the remaining six, the great tragedies, by Charles. The success of the "Tales" was decisive and immediate. It has kept its place as a classic all these years, and serves to-day as a most excellent introduction to the study of Shakspere.

9. In a private letter to a friend, Mary Lamb wrote: "You would like to see us as we often sit writing at one table, I taking snuff, and he groaning all the while and saying he can make nothing of it, which he always says till he has finished, and then he finds out that he has made something of it."

10. In 1825, Charles Lamb retired from the India House, being allowed a liberal pension, and the ensuing years were spent in leisure hitherto denied him.

A slight accident brought on erysipelas, and "the gentle Elia," sinking rapidly, died in December, 1834. Mary survived her brother thirteen years, and was laid in the same grave with him in May, 1847.

Săt'ū rā tĕd: soaked. **Sŭb'tle**: artful and refined. **Ĕr ў-sĭp'ē las**: a disease of the skin.

The Magpie's Nest

By Charles and Mary Lamb

1. When the arts in their infancy were,
   In a fable of old 'tis expressed
   A wise magpie constructed that rare
   Little house for young birds, called a nest.

2. This was talked of the whole country round;
   You might hear it on every bough sung;
   "Now no longer upon the rough ground
   Will fond mothers brood over their young:

3. "For the magpie with exquisite skill
Has invented a moss-covered cell
Within which a whole family will
In the utmost security dwell."

4. To her mate did each female bird say:
"Let us fly to the magpie, my dear;
If she will but teach us the way,
A nest we will build us up here.

5. "It's a thing that's close arched overhead,
With a hole made to creep out and in;
We, my bird, might make just such a bed
If we only knew how to begin."

6. To the magpie soon all the birds went,
And in modest terms made their request,
That she would be pleased to consent
To teach them to build up a nest.

7. She replied: "I will show you the way,
So observe everything that I do:
First, two sticks 'cross each other I lay —"
"To be sure," said the crow, "why I knew

8. "It must be begun with two sticks,
And I thought that they crossed should be."
Said the pie, "Then some straw and moss mix
In the way you now see done by me."

9. "Oh yes, certainly," said the jackdaw,
"That must follow, of course, I have thought;
Though I never before building saw,
I guessed that, without being taught."

10. "More moss, more straw, and feathers, I place
In this manner," continued the pie.
"Yes, no doubt, madam, that is the case;
Though no builder myself, so thought I."

11. Whatever she taught them beside,
In his turn every bird of them said,
Though the nest-making art he ne'er tried,
He had just such a thought in his head.

12. Still the pie went on showing her art,
Till a nest she had built up halfway;
She no more of her skill would impart,
But in her anger went fluttering away.

13. And this speech in their hearing she made,
As she perched o'er their heads on a tree:
"If ye all were well skilled in my trade,
Pray, why came ye to learn it of me?"

Sē cū′rĭ tў: safety. **Pie**: magpie. **Ĭm pärt′**: make known; share.

The Framework of the Body

I

1. If you were asked what your body is made of, probably you would say that it is made of flesh and bones and covered with skin. You also know something about the blood which flows through it, and that there is a very important part which we call the brain.

2. But the flesh and the bones make up the largest part of the body, and there is a good deal to be learned about them. You know the general appearance of both flesh and bone from the parts of animals which you see in the butcher's shop.

3. Bone is hard, and of a white color; indeed, it looks more like a piece of wood or stone than a part of a living animal. But bone is a real part of the living body, and it grows and is nourished just as the body is. If a man breaks the bone of his arm or his leg, it is firmly bound up, to prevent the broken parts from moving out of the proper place, and in time the bone grows together again and becomes quite strong.

4. The bones are fastened together by various kinds of joints. They form the framework of the body, and give it strength to retain its proper shape. This framework is called the skeleton. Some animals, such as worms and slugs, have no skeleton; and

others, such as shellfish, have a kind of hard covering or skeleton outside.

5. The most important part of the skeleton is the backbone. It is so important that naturalists divide all animals into two classes, — those which have a backbone and those which have none. All the higher animals, including man, have a backbone, or vertebral column as it is called. They are therefore called vertebrate animals. The others are called invertebrate animals.

The vertebral column

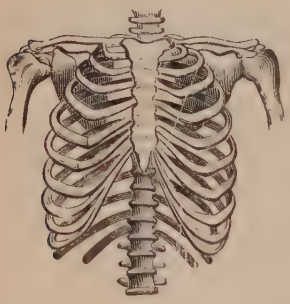
6. The vertebral column, or backbone, is not really a bone at all. It is a pillar of small bones firmly bound together. If you string a number of spools upon a strong cord, and pull the cord tight, you will have a column somewhat like the vertebral column. It will bend slightly, as the backbone does; but, while you keep the string tight, it will be firm enough to stand upright.

7. At the upper end of the backbone there is the skull. This is a hollow box or case made up of several pieces of bone fitting closely together. Inside

the skull is the brain, which is in many ways the most important organ of the body.

8. The nerves come from the brain, and it is by means of them that we feel and see and hear and taste; by means of them, also, that we move any part of our bodies as we wish. They are like living telegraph wires running all through the body.

9. From the lower part of the brain there is what we might call a living telegraph cable passing down through the backbone. This is the spinal cord, which gives off many branches, or nerves, as it passes downward. If the spinal cord is injured, either by disease or by some accident, all power of feeling or of movement in the lower part of the body is lost. When this happens, we say that part of the body is paralyzed.



The ribs

10. There is another box or case of bones in front of the backbone. The ribs, which are joined to the backbone from behind and bend round toward the breastbone in front, form a strong cage, inside of which are placed the heart and the lungs.

11. The heart is a kind of force pump which sends the blood through every part of the body. In the lungs the blood is made pure by mixing with the

oxygen of the air. These organs, like the brain and the spinal cord, are well protected by the strong bony framework which surrounds them.

II

12. Besides a head and a trunk, or body, the higher animals have four limbs. Birds have two wings and two legs, quadrupeds have four legs, and we have two legs and two arms. But in their framework these different kinds of limbs are very much alike.

13. The arm joins the body at the shoulder, and the shoulder itself is formed of two bones, — the collar bone in front and the shoulder blade behind. The collar bone does not go round the neck, as its name might lead you to think. It is nearly straight, and has one end joined to the top of the breast-bone, just below the throat, and the other end to the top of the shoulder.

14. The shoulder blade is a broad, flat bone, which rests on the ribs behind. Its outer corner meets the end of the collar bone and forms the top of the shoulder. The arm hangs from this corner of the shoulder blade, and is also joined to the collar bone. The collar bone gives the square shape to the shoulder when looked at from the front.

15. Between the shoulder and the elbow there is only one bone in the arm, but between the elbow and the wrist there are two. When you hold out

your arm and turn the palm of the hand first upward and then downward, you can feel those two bones twisting round each other.

16. The bones of the hand are arranged so as to give it great strength and yet allow very free movement. In the wrist there are eight small bones, set in two rows across. They are very firmly bound together, but their large number allows the wrist to bend much more freely than if there were only one or two.

17. Next come the bones of the hand itself. In the body or palm of the hand there are five long bones — one for each finger and one for the thumb. Then each of the fingers has three bones and the thumb has two. Thus we have as many as twenty-seven pieces in the framework of the hand and wrist alone.

18. At its lower end the backbone is fastened to a broad, strong mass of bone, to which the lower limbs are also joined. The bones of the leg and foot are very much like those of the arm and hand. They are larger and stronger, as they have the whole weight of the body to carry, and the joints do not move so easily.

19. The joints of the limbs are very beautifully formed. The bones are bound together by bands of a very strong substance, somewhat like the sinews which you find in meat. The ends of the bones

which rub against each other are very smooth and are covered with a substance called cartilage or gristle, which is much softer than the rest of the bone. There is a kind of oil which is made by the body itself at the places where it is needed, and some of this oil is constantly poured over the parts of the bone which touch each other.

20. These joints are thus like the hinges we make for ourselves: the parts are firmly joined, quite smooth, and well oiled, so that they move easily. Indeed, they are so like hinges that we call many of them hinge joints. The elbow joint is a hinge joint.

21. The shoulder joint is of a different kind. The top of the upper arm bone is round like a ball, and it moves in a shallow cup or socket in the end of the shoulder blade. Thus you can swing your arm round in a circle, and move it up and down or from back to front. This kind of joint is called a ball and socket joint.

III

22. You have now some idea of the framework of the body. As long as it is living, the body is always moving. Motion never ceases: sometimes there is motion from place to place, or locomotion; sometimes there are the voluntary movements which we make when we are writing or speaking or eat-

ing. All our life long, even while we are asleep, there are involuntary movements going on, such as those of the chest in breathing, and of the heart in keeping the blood flowing through the body.

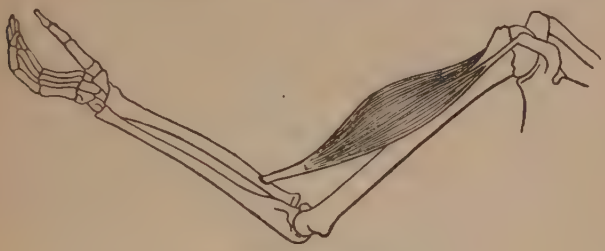
23. The bones themselves are hard like a piece of wood, and have no power of moving. How, then, are all those movements caused? If you were to make a framework like that of the arm by joining pieces of wood together with hinges, how could you make these pieces of wood move as the arm moves?

24. The best way would be to have strings fixed to the various pieces of your model, so that when you pulled one string, it bent the joint, and when you pulled another, it extended it again. This is exactly the way in which we move our limbs; there are strings which are fixed to the bones to pull them up or down as we wish.

25. But how are the strings pulled, and who pulls them? This is the strangest part of all, and shows how different a living being is from any model or machine which man can make. The strings are living strings, and they pull themselves whenever we, who live in these wonderful houses, wish them to do so.

26. The strings are the muscles and sinews. Muscle is another name for the red flesh which is covered by the skin. Now look at this picture of the arm and one of its muscles. At the lower end is a strong

sinew fastened to the bone of the forearm, a little below the elbow joint, and at the upper end are two sinews which pass over the top of the shoulder to the shoulder blade. But in the middle there is a



Raising the forearm

thick mass of flesh lying along the upper arm bone. You can feel this by laying your hand on your own arm.

27. Keep your hand there as you bend your arm, and notice what happens. You feel this lump of flesh getting harder and thicker in the middle, while at the same time it gets shorter. This is the whole secret of all the hundreds of movements in our bodies. The middle of the string of muscle gets shorter and thicker, and so the two ends are pulled closer together.

28. When you extend your arm again, another muscle must do the work. A muscle which lies along the back of the arm pulls in the opposite direction, while the first becomes soft and loose again. One muscle can pull only in one direction,

and so the muscles are usually in pairs, — one for bending the joint, and one for extending it again.

29. What makes the muscle act this way? Some strange kind of telegraph message comes from the brain through those nerves of which we spoke, and causes the muscle to act.

30. Every time a muscle acts, it loses a little of its substance, and so it wastes away gradually. But the blood is constantly carrying a supply of new material from the food we eat, and thus the muscle is repaired as quickly as it is wasted.

31. The more frequently the substance of our muscles is wasted away and renewed in this way, the stronger and firmer they become. This is the reason why plenty of exercise or hard work makes our muscles firm and strong, while a life of laziness tends to keep them weak.

IV

32. Young people generally know more about the skin of the body than they do about the flesh or the bones. It is easier to know about the outside of things than about the inside. Snakes and toads and some other animals change their skins every year. Perhaps you are not aware that we also change our skins.

33. We do not draw off the old skin as the snake does, like a glove or a stocking, and find a soft, new

one underneath ; we are constantly changing it, little by little, every day. The old skin comes off in very small, flat scales, like fine white dust, and the new skin is constantly growing from beneath. This is one of the reasons why daily washing and frequent change of underclothing are necessary.

34. The outer layer of the skin, from which these scales come, is called the epidermis. It can stand a good deal of rough treatment without bleeding or feeling painful. But if this outer layer happens to be taken away by a scratch or a blister, you find that the lower skin bleeds freely, showing that it is full of blood vessels, and is painful when touched, showing that it is full of nerves.

35. These nerves give us the sense of touch or feeling, but they need the rough upper skin to keep them from injury. On the tips of the fingers, where we have a keen sense of touch, the nerves are very numerous. They rise in little mounds and ridges, so as to be near the surface and to give greater fineness of touch.

36. There is a very curious fact about these little ridges which you see curving round and round on the tips of your fingers and thumbs. They are never exactly alike in any two persons, and they never change their form from year to year. Thus no two persons' fingers can make marks of the same shape on a piece of soft wax.

37. Now, when a person is accused of a crime, it is sometimes very important to know whether it is the same person who was formerly punished for another crime. Accordingly, the police in some places keep copies of the finger prints of all convicts. It is found that these finger prints are a surer way of knowing a person again than a photograph is. The face changes more than the fingers do.

38. One use of the skin is to protect the tender parts underneath — the veins and small blood-vessels, and the nerves or living telegraph wires. And in the lower animals, in order to give the better protection, the skin is sometimes covered over with such substances as shells, scales, hair, wool, feathers, nails, claws, horns, and the like, which are all different forms of the outer layer of the skin.

39. If a part of the body, such as the arm, be inclosed in a loose india rubber bag full of fresh air and kept in it for some time, the air in the bag is found to be changed. It contains the same impurities as the air which we breathe out from the lungs. This shows us that the skin is really one of our breathing organs.

40. This breathing, as well as the passage of the perspiration, takes place through very fine spiral tubes or pores of the skin. On the palm of the hand there are nearly three thousand pores in every square inch of skin, and it has been found that the

whole length of these tubes in a single body would be about thirty miles!

41. Such facts as these may help you to see that the skin is a very important part of the body. And it is the part which we can do most to help in its work, as it is not covered up from us. The help we can give it is chiefly by keeping it clean and vigorous, and protecting it from cold when necessary.

I. **Rē tāin′**: keep.

III. **Vŏl′ŭn tā ry**: controlled by the will. **In vŏl′ŭn tā ry**: not under the control of the will. **Ĕx tĕnd′**: stretch out.

The Bugle Song

By Alfred, Lord Tennyson

Alfred, Lord Tennyson (1809–1892): One of the most popular of English poets. His greatest work is "In Memoriam," written in memory of his friend, Arthur Henry Hallam. He wrote "The Idylls of the King," "The Princess," "Maud," several dramas, and many shorter poems.

1. The splendor falls on castle walls
And snowy summits old in story:
The long light shakes across the lakes,
And the wild cataract leaps in glory.
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

2. O hark, O hear! how thin and clear,
And thinner, clearer, farther going!
O sweet and far from cliff and scar
The horns of Elfland faintly blowing!
Blow, let us hear the purple glens replying:
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying

3. O love, they die in yon rich sky,
They faint on hill or field or river:
Our echoes roll from soul to soul,
And grow forever and forever.
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,
And answer, echoes, answer, dying, dying, dying.

Scär: a steep, rocky place; a bare place on the side of a mountain.

Roll on, thou deep and dark blue Ocean, roll!
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain;
Man marks the earth with ruin — his control
Stops with the shore; — upon the watery plain
The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain
A shadow of man's ravage, save his own,
When, for a moment, like a drop of rain,
He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,
Without a grave, unknelled, uncoffined, and unknown.

— Byron

Robinson Crusoe Gets Supplies from the Wreck

By Daniel DeFoe

Daniel DeFoe (1660?–1731): An English author. His masterpiece is "Robinson Crusoe," from which this selection is taken. The story of "Robinson Crusoe," suggested by the experiences of a sailor named Alexander Selkirk, narrates the adventures of a man shipwrecked on an uninhabited island. DeFoe wrote "A History of the Plague" and many other books.

Daniel DeFoe

I

1. When I waked it was broad day, the weather clear and the storm abated. That which surprised me most was, that the ship was lifted off in the night from the sand where she lay by the swelling of the tide, and was driven up almost as far as the rock which I first mentioned, where I had been so bruised by the wave dashing me against it. This being within about a mile from the shore where I was, and

the ship seeming to stand upright still, I wished myself on board, that at least I might save some necessary things for my use.

2. When I came down from my apartment in the tree, I looked about me again, and the first thing I found was the boat, which lay, as the wind and the sea had tossed her up, upon the land, about two miles on my right hand.

3. I walked as far as I could upon the shore to have got to her; but found a neck, or inlet, of water, between me and the boat, which was about half a mile broad; so I came back for the present, being more intent upon getting at the ship, where I hoped to find something for my present subsistence.

4. A little after noon, I found the sea very calm and the tide ebbed so far out that I could come within a quarter of a mile of the ship: and here I found a fresh renewing of my grief; for I saw, evidently, that if we had kept on board, we had all been safe; that is to say, we had all got safe on shore, and I had not been so miserable as to be left entirely destitute of all comfort and company, as I now was.

5. This forced tears from my eyes again, but as there was little relief in that, I resolved, if possible, to get to the ship; so I pulled off my clothes, for the weather was hot to extremity, and took the water. But when I came to the ship, my difficulty

was still greater to know how to get on board; for as she lay aground, and high out of the water, there was nothing within my reach to lay hold of.

6. I swam round her twice, and the second time I spied a small piece of rope, which I wondered I did not see at first, hang down by the fore-chains so low, as that with great difficulty I got hold of it, and by the help of that rope got up into the forecastle of the ship.

7. Here I found that the ship was bulged, and had a great deal of water in her hold; but that she lay so on the side of a bank of hard sand, or rather earth, that her stern lay lifted up upon the bank, and her head low, almost to the water.

8. By this means all her quarter was free, and all that was in that part was dry; for you may be sure my first work was to search and to see what was spoiled and what was free: and, first, I found that all the ship's provisions were dry and untouched by the water; and, being very well disposed to eat, I went to the bread room, and filled my pockets with biscuit, and ate it as I went about other things, for I had no time to lose. Now I wanted nothing but a boat to furnish myself with many things which I foresaw would be very necessary to me.

9. It was in vain to sit still and wish for what was not to be had, and this extremity roused my application. We had several spare yards, and two or

three large spars of wood, and a spare topmast or two in the ship. I resolved to fall to work with these, and flung as many of them overboard as I could manage for their weight, tying every one with a rope, that they might not drive away.

10. When this was done, I went down the ship's side, and pulling them to me, I tied four of them fast together at both ends, as well as I could, in the form of a raft, and laying two or three short pieces of plank upon them crossways, I found I could walk upon it very well, but that it was not able to bear any great weight, the pieces being too light; so I went to work, and with the carpenter's saw I cut a spare topmast into three lengths, and added them to my raft, with a great deal of labor and pains. But the hope of furnishing myself with necessaries encouraged me to go beyond what I should have been able to do upon another occasion.

11. My raft was now strong enough to bear any reasonable weight. My next care was what to load it with, and how to preserve what I laid upon it from the surf of the sea; but I was not long considering this.

12. I first laid all the planks or boards upon it that I could get, and having considered well what I most wanted, I first got three of the seamen's chests, which I had broken open and emptied, and lowered them down upon my raft; the first of these I filled

with provisions, viz., bread, rice, three Dutch cheeses, five pieces of dried goats' flesh, which we lived much upon, and a little remainder of European corn, which had been laid by for some fowls which we had brought to sea with us, but the fowls were killed. There had been some barley and wheat together, but, to my great disappointment, I found afterward that the rats had eaten or spoiled it all.

13. The tide had now begun to flow, though very calm; and I had the mortification to see my coat, shirt, and waistcoat, which I had left on shore upon the sand, swim away; as for my breeches, which were only linen and open-kneed, I swam on board in them.

14. However, this put me upon rummaging for clothes, of which I found enough, but took no more than I wanted for present use, for I had other things which my eye was more upon; as, first, tools to work with on shore; and it was after long searching that I found the carpenter's chest, which was, indeed, a very useful prize to me, and much more valuable than a ship-lading of gold would have been at that time. I got it down to my raft, even whole as it was, without losing time to look into it, for I knew in general what it contained.

15. My next care was for some ammunition and arms. There were two very good fowling pieces in the great cabin, and two pistols; these I secured

first, with some powder-horns and a small bag of shot, and two old rusty swords. I knew there were three barrels of powder in the ship, but knew not where our gunner had stowed them; but with much search I found them, two of them dry and good, the third had taken water. Those two I got to my raft, with the arms.

II

16. And now I thought myself pretty well freighted, and began to think how I should get to shore with them, having neither sail, oar, nor rudder; and the least capful of wind would have overset all my navigation.

17. I had three encouragements: first, a smooth, calm sea; secondly, the tide rising, and setting in to the shore; thirdly, what little wind there was blew me toward the land. And thus, having found two or three broken oars belonging to the boat, and besides the tools which were in the chest, I found two saws, an ax, and a hammer; and with this cargo I put to sea.

18. For a mile or thereabouts my raft went very well, only that I found it drive a little distant from the place where I had landed before, by which I perceived that there was some indraft of the water, and consequently I hoped to find some creek or river there which I might make use of as a port to get to land with my cargo.

My raft went very well.

19. As I imagined, so it was: there appeared before me a little opening of the land, and I found a strong current of the tide set into it, so I guided my raft, as well as I could, to keep in the middle of the stream. But here I had like to have suffered a second shipwreck, which, if I had, I think it verily would have broken my heart; for, knowing nothing of the coast, my raft ran aground at one end of it upon a shoal, and not being aground at the other end, it wanted but a little that all my cargo had slipped off toward that end that was afloat, and so fallen into the water.

20. I did my utmost, by setting my back against the chests, to keep them in their places, but could not thrust off the raft with all my strength; neither durst I stir from the posture I was in, but holding up the chests with all my might I stood in that manner near half an hour, in which time the rising of the water brought me a little more upon a level.

21. A little after, the water still rising, my raft floated again, and I thrust her off, with the oar I had, into the channel; and then driving up higher, I at length found myself in the mouth of a little river, with land on both sides, and a strong current or tide running up. I looked on both sides for a proper place to get to shore, for I was not willing to be driven too high up the river, hoping, in time, to see some ship at sea, and therefore resolved to place myself as near the coast as I could.

22. At length I spied a little cove on the right shore of the creek, to which, with great pain and difficulty, I guided my raft, and at last got so near, as that, reaching ground with my oar, I could thrust her directly in; but here I had like to have dipped all my cargo into the sea again; for that shore lying pretty steep, that is to say, sloping, there was no place to land, but where one end of my float, if it ran on shore, would lie so high and the other sink lower, as before, that it would endanger my cargo again.

23. All that I could do was to wait till the tide was at the highest, keeping the raft with my oar like an anchor, to hold the side of it fast to the shore, near a flat piece of ground, which I expected the water would flow over; and so it did. As soon as I found water enough, for my raft drew about a foot of water, I thrust her upon that flat piece of ground, and there fastened or moored her, by sticking my two broken oars into the ground, one on one side near one end, and one on the other side near the other end: and thus I lay till the water ebbed away, and left my raft and all my cargo safe on shore.

24. My next work was to view the country, and seek a proper place for my habitation, and where to stow my goods, to secure them from whatever might happen. Where I was I yet knew not;

whether on the continent, or on an island; whether inhabited, or not inhabited; whether in danger of wild beasts, or not. There was a hill, not above a mile from me, which rose up very steep and high, and which seemed to overtop some other hills, which lay as in a ridge from it, northward.

25. I took out one of the fowling pieces and one of the pistols and a horn of powder; and thus armed I traveled for discovery up to the top of that hill; where, after I had, with great labor and difficulty, got up to the top, I saw my fate, to my great affliction, viz., that I was in an island, environed every way with the sea, no land to be seen, except some rocks, which lay a great way off, and two small islands, less than this, which lay about three leagues to the west.

26. I found also that the island I was in was barren, and, as I saw good reason to believe, uninhabited, except by wild beasts, of whom, however, I saw none; yet I saw abundance of fowls, but knew not their kinds; neither, when I killed them, could I tell what was fit for food, and what not.

27. At my coming back, I shot at a great bird, which I saw sitting upon a tree, on the side of a great wood. I believe it was the first gun that had been fired there since the creation of the world. I had no sooner fired, but from all the parts of the wood there arose an innumerable number of fowls

of many sorts, making a confused screaming and crying, every one according to his usual note; but not one of them of any kind that I knew. As for the creature I killed, I took it to be a kind of a hawk, its color and beak resembling it, but it had no talons or claws more than common. Its flesh was carrion and fit for nothing.

Crusoe exploring his island

28. Contented with this discovery, I came back to my raft, and fell to work to bring my cargo on shore, which took me up the rest of that day: what to do with myself at night I knew not, nor indeed where to rest; for I was afraid to lie down on the ground, not knowing but some wild beast might devour me; though, as I afterward found, there was really no need for those fears.

29. However, as well as I could, I barricadoed myself round with the chests and boards that I had brought on shore, and made a kind of hut for that night's lodging. As for food, I yet saw not which way to supply myself except that I had seen two or three creatures, like hares, run out of the wood where I shot the fowl.

III

30. I now began to consider that I might yet get a great many things out of the ship, which would be useful to me, and particularly some of the rigging and sails, and such other things as might come to land; and I resolved to make another voyage on board the vessel, if possible. And as I knew that the first storm that blew must necessarily break her all in pieces, I resolved to set all other things apart, till I got everything out of the ship that I could get.

31. Then I called a council, that is to say, in my thoughts, whether I should take back the raft; but this appeared impracticable: so I resolved to go as before, when the tide was down; and I did so, only that I stripped before I went from my hut, having nothing on but a checkered shirt, a pair of linen drawers, and a pair of pumps on my feet.

32. I got on board the ship as before, and prepared a second raft; and having had experience of the first, I neither made this so unwieldy, nor loaded it so hard, but yet I brought away several things very useful to me; as, first, in the carpenter's stores, I found two or three bags of nails and spikes, a great screw jack, a dozen or two of hatchets, and, above all, that most useful thing called a grindstone.

33. All these I secured together, with several things belonging to the gunner; particularly, two

or three iron crows, and two barrels of musket bullets, seven muskets, and another fowling piece, with some small quantity of powder more, a large bag full of small shot, and a great roll of sheet lead; but this last was so heavy, I could not hoist it up to get it over the ship's side.

Besides these things, I took all the men's clothes that I could find, and a spare fore-topsail, a hammock, and some bedding; and with this I loaded my second raft, and brought them all safe on shore, to my very great comfort.

34. I was under some apprehensions lest, during my absence from the land, my provisions might be devoured on shore; but when I came back, I found no sign of any visitor; only there sat a creature like a wild cat upon one of the chests, which, when I came toward it, ran away a little distance, and then stood still. She sat very composed and unconcerned, and looked full in my face, as if she had a mind to be acquainted with me.

35. I presented my gun to her, but, as she did not understand it, she was perfectly unconcerned at it, nor did she offer to stir away, upon which I tossed her a bit of biscuit, though I was not very free of it, for my store was not great; however, I spared her a bit, I say, and she went to it, smelled of it, and ate it, and looked, as pleased, for more; but I thanked her, and could spare no more: so she marched off.

36. Having got my second cargo on shore, — though I was fain to open the barrels of powder, and bring them by parcels, for they were too heavy, being large casks, — I went to work to make me a little tent, with the sail and some poles, which I cut for that purpose; and into this tent I brought everything that I knew would spoil either with rain or sun; and I piled all the empty chests and casks up in a circle round the tent, to fortify it from any sudden attempt either from man or beast.

37. When I had done this, I blocked up the door of the tent with some boards within, and an empty chest set up on end without; and spreading one of the beds upon the ground, laying my two pistols just at my head, and my gun at length by me, I went to bed for the first time, and slept very quietly all night, for I was very weary and heavy; for the night before I had slept little, and had labored very hard all day, as well to fetch all those things from the ship as to get them on shore.

38. I had the biggest magazine of all kinds now that ever was laid up, I believe, for one man; but I was not satisfied still, for while the ship sat upright in that posture, I thought I ought to get everything out of her that I could; so every day, at low water, I went on board, and brought away something or other; but particularly the third time I went, I brought away as much of the rigging as

I could, as also all the small ropes and rope twine I could get, with a piece of spare canvas, which was to mend the sails upon occasion, and the barrel of wet gunpowder.

39. In a word, I brought away all the sails first and last; only that I was fain to cut them in pieces, and bring as much at a time as I could, for they were no more useful to be sails, but as mere canvas only.

40. But that which comforted me still more was, that, last of all, after I had made five or six such voyages as these, and thought I had nothing more to expect from the ship that was worth my meddling with: I say, after all this, I found a great hogshead of bread, and a box of sugar, and a barrel of fine flour; this was surprising to me, because I had given over expecting any more provisions, except what was spoiled by the water. I soon emptied the hogshead of that bread, and wrapped it up, parcel by parcel, in pieces of the sails, which I cut out; and, in a word, I got all this safe on shore also.

IV

41. The next day I made another voyage, and now having plundered the ship of what was portable and fit to hand out, I began with the cables, and cutting the great cable into pieces such as I could move, I got two cables and a hawser on shore, with all the iron work I could get; and having cut down the

spritsailyard and the mizzenyard, and everything I could, to make a large raft, I loaded it with all those heavy goods and came away.

42. But my good luck began now to leave me; for this raft was so unwieldy and so overladen that after I was entered the little cove, where I had landed the rest of my goods, not being able to guide it so handily as I did the other, it overset, and threw me and all my cargo into the water; as for myself, it was no great harm, for I was near the shore; but as to my cargo, it was a great part of it lost, especially the iron, which I expected would have been of great use to me.

43. However, when the tide was out, I got most of the pieces of cable ashore and some of the iron, though with infinite labor; for I was fain to dip for it into the water — a work which fatigued me very much. After this I went every day on board, and brought away what I could get.

44. I had been now thirteen days ashore, and had been eleven times on board the ship, in which time I had brought away all that one pair of hands could well be supposed capable to bring, though I believe verily, had the calm weather held, I should have brought away the whole ship, piece by piece; but preparing, the twelfth time, to go on board, I found the wind began to rise. However, at low water, I went on board.

45. Though I thought I had rummaged the cabin so effectually as that nothing could be found, yet I discovered a locker with drawers in it, in one of which I found two or three razors, and one pair of large scissors, with some ten or a dozen of good knives and forks; in another I found about thirty-six pounds in money, some European coin, some Brazil, some pieces of eight, some gold, and some silver.

46. I smiled to myself at the sight of this money: "O drug!" I exclaimed, "what art thou good for? Thou art not worth to me, no, not the taking off the ground; one of those knives is worth all this heap: I have no manner of use for thee; e'en remain where thou art, and go to the bottom, as a creature whose life is not worth saving."

47. However, upon second thoughts, I took it away; and wrapping all this in a piece of canvas, I began to think of making another raft; but while I was preparing this, I found the sky overcast, and the wind began to rise, and in a quarter of an hour it blew a fresh gale from the shore.

48. It presently occurred to me that it was in vain to pretend to make a raft with the wind off shore; and that it was my business to be gone before the tide of flood began, or otherwise I might not be able to reach the shore at all. Accordingly I let myself down into the water, and swam across the channel

which lay between the ship and the sands, and even that with difficulty enough, partly with the weight of the things I had about me, and partly the roughness of the water; for the wind rose very hastily, and before it was quite high water it blew a storm.

49. But I was got home to my little tent, where I lay, with my wealth about me very secure. It blew very hard all that night, and in the morning, when I looked out, behold, no more ship was to be seen. I was a little surprised, but recovered myself with this satisfactory reflection, viz., that I had lost no time, nor abated no diligence, to get everything out of her, that could be useful to me, and that, indeed, there was little left in her that I was able to bring away, if I had had more time.

I. **Sŭb sĭst′ençe**: means of support; livelihood. **Ap pli ca′tion**: earnest effort; close attention. **Yärds**: long pieces of timber tapering toward the ends, used to support sails. **Spär**: a general term for any round piece of timber used as a mast, yard, etc. **Rŭm′mȧġ ĭng**: searching closely.

II. **Vĕr′ĭ lў**: certainly; in fact. **Dûrst**: dared. **Hab i ta′tion**: dwelling. **En vī′ròned**: surrounded. **Băr rĭ cā′dȯed**: defended with a barrier.

III. **Măg ȧ zīne′**: a storehouse; the word is here used for the things kept in the storehouse. **Rĭg′gĭng**: the ropes, etc., which support the masts of a ship and serve to manage the sails. **Ŭn wi͡ēld′ў**: unmanageable; not easily managed or carried. **Screw jăck**: a jackscrew; a machine for lifting heavy

weights by means of a screw. **Fowl'ĭng pĭēçe**: a light gun used in killing birds and other small game.

IV. **Pōrt'ā blе**: that can be carried. **Sprĭt'sāĭl**: a sail extended by a sprit or small pole. **Mĭz'zen**: the hindmost sail of a three-masted ship. **Pieces of eight**: Spanish coins of about the value of a dollar.

The Tiger

By William Blake

William Blake (1757–1827): An English painter, engraver, and poet. He was the son of a poor hosier, and his education seems to have been entirely self-acquired. His poems were written and illustrated in color entirely by his own hand. "Songs of Innocence" and "Songs of Experience" include the most popular of his beautiful imaginative poems.

1. Tiger, tiger, burning bright,
In the forests of the night,
What immortal hand or eye
Could frame thy fearful symmetry?

2. In what distant deeps or skies
Burnt the fire of thine eyes?
On what wings dare he aspire?
What the hand dare seize the fire?

3. And what shoulder, and what art,
Could twist the sinews of thy heart?
And when thy heart began to beat,
What dread hand forged thy dread feet?

4. What the hammer? what the chain?
In what furnace was thy brain?
What the anvil? what dread grasp
Dare its deadly terrors clasp?

5. When the stars threw down their spears,
And watered Heaven with their tears,
Did He smile His work to see?
Did He who made the lamb make thee?

6. Tiger, tiger, burning bright,
In the forests of the night,
What immortal hand or eye
Dare frame thy fearful symmetry?

Ĭm môr'tal: undying. **Sȳm'mė trȳ**: beautiful proportion the due relation of the parts to the whole.

My heart leaps up when I behold
A rainbow in the sky:
So was it when my life began;
So is it now I am a man:
So be it when I shall grow old,
Or let me die!
The child is father of the man;
And I could wish my days to be
Bound each to each by natural piety.

—WORDSWORTH

The Battles of Crécy and Poitiers

By Charles Dickens

Charles Dickens (1812–1870): An English novelist. The fame which he won by his first works, "Sketches by Boz" and "Pickwick Papers," was increased by his later novels, "Oliver Twist," "David Copperfield," "A Tale of Two Cities," and others. This description of the battles of Crécy and Poitiers is from his "Child's History of England," which is a great favorite with young people.

I

1. It was in the month of July, in the year 1346, when Edward, the King of England, embarked at Southampton for France, with an army of about thirty thousand men in all, attended by the Prince of Wales and by several of the chief nobles. He landed at La Hogue in Normandy; and, burning and destroying as he went, according to custom, advanced up the left bank of the river Seine and fired the small towns even close to Paris.

2. But, being watched from the right bank of the river by the French king and all his army, it came to this at last — that Edward found himself on Saturday, the 26th of August, 1346, on a rising ground behind the little French village of Crécy, face to face with the French king's forces. And, although the French king had an enormous army, — in number more than eight times his, — he there resolved to beat him or be beaten.

3. The young prince, assisted by the Earl of Oxford and the Earl of Warwick, led the first division of the English army; two other great earls led the second; and the king the third. When the morning dawned, the king heard prayers, and then, mounted on horseback with a white wand in his hand, rode from company to company, and rank to rank, encouraging both officers and men. Then the whole army breakfasted, each man sitting on the ground where he had stood; and then they remained quietly on the ground with their weapons ready.

4. Up came the French king with all his great force. It was dark and angry weather; there was an eclipse of the sun; there was a thunderstorm accompanied with tremendous rain; the frightened birds flew screaming above the soldiers' heads. A certain captain in the French army advised the French king, who was by no means cheerful, not to begin the battle until the morrow.

5. The king, taking this advice, gave the word to halt. But, those behind not understanding it, or desiring to be foremost with the rest, came pressing on. The roads for a great distance were covered with this immense army and with the common people from the villages, who were flourishing their rude weapons and making a great noise. Owing to these circumstances, the French army advanced in the greatest confusion; every French lord doing what

he liked with his own men, and putting out the men of every other French lord.

6. Now their king relied strongly upon a great body of crossbowmen from Genoa; and these he ordered to the front to begin the battle, on finding that he could not stop it. They shouted once, they shouted twice, they shouted three times, to alarm the English archers; but the English would have heard them shout three thousand times and would have never moved.

7. At last the crossbowmen went forward a little and began to discharge their bolts; upon which the English let fly such a hail of arrows that the Genoese speedily made off; for their crossbows, besides being heavy to carry, required to be wound up with a handle and consequently took time to reload. The English, on the other hand, could discharge their arrows almost as fast as the arrows could fly.

8. When the French king saw the Genoese turning, he cried out to his men to kill those scoundrels who were doing harm instead of service. This increased the confusion. Meanwhile, the English archers, continuing to shoot as fast as ever, shot down great numbers of the French soldiers and knights.

9. The prince and his division were at this time so hard pressed that the Earl of Warwick sent a message to the king, who was overlooking the battle from a windmill, beseeching him to send more aid.

10. "Is my son killed?" said the king.

"No, sire, please God," returned the messenger.

"Is he wounded?" said the king.

"No, sire."

"Is he thrown to the ground?" said the king.

"No, sire, not so; but he is very hard pressed."

11. "Then," said the king, "go back to those who sent you and tell them I shall send no aid; because I set my heart upon my son proving himself this day a brave knight, and because I am resolved, please God, that the honor of a great victory shall be his."

12. These bold words, being reported to the prince and his division, so raised their spirits that they fought better than ever. The King of France charged gallantly with his men many times; but it was of no use.

13. Night closing in, his horse was killed under him by an English arrow, and the knights and nobles who had clustered about him early in the day were now completely scattered. At last, some of his few remaining followers led him off the field by force, since he would not retire of himself, and they journeyed away to Amiens.

14. The victorious English, lighting their watch fires, made merry on the field, and the king, riding to meet his gallant son, took him in his arms, kissed him, and told him that he had acted nobly and proved himself worthy of the day and of the crown.

15. While it was yet night, King Edward was hardly aware of the great victory he had gained; but next day it was discovered that eleven princes, twelve hundred knights, and thirty thousand common men lay dead upon the French side.

16. Among these was the King of Bohemia, an old blind man, who, having been told that his son was wounded in the battle, and that no force could stand against the Black Prince, called to him two knights, put himself on horseback between them, fastened the three bridles together, and dashed in among the English, where he was presently slain. He bore as his crest three white ostrich feathers, with the motto, "Ich dien," signifying in English "I serve." This crest and motto were taken by the Prince of Wales in remembrance of that famous day, and have been borne by the Prince of Wales ever since.

II

17. Five days after this great battle, the king laid siege to Calais. This siege — ever afterward memorable — lasted nearly a year. In order to starve the inhabitants out, King Edward built so many wooden houses for the lodgings of his troops that it is said their quarters looked like a second Calais suddenly sprung around the first.

18. The garrison were so hard pressed at last that they sent a letter to King Philip, telling him that

they had eaten all the horses, all the dogs, and all the rats and mice that could be found in the place; and that, if he did not relieve them, they must either surrender to the English or eat one another. Philip made one effort to give them relief; but they were so hemmed in by the English power that he could not succeed and was fain to leave the place. Upon this they hoisted the English flag and surrendered to King Edward.

19. "Tell your general," said he to the humble messengers who came out of the town, "that I require to have sent here six of the most distinguished citizens, barelegged, and in their shirts, with ropes about their necks; and let those six men bring with them the keys of the castle and the town."

20. When the governor of Calais related this to the people of the market place, there was great weeping and distress; in the midst of which one worthy citizen, named Eustace de Saint Pierre, rose up and said that if the six men required were not sacrificed, the whole population would be; therefore, he offered himself as the first.

21. Encouraged by this bright example, five other worthy citizens offered themselves to save the rest. The governor, who was too badly wounded to be able to walk, mounted a poor old horse that had not been eaten and conducted these good men to the gate, while all the people cried and mourned.

22. Edward received them wrathfully and ordered the heads of the whole six to be struck off. However, the good queen fell upon her knees and besought the king to give them up to her.

The king replied, "I wish you had been somewhere else; but I cannot refuse you."

23. So she had them properly dressed, made a feast for them, and sent them back with a handsome present, to the great rejoicing of the whole camp. I hope the people of Calais loved the daughter to whom she gave birth afterward, for her gentle mother's sake.

III

24. After eight years the Prince of Wales again invaded France with an army of sixty thousand men. He went through the south of the country, burning and plundering wheresoever he went.

The French king, Philip, was now dead, and was succeeded by his son John. The Black Prince, called by that name from the color of the armor he wore to set off his fair complexion, continuing to burn and destroy in France, roused John into determined opposition.

25. So cruel had the Black Prince been in his campaign, and so severely had the French peasants suffered, that he could not find one who for love or money or the fear of death would tell him what the French king was doing or where he was. Thus

it happened that he came upon the French king's forces all of a sudden, near the town of Poitiers, and found that the whole neighboring country was occupied by a vast French army.

26. "God help us!" said the Black Prince; "we must make the best of it."

So, on a Sunday morning, the 18th of September, the prince — whose army was now reduced to ten thousand men in all — prepared to give battle to the French king, who had sixty thousand horse alone.

27. While he was so engaged, there came riding from the French camp a cardinal, who had persuaded John to let him offer terms and try to save the shedding of Christian blood.

"Save my honor," said the prince to this good priest, "and save the honor of my army, and I will make any reasonable terms."

28. He offered to give up all the towns, castles, and prisoners he had taken, and to swear to make no war in France for seven years.

But, as John would hear of nothing but his surrender, with a hundred of his chief knights, the treaty was broken off and the prince said quietly, "God defend the right; we shall fight to-morrow."

29. Therefore, on Monday morning at break of day, the two armies prepared for battle. The English were posted in a strong place, which could only be

approached by one narrow lane, skirted by hedges on both sides. The French attacked them by this lane, but were so galled and slain by English arrows from behind the hedges that they were forced to retreat. Then went six hundred English bowmen round about, and coming upon the rear of the French army, rained arrows on them thick and fast.

30. The French knights, thrown into confusion, quitted their banners and dispersed in all directions.

Said Sir John Chandos to the prince: "Ride forward, noble prince, and the day is yours. The King of France is so valiant a gentleman that I know he will never fly, and may be taken prisoner."

31. Said the prince to this, "Advance, English banners, in the name of God and St. George!" and on they pressed until they came up with the French king fighting fiercely with his battle-ax; and when all his nobles had forsaken him, attended faithfully to the last by his youngest son, Philip, only sixteen years of age. Father and son fought well, and the king had already two wounds in his face and had been beaten down when he at last delivered himself to a banished French knight and gave him his right-hand glove in token that he had done so.

32. The Black Prince was generous as well as brave, and he invited his royal prisoner to supper in his tent and waited upon him at table, and, when they afterward rode into London in a gorgeous pro-

Father and son fought well.

cession, mounted the French king on a fine cream-colored horse and rode at his side on a little pony. This was all very kind, but I think it was perhaps a little theatrical, too, and has been made more meritorious than it deserved to be; especially as I am inclined to think that the greatest kindness to the King of France would have been not to have shown him to the people at all.

33. However, it must be said for these acts of politeness that, in course of time, they did much to soften the horrors of war and the passions of conquerors. It was a long, long time before the common soldiers began to have the benefit of such courtly deeds; but they did at last; and thus it is possible that a poor soldier who asked for quarter at the battle of Waterloo, or any other such great fight, may have owed his life indirectly to Edward, the Black Prince.

I. **La Hōgue.** **Crécy** (Crĕs′sĭ). **Ē nôr′moŭs**: very large. **War′wĭck.** **Sīre**: lord or master; a title of respect in addressing a king. **Ä mĭ ens** (ăng). **Sĭg′nĭ fȳ ĭng**: meaning.

II. **Căl′aĭs.**

III. **Poitiers** (Pwȧ tĭ ā′) **St. George**: the patron saint of England. **Gôr′geoŭs**: fine; magnificent. **Mĕr ĭ tō′rĭ oŭs**: possessing merit. **Cō*u*rt′lў**: polite; elegant. **Wạ′tẽr lo͞o**: a great battle fought in 1815, in which the French were defeated by the allied forces of English and Prussians.

The Snowstorm

By John Greenleaf Whittier

John Greenleaf Whittier (1807–1892): An American poet. The scenes and people which surrounded his childhood are described in "Snowbound," from which this selection is taken. Whittier is sometimes called "The Poet of New England," because, better than any other writer, he pictures the scenes, life, and people of New England. Many of his shorter poems, such as "Maud Muller," "In School Days," and "The Barefoot Boy," are very popular.

John Greenleaf Whittier

1. The sun that brief December day
Rose cheerless over hills of gray,
And, darkly circled, gave at noon
A sadder light than waning moon.
Slow tracing down the thickening sky
Its mute and ominous prophecy,
A portent seeming less than threat,
It sank from sight before it set.
A chill no coat, however stout,
Of homespun stuff could quite shut out,
A hard, dull bitterness of cold,

That checked, mid-vein, the circling race
Of life blood in the sharpened face,
The coming of the snowstorm told.
The wind blew east; we heard the roar
Of Ocean on his wintry shore,
And felt the strong pulse throbbing there
Beat with low rhythm our inland air.

2. Meanwhile we did our nightly chores, —
Brought in the wood from out of doors,
Littered the stalls, and from the mows
Raked down the herd's grass for the cows;
Heard the horse whinnying for his corn;
And, sharply clashing horn on horn,
Impatient down the stanchion rows
The cattle shake their walnut bows;
While, peering from his early perch
Upon the scaffold's pole of birch,
The cock his crested helmet bent
And down his querulous challenge sent.
Unwarmed by any sunset light
The gray day darkened into night,
A night made hoary with the swarm
And whirl dance of the blinding storm,
As zigzag wavering to and fro
Crossed and recrossed the wingèd snow:
And ere the early bedtime came
The white drift piled the window frame,

And through the glass the clothesline posts
Looked in like tall and sheeted ghosts.

8. So all night long the storm roared on:
The morning broke without a sun;
In tiny spherule traced with lines
Of Nature's geometric signs,
In starry flake and pellicle
All day the hoary meteor fell;
And, when the second morning shone,
We looked upon a world unknown,
On nothing we could call our own.
Around the glistening wonder bent
The blue walls of the firmament,
No cloud above, no earth below, —
A universe of sky and snow!
The old familiar sights of ours
Took marvelous shapes; strange domes and towers
Rose up where sty or corncrib stood,
Or garden wall or belt of wood;
A smooth white mound the brush-pile showed,
A fenceless drift what once was road;
The bridle post an old man sat
With loose-flung coat and high-cocked hat;
The well curb had a Chinese roof;
And even the long sweep, high aloof,
In its slant splendor, seemed to tell
Of Pisa's leaning miracle.

Ŏm'ĭ noŭs: foreshadowing good or evil, usually evil. **Pŏr tĕnt'**: a sign, especially of evil. **Rh**ў**thm**: measured beat; movement in musical time. **Chōre**s̲: the regular light work of a household or farm. **Hĕrd's̲ grass**: a kind of grass much used for hay. **Stan'chion**: a bar for confining cattle in a stall. **Hĕl'mĕt**: a defensive covering for the head. The helmet was often adorned with a crest — a plume of feathers or other decoration — to show the rank of the wearer. **Quĕr'ŭ lo**ŭs: expressing complaint. **Hō**a**r'**ў: white, usually with age. **Spher'ule**: a little sphere. **Ġē ŏ mĕt'rĭc**: according to geometry, the branch of mathematics which treats of solids, surfaces, lines, and angles. **Pĕl'lĭ cle**: thin film or skin. **Chinese roof**: a high, peaked roof. **A lo͞of'**: away; at a distance. **Pĭ'sä**: a city of Italy. **Pisa's leaning miracle**: the famous leaning tower of Pisa.

Ball Bearings

1. My attention was first directed to the subject when my brother James, coming home one day after a long spin, complained loudly that some one had been tampering with his bicycle. Finding it harder work than usual, he had got off to look at the bearings, and found that several of the balls were missing. It struck me as wonderful that so much extra work — and so much bad temper — should depend on a few small balls, and I was interested enough to study the subject.

2. Of course it is a question of friction. What is that, you say? Well, the word really means "rubbing," but a scientific man using it means the resist-

ance which is met by any surface in moving over another surface.

3. If you try to draw a heavy box along the ground by means of a rope, you will find it very hard work because the bottom of the box is pressed down against the ground, and the roughness of both surfaces causes resistance to movement.

4. That tells why carts and carriages and railway engines have wheels. The wheels bear the weight of the load above them, and a comparatively slight force is sufficient to move them; and when they move the friction between the rolling wheels and the ground is much less than would be the friction if the cart, carriage, or engine were dragged stiffly along the ground.

In other words, rolling friction is always very much less than sliding friction.

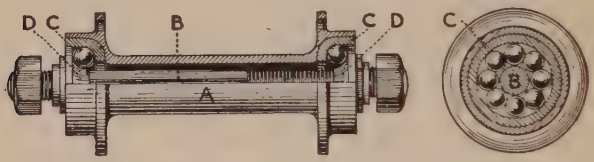
5. That explains the use of the skid in going down the hill. The carter stops by means of it the rolling of his wheel, and thus by increasing the friction he lessens the speed of his descent.

6. What about the bicycle, then? Well, you must have noticed that all wheeled vehicles have an axle or two, and that the axle passes through the round hole at the hub or center of the wheel. The place where the axle bears upon the hub of the wheel is called the bearing.

7. Now, in ordinary carriages the bearing is a

plain bearing; that is, the axle remains still while the wheel revolves directly on it. The parts are made very smooth and are kept oiled, in order to lessen the friction.

8. But in order to lessen still more the friction in the bicycle, ball bearings are employed. Look at the accompanying section of a bicycle wheel bearing.



A is the hub of the wheel, which revolves on the axle, B; but it does not run directly on it. At each end of the hub there is a concave surface, C, called a cup, and at each end of the axle a convex surface, D, called a cone. These are both ground perfectly smooth and true, and in the hollow between them is a ring of smooth steel balls encircling the axle.

9. Now you see what happens. When the wheel turns, the hub turns on the balls. These in their turn roll round in the same direction with the same speed, and thus the hub, instead of sliding stiffly round on the axle, is itself as it were going on wheels.

10. That this device very much reduces the friction you can easily prove for yourself. Try to push a

heavy box along the floor; with all your straining you can hardly move it.

11. Now take a handful of marbles, put them in three lines on the ground, and let the box lie evenly upon them. You can now move it with a touch. It is just the same with a ball bearing, except that the balls there are shut up in a cup and cannot escape as the marbles can slip away from under the box, and that the hub rolls, while the box slides.

12. I had hitherto thought that bicycling was as hard work as walking; but, when I found how ingeniously the makers have reduced the friction and consequently the labor of riding, I made up my mind to do most of my walking on wheels.

Tăm'pĕr ĭng: meddling; making little experiments with. **Skĭd**: an iron clog or hook fastened to a chain and placed under a wagon wheel to keep it from turning when going down a steep hill. **Cŏn'cāve**: hollow and rounded, — said of the inside of a curved surface or line, in opposition to *convex*. **Cŏn'vĕx**: rising into a rounded form; said of a curved surface or line when viewed from without, in opposition to *concave*. **Dĕ vīçe'**: contrivance; plan.

A little neglect may breed great mischief: for want of a nail the shoe was lost, and for want of a shoe the horse was lost, and for want of a horse the rider was lost.

— FRANKLIN

The Irish Widow's Message to her Son in America

By Ellen Forrester

1. "Remember, Dennis, all I bade you say,
Tell him we're well and happy, thank the Lord,
But of our troubles since he went away,
You'll mind, avick, and never say a word, —
Of cares and troubles, sure, we've all our share,
The finest summer isn't always fair.

2. "Tell him the spotted heifer died in May —
She died, poor thing! but that you needn't mind —
Nor how the constant rain destroyed the hay;
But tell him God to us was always kind;
And when the fever spread the country o'er,
His mercy kept the sickness from the door.

3. "Be sure you tell him how the neighbors came,
And cut the corn, and stored it in the barn;
'Twould be as well to mention them by name, —
Pat Murphy, Ned McCabe, and James McCarn,
And big Tim Daly from behind the hill, —
But say, agra! oh, say I missed him still!

4. "They came with ready hands our toil to share,
'Twas then I missed him most, my own right hand!
I felt, although kind hearts were round me there,
The kindest heart beat in a foreign land.

Strong arm! brave heart! oh, severed far from me
By many a weary mile of shore and sea!

5. "You'll tell him she was with us (he'll know who),
Mavourneen! hasn't she the winsome eyes?
The darkest, deepest, brightest, bonniest blue
That ever shone except in summer skies;
And such black hair! — it is the blackest hair
That ever rippled o'er a neck so fair.

6. "Tell him old Pincher fretted many a day
Ah, poor old fellow, he had like to die!
Crouched by the roadside, how he watched the way,
And sniffed the travelers as they passed him by.
Hail, rain, or sunshine, sure 'twas all the same,
He listened for the foot that never came.

7. "Tell him the house is lonesome-like and cold,
The fire itself seems robbed of half its light;
But maybe 'tis my eyes are growing old,
And things grow dim before my failing sight;
For all that, tell him 'twas myself that spun
The shirts you bring, and stitched them every one.

8. "Give him my blessing; morning, noon, and night,
Tell him my prayers are offered for his good,
That he may keep his Maker still in sight,
And firmly stand, as his brave father stood,
True to his name, his country, and his God,
Faithful at home, and steadfast still abroad."

A vĭck': my dear. **Hĕif'ẽr**: a young cow. **A grà'**: an Irish term of endearment. **Sĕv'ẽred**: separated. **Mà vọur'nēen**: my darling.

The Larch and the Oak

By Thomas Carlyle

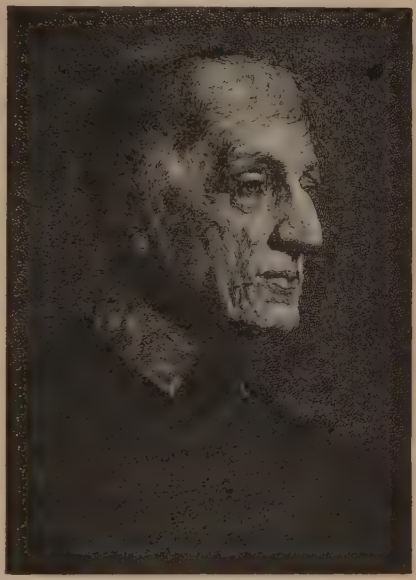
1. "What is the use of thee, thou gnarled sapling?" said a young larch tree to a young oak. "I grow three feet in a year, thou scarcely so many inches; I am straight and taper as a reed, thou straggling and twisted as a loosened withe."

2. "And thy duration," answered the oak, "is some third part of man's life, and I am appointed to flourish for a thousand years. Thou art felled and sawed into paling, where thou rottest and art burned after a single summer; of me are fashioned battle-ships, and I carry mariners and heroes into unknown seas."

Self-Control

By John Henry Newman (Cardinal Newman)

John Henry, Cardinal Newman (1801–1890): An English theologian and author. He left the Church of England and connected himself with the Roman Catholic Church, in which he was made cardinal in 1879. He was the author of many sermons and religious works. He wrote a number of poems, among which are the well-known hymn, "Lead, Kindly Light," and "The Dream of Gerontius."



Cardinal Newman

1. Prune thou thy words, the thoughts control
   That o'er thee swell and throng;
   They will condense within thy soul,
   And change to purpose strong.

2. But he who lets his feelings run
   In soft luxurious flow,
   Shrinks when hard service must be done,
   And faints at every woe.

3. Faith's meanest deed more favor bears,
Where hearts and wills are weighed,
Than brightest transports, choicest prayers,
Which bloom their hour and fade.

Lŭx ū'rĭ ŏŭs: given to the pleasure of the senses; indulging in unrestrained delight and freedom. **Trănz'pōrts**: great delights.

Caleb and Bertha

By Charles Dickens

I

1. Caleb Plummer and his blind daughter lived all alone by themselves, as the storybooks say, in a little cracked nutshell of a wooden house. The house of Gruff and Tackleton was the great feature of the street; but you might have knocked down Caleb Plummer's dwelling with a hammer or two, and carried off the pieces in a cart.

2. I have said that Caleb and his poor blind daughter lived here; but I should have said Caleb lived here, and his poor blind daughter somewhere else, in an enchanted home of Caleb's furnishing, where scarcity and shabbiness were not and trouble never entered.

3. Caleb was no sorcerer, but in the only magic art that still remains to us — the magic of devoted,

deathless love. Nature had been the mistress of his study; and from her teaching all the wonder came.

The blind girl never knew that ceilings were discolored; walls blotched, and bare of plaster here and there; high crevices unstopped and widening every day. The blind girl never knew that iron was rusting, wood rotting, paper peeling off; the very size and shape and true proportion of the dwelling withering away.

4. The blind girl never knew that ugly shapes of delft and earthenware were on the board; that sorrow and faint-heartedness were in the house; that Caleb's scanty hairs were turning grayer and more gray before her sightless face. The blind girl never knew they had a master, cold, exacting, and uninterested; never knew that Tackleton was Tackleton in short; but lived in the belief that he was a man who loved to have his jest with them; and, while he was the guardian angel of their lives, disdained to hear one word of thankfulness.

5. And all was Caleb's doing; all the doing of her simple father! When the motherless blind child was very young, the thought came to him that even her great deprivation might be almost changed into a blessing, and the girl made happy by these little means.

6. Caleb and his daughter were at work together in their usual working room, which served them for their ordinary living room as well; and a strange

place it was. There were houses in it, finished and unfinished, for dolls of all stations in life. Country houses for dolls of moderate means; kitchens and single apartments for dolls of the lower classes; capital town residences for dolls of high estate.

7. There were various other samples of his handicraft besides dolls in Caleb Plummer's room. There were Noah's arks, in which the birds and beasts were an uncommonly tight fit, I assure you; though they could be crammed in anyhow at the roof, and rattled and shaken into the smallest compass.

8. There were scores of melancholy little carts which, when the wheels went round, performed most doleful music. Many small fiddles, drums, and other instruments of torture; no end of cannon, shields, swords, spears, and guns.

There were beasts of all sorts: horses, in particular, of every breed, from the spotted barrel on four pegs, with a small tippet for a mane, to the thoroughbred rocker on his highest mettle.

9. In the midst of all these objects, Caleb and his daughter sat at work, — the blind girl busy as a doll's dressmaker; and Caleb painting and glazing the front of a desirable family mansion.

The care imprinted in the lines of Caleb's face, and his absorbed and dreamy manner, — which would have sat well on some student, — were at first sight an odd contrast to his occupation.

10. "So you were out in the rain last night, father, in your beautiful, new greatcoat," said Caleb's daughter.

"In my beautiful new greatcoat," answered Caleb, glancing toward a clothesline in the room on which his sackcloth garment was carefully hung up to dry.

11. "How glad I am you bought it, father!"

"And of such a tailor, too," said Caleb. "Quite a fashionable tailor. It's too good for me."

The blind girl rested from her work and laughed with delight. "Too good, father? What can be too good for you?"

Happy blind girl! How merry she was!

12. "I see you, father," she said, clasping her hands, "as plainly as if I had the eyes I never want when you are with me. A blue coat—"

"Bright blue," said Caleb.

13. "Yes, yes! Bright blue!" exclaimed the girl, turning up her radiant face; "the color I can just remember in the blessed sky! You told me it was blue before! A bright blue coat—"

14. "Made loose to the figure," suggested Caleb.

"Yes, loose to the figure!" cried the blind girl, laughing heartily; "and in it you, dear father, with your merry eye, your smiling face, your free step, and your dark hair, looking so young and handsome!"

15. "Holloa! holloa!" said Caleb. "I shall be vain presently."

"I think you are already," cried the blind girl, pointing at him, in her glee. "I know you, father! Ha, ha, ha! I've found you out, you see!"

16. How different the picture in her mind from Caleb, as he sat observing her! She had spoken of his free step. She was right in that. For years and years he never once had crossed that threshold at his own slow pace, but with a footfall counterfeited for her ear; and never had he, when his heart was heaviest, forgotten the light tread that was to render hers so cheerful and courageous.

II

17. "There we are," said Caleb, falling back a pace or two to form the better judgment of his work. "What a pity that the whole front of the house opens at once! If there were only a staircase in it now and regular doors to the rooms to go in at!"

18. Caleb began to hum a fragment of a song. "What! you are singing, are you?" said Tackleton, putting his head in at the door. "Go it! I can't sing."

No one would have suspected him of it. He hadn't what is generally termed a singing face, by any means.

"I can't afford to sing," said Tackleton. "I'm glad you can. I hope you can afford to work, too. Hardly time for both, I should think!"

"YOU ARE SINGING, ARE YOU?" SAID TACKLETON

19. "If you could only see him, Bertha, how he's winking at me!" whispered Caleb. "Such a man to joke! You'd think, if you didn't know him, he was in earnest, wouldn't you, now?"

The blind girl smiled and nodded.

20. "The bird that can sing and won't sing must be made to sing, they say," grumbled Tackleton. "What about the owl that can't sing, and oughtn't to sing, and will sing? Is there anything that he should be made to do?"

21. "The extent to which he's winking at this moment!" whispered Caleb to his daughter. "Oh, my gracious!"

"Always merry and light-hearted with us!" cried the smiling Bertha.

22. "Oh, you are there, are you? and being there — how are you?" said Tackleton.

"Oh! well; quite well. And as happy as even you could wish me to be. As happy as you would make the whole world if you could!"

23. "Bertha!" said Tackleton, assuming a little cordiality. "Come here."

"Oh, I can come straight to you. You needn't guide me!" she rejoined.

24. "Shall I tell you a secret, Bertha?"

"If you will!" she answered eagerly.

How bright the darkened face! How adorned with light, the listening head!

25. "This is the day on which little what's-her-name, Peerybingle's wife, pays her regular visit to you — makes her fantastic picnic here, isn't it?" said Tackleton, with a strong expression of distaste for the whole concern.

"Yes," replied Bertha. "This is the day."

26. "I thought so!" said Tackleton. "I should like to join the party."

"Do you hear that, father?" cried the blind girl, in an ecstasy.

"Yes, yes, I hear it," murmured Caleb, with the fixed look of a sleepwalker; "but I do not believe it. It's one of my lies, I've no doubt."

27. "You see, I — I want to bring the Peerybingles a little more into company with May Fielding," said Tackleton. "I am going to be married to May."

"Married!" cried the blind girl, starting from him.

28. "She's such an idiot," muttered Tackleton, "that I was afraid she'd never comprehend me. Ah, Bertha, married! Church, parson, clerk, bell, breakfast, bride-cake, favors, and all the rest. A wedding, you know; a wedding. Don't you know what a wedding is?"

"I know," replied the blind girl, in a gentle tone. "I understand."

29. "Do you?" muttered Tackleton. "It's more than I expected. Well, on that account, I want to join the party and to bring May and her mother. I'll send in a little something or other before the

afternoon. A cold leg of mutton, or some comfortable trifle of that sort. You'll expect me?"

"Yes," she answered.

30. She had drooped her head and turned away, and so stood, with her hands crossed, musing.

"I don't think you will," muttered Tackleton, looking at her; "for you seem to have forgotten all about it already. Caleb!"

31. "I may venture to say I'm here, I suppose," thought Caleb. "Sir!"

"Take care she doesn't forget what I've been saying to her."

"She never forgets," returned Caleb. "It's one of the few things she isn't clever in."

32. "Every man thinks his own geese swans," observed the toy merchant, with a shrug. Having delivered himself of which remark he withdrew.

Bertha remained where he had left her, lost in meditation.

33. It was not until Caleb had been occupied some time in yoking a team of horses to a wagon by the simple process of nailing the harness to their bodies, that she drew near to his working stool, and, sitting down beside him, said: —

"Father, I'm lonely in the dark. I want my eyes: my patient, willing eyes."

34. "Here they are," said Caleb. "Always ready. They are more yours than mine, Bertha, any hour in

the four and twenty. What shall your eyes do for you, dear?"

35. "Look round the room, father."

"All right," said Caleb. "No sooner said than done, Bertha."

"Tell me about it."

36. "It's much the same as usual," said Caleb. "Homely, but very snug. The gay colors on the walls; the bright flowers on the plates and dishes; the shining wood, where there are beams or panels; the general cheerfulness and neatness of the building make it very pretty."

37. Cheerful and neat it was, wherever Bertha's hands could busy themselves. But nowhere else were cheerfulness and neatness possible, in the crazy old shed, which Caleb's fancy so transformed.

"You have your working dress on, and are not so fine as when you wear the handsome coat?" said Bertha, touching him.

"Not quite so fine," answered Caleb. "Pretty brisk, though."

38. "Father," said the blind girl, drawing close to his side, and stealing one arm round his neck, "tell me something about May. She is very fair."

"She is, indeed," said Caleb. And she was, indeed. It was quite a rare thing to Caleb not to have to draw on his invention.

39. "Her hair is dark," said Bertha, "darker

than mine. Her voice is sweet and musical, I know. I have often loved to hear it. Her shape—"

"There's not a doll's in all the room to equal it," said Caleb.

40. "Our friend, father; our benefactor. I am never tired, you know, of hearing about him. Now was I ever?" she said hastily.

"Of course not," answered Caleb. "And with reason."

41. "Ah, with how much reason!" cried the blind girl, with such fervency that Caleb could not endure to meet her face; but dropped his eyes, as if she could have read in them his innocent deceit.

42. "Then tell me again about him, dear father!" said Bertha. "Many times again! His face is benevolent, kind, and tender. Honest and true, I am sure it is. The manly heart that tries to cloak all favors with a show of roughness and unwillingness beats in its every look and glance."

43. "And makes it noble," added Caleb, in his quiet desperation.

"And makes it noble!" cried the blind girl.

* * * * * * * *

III

44. "I have been thinking of what I have done," said Caleb to Mary; "I have been blaming myself till I hardly knew what to do or where to turn, and I've come to the conclusion that I'd better tell her

the truth. You will stay with me the while?" he inquired, trembling from head to foot.

45. "I don't know what effect it may have upon her; I don't know what she'll think of me; I don't know that she'll ever care for her poor father afterward. But it's best for her that she should be undeceived; and I must bear the consequences as I deserve."

46. "Mary," said Bertha, "where is your hand? Ah, here it is! here it is!" pressing it to her lips with a smile, and drawing it through her arm. Her father went on one side of her, while Mary remained upon the other, holding her hand.

47. "Bertha, my dear," said Caleb, "I have something on my mind I want to tell you, while we three are alone. Hear me kindly! I have a confession to make to you, my darling."

"A confession, father?"

48. "I have wandered from the truth and lost myself, my child," said Caleb, with a pitiable expression in his bewildered face. "I have wandered from the truth, intending to be kind to you, and have been cruel."

She turned her wonder-stricken face toward him, and repeated, "'Cruel'!"

49. "He accuses himself too strongly, Bertha," said Mary. "You'll say so presently. You'll be the first to tell him so."

"He cruel to me!" cried Bertha, with a smile of incredulity.

50. "Not meaning it, my child," said Caleb. "But I have been, though I never suspected it till yesterday. My dear blind daughter, hear me and forgive me! The world you live in, heart of mine, doesn't exist as I have represented it. The eyes you have trusted in have been false to you."

She turned her wonder-stricken face toward him still; but drew back and clung closer to her friend.

51. "Your road in life was rough, my poor one," said Caleb, "and I meant to smooth it for you. I have altered objects, changed the characters of people, invented many things that never have been, to make you happier. I have had concealments from you, put deceptions on you,—God forgive me!—and surrounded you with fancies."

52. "But living people are not fancies!" she said hurriedly, and turning very pale and still retiring from him. "You can't change them."

"I have done so, Bertha," pleaded Caleb. "Tackleton is a stern, sordid, grinding man. A hard master to you and me, my dear, for many years. Ugly in his looks and in his nature. Unlike what I have painted him to you in everything, my child. In everything."

53. "Oh, why," cried the blind girl, "why did you ever do this! Why did you ever fill my heart so

full, and then come in like Death and tear away the objects of my love! Oh! Heaven, how blind I am! How helpless and alone!"

Her afflicted father hung his head, and offered no reply but in his penitence and sorrow.

54. "Mary," said the blind girl, "tell me what my home is, — what it truly is."

"It is a poor place, Bertha; very poor and bare indeed. The house will scarcely keep out wind and rain another winter. It is as roughly shielded from the weather, Bertha," Mary continued, in a low, clear voice, "as your poor father in his sackcloth coat."

55. The blind girl spread her hands before her face. "Dear Mary, a moment. One moment! Speak softly to me. You are true, I know. You'd not deceive me now, would you?"

"No, Bertha, indeed!"

56. "No, I am sure you would not. You have too much pity for me. Mary, look where my father is — my father, so compassionate and loving to me — and tell me what you see."

"I see," said Mary, who understood her well, "an old man sitting in a chair and leaning sorrowfully on the back, with his face resting on his hand. As if his child should comfort him, Bertha."

57. "Yes, yes. She will. Go on."

"He is an old man, worn with care and work. He is a spare, thoughtful, gray-haired man. I see

him now, despondent and bowed down, and striving against nothing. But, Bertha, I have seen him many times before, and striving hard in many ways for one great sacred object. And I honor his gray head, and bless him!"

58. The blind girl broke away from her, and, throwing herself on her knees before him, took the gray head to her breast.

"It is my sight restored. It is my sight!" she cried. "I have been blind, and now my eyes are open. I never knew him! To think I might have died and never truly seen the father, who has been so loving to me!"

There were no words for Caleb's emotion.

59. "There is not a gallant figure on this earth," exclaimed the blind girl, holding him in her embrace, "that I would love so dearly, and would cherish so devotedly, as this! The grayer and more worn, the dearer, father! Never let them say I am blind again. There's not a furrow in his face, there's not a hair upon his head, that shall be forgotten in my prayers and thanks to heaven!"

Caleb managed to say, "My Bertha!"

60. "And, in my blindness, I believed him," said the girl, caressing him with tears of exquisite affection, "to be so different! And having him beside me, day by day, so mindful of me always, never dreamed of this!"

"The fresh, smart father in the blue coat, Bertha," said Caleb, — "he's gone!"

61. "Nothing is gone," she answered. "Dearest father, no! Everything is here — in you. The father that I loved so well; the father that I never loved enough, and never knew; the benefactor whom I first began to reverence and love because he had such sympathy for me. All are here in you. Nothing is dead to me. The soul of all that was most dear to me is here — here, with the worn face, and the gray head. And I am not blind, father, any longer! Father," said Bertha, hesitating. "Mary."

62. "Yes, my dear," returned Caleb. "Here she is."

"There is no change in her? You never told me anything of her that was not true?"

"I should have done it, my dear, I am afraid," returned Caleb, "if I could have made her better than she was. But I must have changed her for the worse, if I had changed her at all. Nothing could improve her, Bertha."

I. **Sôr'çĕr ĕr**: magician. **Crĕv'ĭç ĕs**: narrow openings; cracks. **Dĕlft**: earthenware made in the city of Delft, in Holland, or ware in imitation of that. **Dep ri va'tion**: loss; bereavement. **Hănd'ĭ crăft**: a trade requiring skill of hand. **Mĕl'ăn-chŏl y**: sad. **Dōle'ful**: full of dole or grief; sad. **Coun'tĕr feĭt ĕd**: changed with a view to deceiving.

II. **Côr dĭ ăl'ĭ tў**: heartiness. **Făn tăs'tĭc**: fanciful; queer. **Ĕc'stà sў**: delight; rapture. **Bĕn ė făc'tor**: one who confers favors. **Des per a'tion**: despair; recklessness.

III. **Pĕn'ĭ tençe**: sorrow for sins or faults. **Dė spŏnd'ent**: low spirited; disheartened; hopeless.

To a Butterfly

By William Wordsworth

William Wordsworth (1770–1850): One of the greatest of English poets. His poems are full of loving appreciation of nature, and more than almost any other poet he has helped other people to love and appreciate nature. He wrote "The Excursion," "The Prelude," "Intimations of Immortality," and many other poems.

1. I've watched you now a full half hour,
Self-poised upon that yellow flower;
And, little butterfly, indeed
I know not if you sleep or feed.
How motionless! — not frozen seas
More motionless! and then
What joy awaits you, when the breeze
Hath found you out among the trees,
And calls you forth again!

2. This plot of orchard ground is ours;
My trees they are, my sister's flowers;
Here rest your wings when they are weary;
Here lodge as in a sanctuary!

Come often to us, fear no wrong;
Sit near us, on the bough!
We'll talk of sunshine and of song;
And summer days when we were young;
Sweet childish days, that were as long
As twenty days are now.

Poised: balanced. **Sănc'tŭ ā rў**: a place of refuge; a sacred place.

To the Dandelion

By James Russell Lowell

James Russell Lowell (1819–1891): An American author. He was minister to Spain and afterward to Great Britain. His writing covers a large range, — literary and critical essays, public addresses, poetical satires, lyrics, and odes. He wrote "My Study Windows," "Among my Books," "The Vision of Sir Launfal," "A Fable for Critics," "The Biglow Papers," and other works in prose and poetry.

1. Dear common flower, that grow'st beside the way,
Fringing the dusty road with harmless gold,
First pledge of blithesome May,
Which children pluck, and, full of pride, uphold,
High-hearted buccaneers, o'erjoyed that they
An Eldorado in the grass have found,
Which not the rich earth's ample round
May match in wealth — thou art more dear to me
Than all the prouder summer blooms may be.

2. Gold such as thine ne'er drew the Spanish prow
Through the primeval hush of Indian seas,
Nor wrinkled the lean brow
Of age, to rob the lover's heart of ease;
'Tis the Spring's largess which she scatters now
To rich and poor alike, with lavish hand,
Though most hearts never understand
To take it at God's value, but pass by
The offered wealth with unrewarded eye.

3. Thou art my tropics and mine Italy;
To look at thee unlocks a warmer clime;
The eyes thou givest me
Are in the heart and heed not space or time;
Not in mid June the golden-cuirassed bee
Feels a more summerlike, warm ravishment
In the white lily's breezy tent,
His fragrant Sybaris, than I, when first
From the dark green thy yellow circles burst.

4. Then think I of deep shadows in the grass, —
Of meadows where in sun the cattle graze,
Where, as the breezes pass,
The gleaming rushes lean a thousand ways, —
Of leaves that slumber in a cloudy mass,
Or whiten in the wind, — or waters blue
That from the distance sparkle through

Some woodland gap, — and of a sky above
Where one white cloud like a stray lamb doth move.

5. My childhood's earliest thoughts are linked with thee.
The sight of thee calls back the robin's song,
Who, from the dark old tree
Beside the door, sang clearly all day long,
And I, secure in childish piety,
Listened as if I heard an angel sing
With news from Heaven, which he could bring
Fresh every day to my untainted ears,
When birds and flowers and I were happy peers.

6. Thou art the type of those meek charities
Which make up half the nobleness of life;
Those cheap delights the wise
Pluck from the dusty wayside of earth's strife;
Words of frank cheer, glances of friendly eyes,
Love's smallest coin, which yet to some may give
The morsel that may keep alive
A starving heart, and teach it to behold
Some glimpse of God where all before was cold.

7. Thy winged seeds, whereof the winds take care,
Are like the words of poet and of sage
Which through the free Heaven fare,
And, now unheeded, in another age

Take root, and to the gladdened future bear
That witness which the present would not heed,
Bringing forth many a thought and deed,
And, planted safely in the eternal sky,
Bloom into stars which earth is guided by.

8. Full of deep love thou art, yet not more full
Than all thy common brethren of the ground,
Wherein, were we not dull,
Some words of highest wisdom might be found;
Yet earnest faith from day to day may cull
Some syllables, which, rightly joined, can make
A spell to soothe life's bitterest ache,
And ope Heaven's portals, which are near us still,
Yea, nearer ever than the gates of Ill.

9. How like a prodigal doth Nature seem,
When thou, for all thy gold, so common art!
Thou teachest me to deem
More sacredly of every human heart,
Since each reflects in joy its scanty gleam
Of Heaven, and could some wondrous secret show,
Did we but pay the love we owe,
And with a child's undoubting wisdom look
On all these living pages of God's book.

10. But let me read thy lesson right or no,
Of one good gift from thee my heart is sure;
Old I shall never grow
While thou each year dost come to keep me pure
With legends of my childhood; ah, we owe
Well more than half life's holiness to these
Nature's first lowly influences,
At thought of which the heart's glad doors burst ope,
In dreariest days, to welcome peace and hope.

Bŭc cą nēers': pirates; sea robbers, especially those who attacked the Spanish in America in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. **Ĕl dŏ rä'dŏ**: the golden country; a name given by the Spaniards in the sixteenth century to an imaginary country in the interior of South America, said to abound in gold and gems. **Prĭ mē'val**: original; belonging to the first ages. **Lär'gĕss**: bounty; gift. **Cui rassed'**: wearing a cuirass, a piece of defensive armor covering the body from the neck to the girdle. **Sŷb'ä rĭs**: a Greek colony noted for the luxury of its inhabitants. **Ūn tā'nt'ĕd**: pure; uncorrupted. **Spĕll**: a charm. **Pōr'tals**: gates.

We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths;
In feelings, not in figures on a dial.
We should count time by heart-throbs. He most lives
Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best.
Life's but a means unto an end, that end
Beginning, mean, and end to all things, — God.

— Bailey

The volcano from the sea

The Chieftainess and the Volcano

By Charlotte M. Yonge

Charlotte Mary Yonge (1823——): An English writer. She is the author of more than one hundred novels and juvenile books, some of which are widely popular. This story is one of the heroic tales retold in her "Book of Golden Deeds."

1. Few regions in the world are more beautiful than the Hawaiian Islands, which lie far away in the Pacific. They are in great part formed by the busy little coral polyps; but in the midst of them are lofty mountains, thrown up by the wonderful power that we call volcanic.

2. In sailing up to the islands the first things

that one sees are two lofty peaks, each two miles and a half high. One is white with perpetual snow, the other is dark — dark with lava and cinders on which the inward heat will not permit the snow to cast a white mantle. The first of these has been tranquil for many years, the other is the largest and most terrible active volcano in the world, and is named Kilauea.

3. The huge crater is a lake of liquid fire several miles across. Over it there is always a vapor, which hangs by day like a silvery cloud, but at dusk is red and glowing, and at night is like a forest in flames. Rising into the glowing mist are two black cones, in the midst of a sea of melted lava, tossed wildly about as in a boiling caldron.

4. The edge of this huge basin of burning matter is a ledge of hard lava, above which rises a mighty wall of scoria or cinder ; in one place it forms an abrupt precipice four thousand feet high, but in others it can be descended, by dangerous paths, by those who desire to have a closer view of the lake of flame within.

5. Tremendous is the scene at all times, but at the periods of eruption the majesty is beyond all imagination. Rivers of boiling lava, blood-red with heat, rush down the mountain side and spread destruction over the plains.

6. Heathen nations living among such wonderful

appearances of nature naturally think they are caused by divine beings, and so in the Hawaiian Islands the terrible Kilauea was supposed to be the home of the goddess Pelé. Fierce goddess she was, who permitted no woman to touch the verge of her mountain, and, if one should do so, it was believed that Pelé, in her wrath, would destroy the whole island.

7. At length, however, missionaries came to the islands, and little by little the people ceased to worship their savage deities, and they began to revere the one true Maker of heaven and earth. But still they did not quite put aside their old belief about Kilauea; there the terrible sights and sounds and the desolating streams that might at any moment burst from the basin of flame were to them signs of the anger of a mighty goddess whom the nation feared to provoke.

8. After the young king and all his court had made up their minds to abandon their idols, still the priests of Pelé on the flaming mountain kept their stronghold of heathenism, and threatened Pelé's wrath upon those who gave up the ancient worship.

9. Then it was that a brave, Christian woman, strong in faith and courage, resolved to defy the goddess and break the spell that bound the trembling people to her worship. The name of this

woman was Kapiolani. No common trust and courage were needed to enable her to carry out her undertaking. Not only was she outraging the old religious belief of her people; the ascent of the mountain was very toilsome and dangerous.

10. Wild crags and slippery sheets of lava and slopes of crumbling cinders were difficult for the feet of the coast-bred woman to climb. And the heated soil, the vapor that oozed up from the crevices of the half-cooled lava, must have filled any mind with awe and terror, above all one that had been bred up in the faith that these were the signs of the wrath of a revengeful and powerful deity whose law she was disobeying.

11. A short time before, several men had been suffocated on the mountain side by the gases of the volcano — struck dead, as it must have seemed to the islanders, by the breath of the angry goddess.

12. But Kapiolani, strong in the faith that the God in whom she believed would guard her from danger, climbed up the mountain, bearing in her hand the sacred berries which it was considered sacrilege for one of her sex to touch.

13. The angry priests of Pelé tried to bar her way by threatening her with the rage of their mistress; but Kapiolani heeded them not. She made her way to the top of the mountain and gazed into the fiery gulf below, then she descended the side of the terri-

ble crater, even to the margin of the boiling sea of fire, and hurled into it the sacred berries.

14. "If I perish by the anger of Pelé," she exclaimed, "then dread her power; but, behold, I defy her wrath. I live and am safe, for Jehovah the Almighty is my God. His was the breath that kindled these flames; His is the hand which restrains their fury! Oh, all ye people, behold how vain are the gods of Hawaii and turn and serve the Lord!"

15. Then the brave woman descended the mountain and went in safety to her home. She had won her cause — the cause of faith.

Kī lau e'ä. **Pe'le.** **Cal'drón**: a large kettle. **E rup'tion**: a violent throwing out of flames, lava, etc., as from a volcano or a fissure in the earth. **Vĕrġe**: edge. **Dĕs'o lāt ĭng**: laying waste. **Kä pī ō lä'nī.** **Dē'ĭ tў**: god. **Săc'rĭ lĕġe**: the sin of profaning sacred things; impiety.

Kapiolani

By Alfred, Lord Tennyson

1. When from the terrors of Nature a people have
fashioned and worship a Spirit of Evil,
Blest be the voice of the Teacher who calls to
them,
"Set yourselves free!"

2. Noble the Saxon who hurled at his idol a valorous
weapon in olden England!
Great and greater, and greatest of women, island
heroine, Kapiolani,
Clomb the mountain, and flung the berries, and
dared the goddess, and freed the people
Of Hawa-i-ee!

3. A people believing that Pelé, the goddess, would
wallow in fiery riot and revel
On Kilauea,
Dance in a fountain of flame with her devils, or
shake with her thunders and shatter her
island,
Rolling her anger
Through blasted valley and flaring forest in blood-
red cataracts down to the sea!

4. Long as the lava light
Glares from the lava lake
Dazing the starlight,
Long as the silvery vapor in daylight
Over the mountain
Floats, will the glory of Kapiolani be mingled with
either on Hawa-i-ee.

5. What said her priesthood?
"Woe to this island if ever a woman should handle
or gather the berries of Pelé!

Accursèd were she!
And woe to this island if ever a woman should climb to the dwelling of Pelé, the goddess!
Accursèd were she!"

6. One from the Sunrise
Dawned on His people, and slowly before Him
Vanished shadowlike
Gods and goddesses,
None but the terrible Pelé remaining as Kapiolani ascended the mountain,
Baffled her priesthood,
Broke the taboo,
Dipt to the crater,
Called on the Power adored by the Christian, and crying, "I dare her, let Pelé avenge herself!"
Into the flame billow dashed the berries, and drove the demon from Hawa-i-ee.

Făsh'ĭŏnĕd: made; gave shape or figure to.

Clŏmb: climbed. **Blăst'ĕd**: blighted. **Băf'fled**: defeated; prevented from carrying out a purpose. **Tá bo͞o'**: a superstition formerly common in the Polynesian Islands which forbade people to have anything to do with certain persons and things.

An Ascent of Kilauea

By Lady Brassey

Lady Brassey: An Englishwoman, who, with her husband, made a yacht voyage around the world in 1876–1877. This selection is taken from her pleasant record of the voyage, entitled "Around the World in the Yacht Sunbeam."

I

1. At last we found ourselves at the very edge of the old crater, the bed of which, three or four hundred feet beneath us, was surrounded by steep and in many places overhanging sides. It looked like an enormous caldron, four or five miles in width, full of a mass of cooled pitch. In the center was the still glowing stream of dark red lava flowing slowly toward us, and in every direction were red-hot patches, and flames, and smoke, issuing from the ground.

2. Yet the first sensation is rather one of disappointment, as one expects greater activity on the part of the volcano; but the new crater was still to be seen, containing the lake of fire, with steep walls rising up in the midst of the sea of lava.

3. We spent the night at the Volcano House, and at three o'clock the next afternoon we set out, a party of eight, with two guides, and three porters to carry our wraps and provisions, and to bring back specimens.

4. First of all we descended the precipice, three hundred feet in depth, forming the wall of the old crater, but now thickly covered with vegetation. It is so steep in many places that flights of zigzag wooden steps have been inserted in the face of the cliff in some places, in order to render the descent practicable.

5. At the bottom we stepped straight on to the surface of cold boiled lava, which we had seen from above last night. Even here, in every crevice where a few grains of soil had collected, delicate little ferns might be seen struggling for life, and thrusting out their green fronds toward the light.

6. It was the most extraordinary walk imaginable, over that vast plain of lava, twisted and distorted into every conceivable shape and form, according to the temperature it had originally attained and the rapidity with which it had cooled, its surface, like half-molten glass, cracking and breaking beneath our feet.

7. Sometimes we came to a patch that looked like the contents of a pot, suddenly petrified in the act of boiling; sometimes the black, iridescent lava had assumed the form of waves, or more frequently of huge masses of rope, twisted and coiled together; sometimes it was piled up like a collection of organ pipes, or had gathered into mounds and cones of various dimensions.

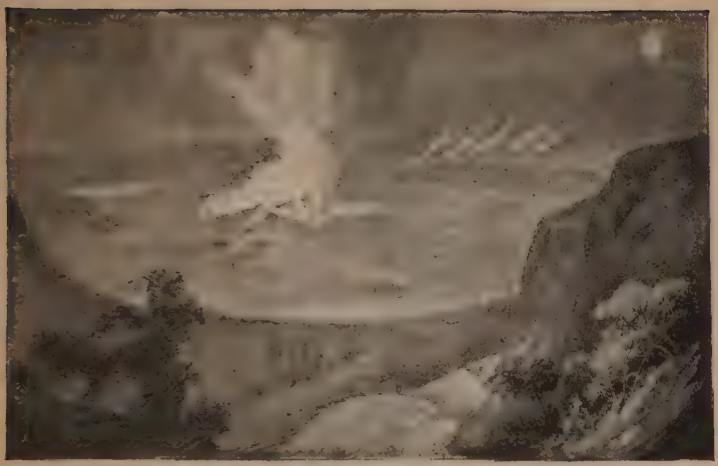
8. As we proceeded, the lava became hotter and hotter, and from every crack arose gaseous fumes, affecting our noses and throats in a painful manner; till at last, when we had to pass to leeward of the molten stream flowing from the lake, the vapors almost choked us, and it was with difficulty we continued to advance.

9. The lava was more glassy and transparent-looking, as if it had been fused at a higher temperature than usual; and the crystals of sulphur, alum, and other minerals, with which it abounded, reflected the light in bright prismatic colors. In places it was quite transparent, and we could see beneath it the long streaks of a stringy kind of lava, like brown spun glass, called "Pelé's hair."

II

10. At last we reached the foot of the present crater, and commenced the ascent of the outer wall. Many times the thin crust gave way beneath our guide, and he had to retire quickly from the hot, blinding, choking fumes that immediately burst forth. But we succeeded in reaching the top, and then what a sight presented itself to our astonished eyes! I could neither speak nor move at first, but could only stand and gaze at the horrible grandeur of the scene.

11. We were standing on the extreme edge of a



The crater of Kilauea

precipice, overhanging a lake of molten fire, a hundred feet below us, and nearly a mile across. Dashing against the cliffs on the opposite side, with a noise like the roar of a stormy ocean, waves of blood-red fiery liquid lava hurled their billows upon an iron-bound headland, and then rushed up the face of the cliffs to toss their gory spray high in the air.

12. The restless, heaving lake boiled and bubbled, never remaining the same for two minutes together. Its normal color seemed to be a dull dark red, covered with a thin gray scum, which every moment and in every part swelled and cracked, and emitted fountains, cascades, and whirlpools of yellow and red fire, while sometimes one big golden river, sometimes four or five, flowed across it.

13. As the sun set and as darkness enveloped the scene, it became more awful than ever. We retired a little way from the brink to breathe some fresh air, and to try and eat the food we had brought with us; but this was an impossibility. Every instant a fresh explosion or glare made us jump up to survey the scene.

14. The violent struggles of the lava to escape from its fiery bed, and the loud and awful noises by which they were at times accompanied, suggested the idea that some imprisoned monsters were trying to release themselves from their bondage, with shrieks and groans, and cries of agony and despair at the futility of their efforts. Sometimes there were at least seven spots on the borders of the lake where the molten lava dashed up furiously against the rocks — seven fire fountains playing at the same time.

15. I had for some time been feeling very hot and uncomfortable, and on looking round the cause was at once apparent. Not two inches beneath the surface the gray lava on which we were standing and sitting was red hot. A stick thrust through it caught fire, a piece of paper was immediately destroyed, and the gentlemen found the heat from the crevices so great that they could not approach near enough to light their pipes.

16. One more long last look, and then we turned

our faces away from the scene that had enthralled us for so many hours. The whole of the lava we had crossed in the extinct crater was now aglow in many patches, and in all directions flames were bursting forth, fresh lava flowing, and steam and smoke were issuing from the surface.

17. It was a toilsome journey back again, walking as we did in single file, and obeying the strict charges of our head guide to follow him closely, and to tread exactly in his footsteps. On the whole, it was easier by night than by day to distinguish the route to be taken, as we could now see the dangers that before we could only feel; and many were the fiery crevices we stepped over and jumped across.

18. Once I slipped, and my foot sank through the thin crust. Sparks issued from the ground, and the stick on which I leaned caught fire before I could fairly recover myself.

I. **Cŏn çēiv'á ble**: that may be thought of or imagined. **Pĕt'rĭ fied**: changed, as an animal or vegetable substance into stone. **Ĭr ĭ dĕs'çent**: having colors like the rainbow. **Fūsed**: melted; made fluid. **Prĭs măt'ĭc colors**: the colors into which light is resolved when passed through a prism.

II. **Fūmes**: vapor; smoke. **Nôr'mal**: natural; ordinary. **Fū tĭl'ĭ tў**: uselessness. **Ĕn thrall'ed'**: enslaved. **Ĕx tĭnct'**: put out; extinguished.

The Skeleton in Armor

By Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow (1807–1882): An American poet. He wrote "Evangeline," "Hiawatha," "Tales of a Wayside Inn," and other poems. He was also the author of two prose volumes, "Outre Mer" and "Hyperion."

1. "Speak, speak! thou fearful guest!
Who, with thy hollow breast
Still in rude armor drest,
Comest to daunt me!
Wrapt not in Eastern balms,
But with thy fleshless palms
Stretched, as if asking alms,
Why dost thou haunt me?"

2. Then, from those cavernous eyes
Pale flashes seemed to rise,
As when the Northern skies
Gleam in December;
And, like the water's flow
Under December's snow,
Came a dull voice of woe
From the heart's chamber.

3. "I was a viking old!
My deeds, though manifold,
No skald in song has told,
No saga taught thee!
Take heed, that in thy verse

Thou dost the tale rehearse,
Else dread a dead man's curse!
For this I sought thee.

4. "Far in the Northern land,
By the wild Baltic's strand,
I, with my childish hand,
Tamed the gerfalcon;
And with my skates fast bound
Skimmed the half-frozen sound,
That the poor whimpering hound
Trembled to walk on.

5. "Oft to his frozen lair
Tracked I the grisly bear,
While from my path the hare
Fled like a shadow;
Oft through the forest dark
Followed the werewolf's bark,
Until the soaring lark
Sang from the meadow.

6. "But when I older grew,
Joining a corsair's crew,
O'er the dark sea I flew
With the marauders.
Wild was the life we led;
Many the souls that sped,
Many the hearts that bled,
By our stern orders.

7. "Many a wassail bout
Wore the long winter out;
Often our midnight shout
Set the cocks crowing,
As we the Berserk's tale
Measured in cups of ale,
Draining the oaken pail
Filled to o'erflowing.

8. "Once as I told in glee
Tales of the stormy sea,
Soft eyes did gaze on me,
Burning yet tender;
And as the white stars shine
On the dark Norway pine,
On that dark heart of mine
Fell their soft splendor.

9. "I wooed the blue-eyed maid,
Yielding, yet half afraid,
And in the forest's shade
Our vows were plighted.
Under its loosened vest
Fluttered her little breast,
Like birds within their nest
By the hawk frighted.

10. "Bright in her father's hall
Shields gleamed upon the wall,

Loud sang the minstrels all,
Chanting his glory;
When of old Hildebrand
I asked his daughter's hand,
Mute did the minstrels stand
To hear my story.

11. "While the brown ale he quaffed,
Loud then the champion laughed,
And as the wind gusts waft
The sea foam brightly,
So the loud laugh of scorn,
Out of those lips unshorn,
From the deep drinking horn
Blew the foam lightly.

12. "She was a prince's child,
I but a viking wild,
And though she blushed and smiled,
I was discarded!
Should not the dove so white
Follow the sea mew's flight,
Why did they leave that night
Her nest unguarded?

13. "Scarce had I put to sea,
Bearing the maid with me,—
Fairest of all was she
Among the Norsemen!—

When on the white sea strand
Waving his armed hand,
Saw we old Hildebrand
With twenty horsemen.

14. "Then launched they to the blast,
Bent like a reed each mast,
Yet we were gaining fast,
When the wind failed us;
And with a sudden flaw
Came round the gusty skaw,
So that our foe we saw
Laugh as he hailed us.

15. "And as to catch the gale
Round veered the flapping sail,
Death! was the helmsman's hail,
Death without quarter!
Midships with iron keel
Struck we her ribs of steel;
Down her black hulk did reel
Through the black water!

16. "As with his wings aslant,
Sails the fierce cormorant,
Seeking some rocky haunt,
With his prey laden,
So toward the open main,
Beating to sea again

Through the wild hurricane,
Bore I the maiden.

17. "Three weeks we westward bore,
And when the storm was o'er,
Cloudlike we saw the shore
Stretching to leeward;
There for my lady's bower
Built I the lofty tower,
Which to this very hour,
Stands looking seaward.

18. "There lived we many years;
Time dried the maiden's tears;
She had forgot her fears,
She was a mother;
Death closed her mild blue eyes.
Under that tower she lies;
Ne'er shall the sun arise
On such another!

19. "Still grew my bosom then,
Still as a stagnant fen!
Hateful to me were men,
The sunlight hateful!
In the vast forest here,
Clad in my warlike gear,
Fell I upon my spear,
Oh, death was grateful!

20. "Thus, seamed with many scars,
Bursting these prison bars,
Up to its native stars
My soul ascended!
There from the flowing bowl
Deep drinks the warrior's soul,
Skoal! to the Northland! Skoal!"
— Thus the tale ended.

Wrapped in Eastern balms: in Egypt and other Eastern countries it was once the custom to embalm the bodies of the dead; that is, to preserve them by the use of certain oils and spices. **Vī'kĭng**: one belonging to the pirate crews from among the Northmen, who plundered the coasts of Europe in the eighth, ninth, and tenth centuries. **Scăld**: a reciter and singer of heroic poems among the Norsemen. **Sā'gȧ**: a legend or heroic story among the Norsemen and kindred people. **Ġẽr'fa̤l con** (or gyrfalcon): a large Arctic falcon. **Were'wolf**: according to old superstition, a person who had been changed into a wolf. **Côr'sâir**: pirate. **Mȧ ra̤ud'ẽrs̤**: plunderers. **Wạs'saĭl bout**: a drinking revel, so called from an old expression of good wishes, *Wes hal*, health be to you, used in drinking to some one. **Bẽr'sẽrk**: a berserker; in Norse mythology, a hero mad with the rage of battle. **Plīght'ĕd**: pledged; promised. **Ska̤w**: headland. **Côr'mȱ rant**: a sea bird. **Lēe'ward**: in the direction toward which the wind blows. **Fĕn**: marsh. **Gēar**: clothing; armor. **Skōal**: a Norse word meaning *hail*.

The Story of William Shakspere

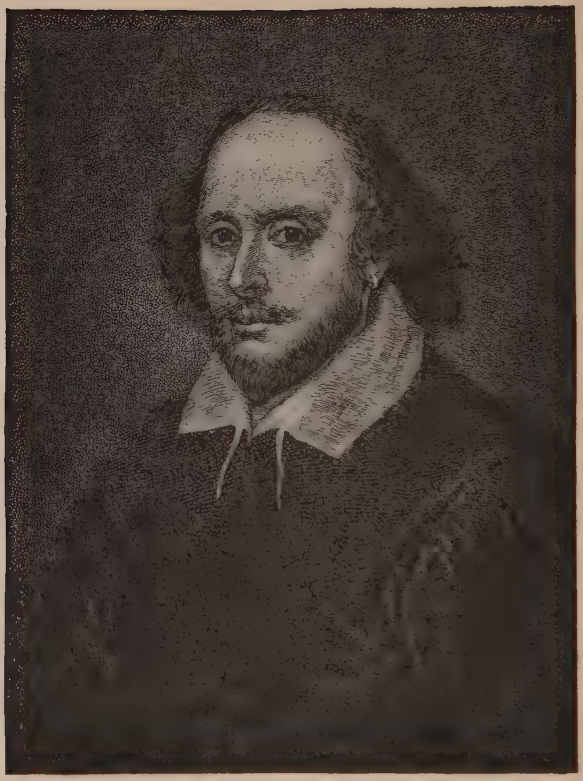
I

1. In the year 1564 Stratford-on-Avon, in Warwickshire, was a quiet little village that differed in no way from hundreds of others scattered over England at that time. In these little villages the houses were built commonly of wood, with the upper stories overhanging the lower, and with windows of lattice-work or horn, as glass was then seldom used except in the houses of the wealthy.

2. Each cottage had its garden wherein grew rosemary and fennel and all kinds of herbs, in closest neighborhood to the roses and daffodils and violets, which were the pride of the cottagers. In the fields beyond, the paths led through scarlet poppies and golden primroses to the great forests, which were then found all over England.

3. Quite outside the villages, and often far removed from them, were the manor houses of the wealthy squires, the castles of the great nobles, and the abbeys and cathedrals whose fine architecture so beautified the country.

4. But in Stratford itself the beauty consisted mainly in the prettily kept gardens; the beautiful river Avon, which flows past the village on its way to join the Severn; in the graceful yew, elm, and lime trees which shaded the cottage roofs; and in



William Shakspere

the old church, built possibly in the days when the Normans were still trying to make the English nation become French.

5. In one of these cottages, which was richer than many of its neighbors, since it possessed two stories instead of one, and had, furthermore, some dormer windows in its roof, was born, in 1564, William Shakspere, whose name stands far above every other in the story of English literature, and whose genius has made the village of Stratford immortal.

6. Very little is known of Shakspere's childhood and boyhood, except that they were spent at Stratford. But we know that his father was a man of some importance in the village, and that the boy's early days must have been comfortable and happy.

7 When he was seven years of age, he entered the free grammar school of the village, where pupils were admitted as soon as they knew how to read. Here, for seven years, he learned from books the things that were then taught in the grammar schools, including no doubt some Latin and Greek and as much English as was considered necessary. In those days English was thought of little importance, and to be a scholar meant to know certain languages and sciences which the learner would probably never use.

8. Out of school Shakspere learned much, and stored the knowledge well in his mind. He knew all the flowers, plants, and trees which were to be

found in the fields and meadows and woods for miles around. He spent hours in poring over the history of Stratford Church, where he had been christened, and to which he went regularly every Sunday. It joined the England of his day with a past that was full of the glorious and stirring history of the English nation.

9. Shakspere learned much from the traffic which constantly passed through the village, for Stratford was cut into four sections by the two great public highways, which ran through the place from the great neighboring cities, and over which went all the traffic of that part of the kingdom.

10. In this way he heard of the great world beyond Stratford. He learned of those heroes of the sea, Frobisher and Hawkins and Gilbert and Drake, and followed them in imagination in their voyages across the ocean to the unknown continents and islands of the New World. And he heard in the same way of the affairs of London — what the queen and the great nobles were about, and what was thought to be fine in the sight of London folk, and what they despised as poor and mean.

11. A few miles away from Stratford were the great castles of Warwick and Kenilworth. The former was rich in memories of the War of the Roses, when England was a great battlefield from end to end, and second in interest only to Kenilworth, where Queen

Elizabeth came from time to time, with her train of lords and ladies, to be entertained by Lord Leicester.

12. Most interesting of all the events connected with her visit were the shows and plays, which were given at the castle in her honor. One of the royal progresses to Kenilworth occurred when Shakspere was about twelve years of age, and very likely the boy was present at the entertainments given there, and watched with eager eyes the scene before him.

13. Besides these entertainments in honor of the queen, Shakspere saw from time to time the companies of regular players who traveled from London throughout the country, frequently stopping at Stratford, where they gave their performances, as was usual at a time when there were no theaters, in the courtyard of the inn.

14. In this way the boy Shakspere became familiar with the best plays and players of the day, and this, joined with visits to Coventry, where great religious plays were given, must have given him many a glimpse of the life beyond his native village.

Amid such scenes and impressions Shakspere grew to manhood, and it is easy to trace their influence in his works.

II

15. When Shakspere was twenty-one, he went to London to try his fortunes in that great city; and a very interesting place was the London of his day.

There was the famous London Bridge and St. Paul's Cathedral, and palaces and markets and taverns and bear gardens, and long streets full of shops.

16. Then, too, there were the daily crowds where could be seen people from all over the world. Knights and courtiers jostling county squires, and scholars and divines touching, as they passed, the highwayman or thief who had won notoriety by his clever robberies.

17. Here, also, were noblemen dressed in velvet and gold, from Italy and Spain and France; slaves from Spanish America, sea captains and priests, soldiers and servants — all held by chance or interest within the gray walls which circled London, and whose gates gave welcome to as strange a crowd as could be found in the world.

18. Into this curious crowd came Shakspere, quick to see and eager to learn, and before long all these strange sights were as familiar to him as the faces of his own townsfolk. Each one told its story to him so plainly that, as before he had learned the secrets of the fields and woods, so now he learned men and the interests which make up the great world.

19. And he learned these lessons so well that when he came to write his plays he made such use of them as no writer ever made before or since; for it is the use of this knowledge of the world, combined with

his own genius, that makes Shakspere the greatest dramatist that has ever lived.

20. But when Shakspere first entered London, the objects of greatest interest to him were the theaters, for since his boyhood two or three regular theaters had been opened. One of the principal was that called Blackfriars, which had been made out of some dwelling houses, and which took its name from the monastery of Blackfriars near by.

21. It was this poor little playhouse — lit by candles, and with its floor of earth, and its stage covered with rushes, and with an audience that smoked, laughed, talked, and ate as the play went on — that Shakspere entered soon after he reached London, and by so doing crowned it with a fame as immortal as that which rests upon Stratford itself.

22. The plays that were then the most popular were in many cases written by the actors themselves, and as the company at Blackfriars consisted of some of the leading actors of the day, Shakspere was at once thrown into the society that would best bring out his talents as an actor and playwright. Shakspere frequented the theaters and acted in a small way for a while, and then in a year or two began to write for the stage himself.

23. At first he simply joined with some fellow-actor in writing a new play or in rewriting an old

one, but this only continued for a short time, and soon he began the series of wonderful plays which stand alone in all literature.

24. Shakspere gathered the materials for his plays from many sources, for nearly all the authors of ancient times had been translated into English, and the playwright of the day could choose his plot from many different scenes. In fact, the literature that was open to Shakspere was as rich and varied as a casket of precious stones, and he made good use of it.

25. He was familiar with the old writers of Greece and Rome, and knew all the old tales of love and adventure and revenge which filled the pages of Italian writers. He was wise in the old chronicles of England, whose history was as romantic and interesting as a fairy tale.

26. And besides this, he read the tales of those adventurers who had traveled in the far East and told thrilling stories of Arab and Moor and Turk, or excited the imagination by relating the dangers of the Southern Ocean or the Arctic Sea, and the perils among the hostile tribes and savage beasts in distant America.

27. And all this knowledge of books he combined with his knowledge of men, and put both into his plays, and made them so real and true that when people saw them on the stage, they forgot that what they saw was acting, and could fancy that they were

looking at the real scenes which Shakspere had in mind when he was writing. And so they laughed over his clowns and fools and jesters, and wept over his unhappy kings and wretched queens and murdered princes, whose pitiful stories made them think the more tenderly of their own children safe at home. And when the play was over, and they came back to everyday life again, it was to declare that this Shakspere was the greatest writer of dramas that had yet appeared.

28. Shakspere always considered Stratford his home, and bought there an estate, where he visited his family from time to time. When he had made a good sum of money, he retired to Stratford. There he died four years later, on the fifty-second anniversary of his birthday, and was buried in the parish church so closely connected with his first childish memories.

29. Outside of his plays he is known as the author of a few poems and songs, and more than a hundred sonnets full of beauty, but it is his great dramas which have won for Shakspere the fame which has placed his name far above and beyond any other writer in the history of the world.

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1. **Măn'or house**: a country house of some importance. **War of the Roses**: an English civil war in the fifteenth century, so called because the rival parties took as emblems

the red and the white rose. **Sir Martin Frobisher** (1535?–1594): an English navigator. **Sir John Hawkins** (1532–1595): an English naval commander. **Sir Humphrey Gilbert** (1539?–1584): an English navigator. **Sir Francis Drake** (1540?–1596): an English navigator.

II. **Court'iers**: gentlemen in attendance on the court of a prince. **Dĭ vĭne'**: priests; clergymen. **Mŏn'ăs tĕr ў**: a house of religious retirement; a convent.

Forest Scene — from "As You Like It"

By William Shakspere

ACT II

Scene I — *The Forest of Arden*

Enter Duke *senior*, Amiens, *and two or three Lords like foresters*

Duke S. Now, my co-mates and brothers in exile,
Hath not old custom made this life more sweet
Than that of painted pomp? Are not these woods
More free from peril than the envious court?
Here feel we but the penalty of Adam,
The seasons' difference, as the icy fang
And churlish chiding of the winter's wind,
Which, when it bites and blows upon my body,
Even till I shrink with cold, I smile and say,
"This is no flattery: these are counselors
That feelingly persuade me what I am."

Sweet are the uses of adversity,
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in its head;
And this our life exempt from public haunt
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything.
I would not change it.

AMI. Happy is your grace,
That can translate the stubbornness of fortune
Into so quiet and so sweet a style.

DUKE S. Come, shall we go and kill us venison?
And yet it irks me the poor dappled fools,
Being native burghers of this desert city,
Should, in their own confines, with forkèd heads
Have their round haunches gored.

FIRST LORD. Indeed, my lord,
The melancholy Jaques grieves at that,
And, in that kind, swears you do more usurp
Than doth your brother that hath banished you.
To-day my lord of Amiens and myself
Did steal behind him as he lay along
Under an oak, whose antique root peeps out
Upon the brook that brawls along this wood:
To the which place a poor sequestered stag,
That from the hunter's aim had ta'en a hurt,
Did come to languish, and indeed, my lord,
The wretched animal heaved forth such groans
That their discharge did stretch his leathern coat

Almost to bursting, and the big round tears
Coursed one another down his innocent nose
In piteous chase; and thus the hairy fool
Much markèd of the melancholy Jaques
Stood on the extremest verge of the swift brook
Augmenting it with tears.

DUKE S. But what said Jaques?
Did he not moralize this spectacle?

FIRST LORD. Oh, yes, into a thousand similes.
First, for his weeping into the needless stream;
"Poor deer," quoth he, "thou makest a testament
As worldings do, giving thy sum of more
To that which hath too much;" then, being there alone,
Left and abandoned of his velvet friends,
"'Tis right," quoth he. "Thus misery doth part
The flux of company:" anon a careless herd
Full of the pasture, jumps along by him
And never stays to greet him; "Ay," quoth Jaques;
"Sweep on, you fat and greasy citizens;
'Tis just the fashion: wherefore do you look
Upon that poor and broken bankrupt there?"
Thus most invectively he pierceth through
The body of the country, city, court,
Yea, and of this our life, swearing that we
Are mere usurpers, tyrants, and what's worse
To fright the animals, and to kill them up
In their assigned and native dwelling place.

"Sweep on, you fat and greasy citizens."

DUKE S. And did you leave him in this contemplation?

SEC. LORD. We did, my lord, weeping and commenting
Upon the sobbing deer.

DUKE S. Show me the place;
I love to cope him in these sullen fits,
For then he's full of matter.

FIRST LORD. I'll bring you to him straight.

Chûrl'ĭsh: rude. **Ăd vĕr'sĭ tў**: trouble; misfortune. **Ĭrks**: pains; vexes — used impersonally. **Bûrgh'ĕrs**: citizens; inhabitants. **Forkèd heads**: arrows. **Sė quĕs'tered**: retired; set

apart. **Aug mĕnt'ĭng**: increasing. **Moralize this spectacle**: make moral reflections on this sight. **Sĭm'ĭ lēs**: comparisons; words by which a thing is likened to something else. **Quōth**: said. **Tĕs'tà ment**: will. **Flŭx**: flow. **Ĭn vĕc'tĭve lў**: with severe blame; reproachfully. **Cōpe**: meet. **Măt'tĕr**: affairs worthy of account; things of importance or interest.

The Story of "The Tempest"

From "Tales from Shakspere"

By Charles and Mary Lamb

I

1. There was a certain island in the sea, the only inhabitants of which were an old man, whose name was Prospero, and his daughter Miranda, a very beautiful young lady. She came to this island so young that she had no memory of having seen any other human face than her father's.

2. They lived in a cave or cell made out of a rock; it was divided into several apartments, one of which Prospero called his study; there he kept his books, which chiefly treated of magic, a study at that time much affected by all learned men.

3. The knowledge of this art he found very useful to him, being thrown by a strange chance upon this island, which had been enchanted by a witch called Sycorax, who died there a short time before his arrival. Prospero, by his art, released many good

spirits that Sycorax had imprisoned in the bodies of large trees because they had refused to execute her wicked commands. These gentle spirits were ever after obedient to the will of Prospero. Of these Ariel was the chief.

4. The lively little sprite, Ariel, had nothing mischievous in his nature, except that he took rather too much pleasure in tormenting an ugly monster called Caliban, for he owed him a grudge because he was the son of his old enemy, Sycorax. This Caliban, Prospero found in the woods, a strange misshapen thing, far less human in form than an ape; he took him home to his cell and taught him to speak.

5. Prospero would have been very kind to him, but the bad nature which Caliban inherited from his mother, Sycorax, would not let him learn anything good or useful. Therefore he was employed like a slave to fetch wood and do the most laborious offices, and Ariel had the charge of compelling him to these services.

6. When Caliban was lazy and neglected his work, Ariel — who was invisible to all eyes but Prospero's — would come slyly and pinch him and sometimes tumble him down in the mire. Then Ariel, in the likeness of an ape, would make mouths at him; then swiftly changing his shape, in the likeness of a hedgehog, he would lie tumbling in Caliban's way, who feared the hedgehog's sharp quills would prick his

bare feet. With a variety of suchlike vexatious tricks Ariel would torment Caliban when he neglected the work which Prospero commanded him to do.

7. Having these powerful spirits obedient to his will, Prospero could by their means command the winds and the waves of the sea. By his orders they raised a violent storm, in the midst of which, and struggling with the wild sea waves that every moment threatened to swallow it up, he showed his daughter a fine large ship, which he told her was full of living beings like themselves.

8. "Oh, my dear father," said she, "if by your art you have raised this dreadful storm, have pity on their sad distress. See! the vessel will be dashed to pieces. Poor souls! they will all perish. If I had power, I would sink the sea beneath the earth rather than the good ship should be destroyed, with all the precious souls within her."

9. "Be not so amazed, daughter Miranda," said Prospero; "there is no harm done. I have so ordered it that no person in the ship shall receive any hurt. What I have done has been in care of you, my dear child. You are ignorant who you are, or where you came from, and you know no more of me but that I am your father and live in this poor cave. Can you remember a time before you came to this cell? I think you cannot, for you were not then three years of age."

10. "Certainly I can, sir," replied Miranda.

"By what?" asked Prospero; "by any other house or person? Tell me what you can remember, my child."

Miranda said: "It seems to me like the recollection of a dream. But had I not once four or five women who attended upon me?"

11. Prospero answered: "You had, and more. How is it that this still lives in your mind? Do you remember how you came here?"

"No, sir," said Miranda. "I remember nothing more."

12. "Twelve years ago, Miranda," continued Prospero, "I was duke of Milan, and you were a princess and my only heir. I had a younger brother, whose name was Antonio, to whom I trusted everything; and, as I was fond of retirement and deep study, I commonly left the management of my state affairs to your uncle, my false brother, for so, indeed, he proved.

13. "I, neglecting all worldly ends, buried among my books, did give my whole time to the bettering of my mind. My brother Antonio, being thus in possession of my power, began to think himself the duke indeed. The opportunity I gave him of making himself popular among my subjects awakened in his bad nature a proud ambition to deprive me of my dukedom. This he soon effected with the

aid of the King of Naples, a powerful prince, who was my enemy."

14. "Wherefore," said Miranda, "did they not that hour destroy us?"

"My child," answered her father, "they durst not, so dear was the love that my people bore me. Antonio carried us on board a ship, and when we were some leagues out at sea, he forced us into a small boat without either sail or mast; there he left us, as he thought, to perish. But a kind lord of my court, one Gonzalo, who loved me, had privately placed in the boat water, provisions, apparel, and some books, which I prize above my dukedom."

15. "Oh, my father," said Miranda, "what a trouble must I have been to you then!"

"No, my love," said Prospero, "you were a little cherub that did preserve me. Your innocent smiles made me to bear up against my misfortunes. Our food lasted till we landed on this desert island, since when my chief delight has been in teaching you, Miranda, and well have you profited by my instructions."

16. "Heaven thank you, my dear father," said Miranda. "Now, pray tell me, sir, your reason for raising this sea storm."

"Know then," said her father, "that by means of this storm my enemies, the King of Naples and my cruel brother, are cast ashore upon this island."

II

17. Having so said, Prospero gently touched his daughter with his magic wand, and she fell fast asleep; for the spirit Ariel just then presented himself before his master to give an account of the tempest and how he had disposed of the ship's company. Though the spirits were always invisible to Miranda, Prospero did not choose she should hear him holding converse — as would seem to her — with the empty air.

18. "Well, my brave spirit," said Prospero to Ariel, "how have you performed your task?"

Ariel gave a lively description of the storm and of the terrors of the mariners; and how the king's son, Ferdinand, was the first who leaped into the sea; and his father thought he saw his dear son swallowed up by the waves and lost.

19. "But he is safe," said Ariel, "in a corner of the isle, sitting with his arms folded, sadly lamenting the loss of the king, his father, whom he concludes drowned. Not a hair of his head is injured; and his princely garments, though drenched in the sea waves, look fresher than before."

20. "That's my delicate Ariel," said Prospero. "Bring him hither; my daughter must see this young prince. Where are the king and my brother?"

"I left them," answered Ariel, "searching for Ferdinand, whom they have little hopes of finding,

thinking they saw him perish. Of the ship's crew, not one is missing, though each one thinks himself the only one saved; and the ship, though invisible to them, is safe in the harbor."

21. "Ariel," said Prospero, "thy charge is faithfully performed; but there is more work yet."

"Is there more work?" said Ariel. "Let me remind you, master, you have promised me my liberty. I pray, remember I have done you worthy service, told you no lies, made no mistakes, served you without grudge or grumbling."

22. "How now?" said Prospero. "You do not recollect what a torment I freed you from. Have you forgot the wicked witch Sycorax, who, with age and envy, was almost bent double? Where was she born? Speak: tell me."

"Sir, in Algiers," said Ariel.

23. "Oh, was she so?" said Prospero. "I must recount what you have been, which I find you do not remember. This bad witch Sycorax, for her witchcrafts, too terrible to enter human hearing, was banished from Algiers and here left by the sailors; because you were a spirit too delicate to execute her wicked commands, she shut you up in a tree, where I found you howling. This torment, remember, I did free you from."

24. "Pardon me, dear master," said Ariel, ashamed to seem ungrateful; "I will obey your commands."

"Do so," said Prospero, "and I will set you free." He then gave orders what further he would have him do. Away went Ariel, first to where he had left Ferdinand, and found him still sitting on the grass in the same melancholy posture.

25. "Oh, my young gentleman," said Ariel, when he saw him, "I will soon move you. You must be brought, I find, for the Lady Miranda to have a sight of your pretty person. Come, sir, follow me."

26. He then began singing: —

"Full fathom five thy father lies;
Of his bones are coral made;
Those are pearls that were his eyes;
Nothing of him that doth fade,
But doth suffer a sea change
Into something rich and strange.
Sea nymphs hourly ring his knell:
Hark! now I hear them, — ding-dong, bell."

27. This strange news of his lost father soon roused the prince from the stupid fit into which he had fallen. He followed in amazement the sound of Ariel's voice till it led him to Prospero and Miranda, who were sitting under the shade of a large tree. Now Miranda had never seen a man before except her own father.

28. "Miranda," said Prospero, "tell me what you are looking at yonder."

"Oh, father," said Miranda, in a strange surprise,

"surely that is a spirit. How it looks about! Believe me, sir, it is a beautiful creature. Is it not a spirit?"

29. "No, girl," answered her father; "it eats, and sleeps, and has senses such as we have. This young man you see was in the ship; he is somewhat altered by grief, or you might call him a handsome person; he has lost his companions, and is wandering about to find them."

30. Miranda, who thought all men had grave faces and gray beards like her father, was delighted with the appearance of this beautiful young prince. And Ferdinand, seeing such a lovely lady in this desert place, and, from the strange sounds he heard, expecting nothing but wonders, thought he was upon an enchanted island, and that Miranda was the goddess of the place, and as such he began to address her.

31. She timidly answered she was no goddess, but a simple maid, and was going to give him an account of herself, when Prospero interrupted her. He was well pleased to find they admired each other, for he plainly perceived they had, as we say, fallen in love at first sight; but to try Ferdinand's constancy, he resolved to throw some difficulties in their way.

32. Therefore, advancing forward, he addressed the prince with a stern air, telling him he came to the island as a spy to take it from him who was the lord of it.

"Follow me," said he; "I will tie you neck and

feet together. You shall drink sea water; shellfish, withered roots, and husks of acorns shall be your food."

33. "No," said Ferdinand, "I will resist such entertainment till I see a more powerful enemy," and drew his sword. But Prospero, waving his magic wand, fixed him to the spot where he stood, so that he had no power to move.

III

34. Miranda hung upon her father, saying: "Why are you so ungentle? Have pity, sir; I will be his surety. This is the second man I ever saw, and to me he seems a true one."

35. "Silence!" said the father, "one word more will make me chide you, girl. What! an advocate for an impostor! You think there are no more such fine men, having seen only him and Caliban. I tell you, foolish girl, most men as far excel this as he does Caliban."

36. This he said to prove his daughter's constancy; and she replied, "My affections are most humble. I have no wish to see a goodlier man."

"Come on, young man," said Prospero to the prince, "you have no power to disobey me."

37. "I have not, indeed," answered Ferdinand; and, not knowing that it was by magic he was deprived of all power of resistance, he was astonished to find

himself so strangely compelled to follow Prospero. Looking back on Miranda as long as he could see her, he said, as he went after Prospero into the cave, "My spirits are all bound up, as if I were in a dream; but this man's threats, and the weakness which I feel, would seem light to me if from my prison I might once a day behold this fair maid."

38. Prospero kept Ferdinand not long confined within the cell. He soon brought out his prisoner and set him a severe task to perform, taking care to let his daughter know the hard labor he had imposed on him; and then pretending to go into his study, he secretly watched them both.

39. Prospero had commanded Ferdinand to pile up some heavy logs of wood. Kings' sons not being much used to laborious work, Miranda soon after found her lover almost dying with fatigue.

"Alas!" said she, "do not work so hard; my father is at his studies; he is safe for these three hours; pray rest yourself."

40. "Oh, my dear lady," said Ferdinand, "I dare not. I must finish my task before I take my rest."

"If you will sit down," said Miranda, "I will carry your logs the while."

But this Ferdinand would by no means agree to. Instead of a help, Miranda became a hindrance, for they began a long conversation, so that the business of log carrying went on very slowly.

"I will carry your logs."

41. Prospero, who had enjoined Ferdinand this task merely as a trial of his love, was not at his books as his daughter supposed, but was standing by them, invisible, to overhear what they said.

Ferdinand inquired her name, which she told, saying it was against her father's command she did so.

42. Prospero only smiled at this first instance of his daughter's disobedience; for, having by his magic art caused his daughter to fall in love so suddenly, he was

not angry that she showed her love by forgetting to obey his commands. And he listened, well pleased, to a long speech of Ferdinand's, in which he professed to love her above all the ladies he ever saw.

43. In answer to his praises of her beauty, which he said exceeded all the women in the world, she replied: "I do not remember the face of any woman, nor have I seen any more men than you, my good friend, and my dear father. How features are abroad, I know not; but believe me, sir, I would not wish any companion in the world but you, nor can my imagination form any shape but yours that I could like. But, sir, I fear I talk to you too freely, and my father's precepts I forget."

44. At this Prospero smiled, and nodded his head, as much as to say, "This goes on exactly as I could wish; my girl will be Queen of Naples."

And then Ferdinand, in another fine long speech, for young princes speak in courtly phrases, told the innocent Miranda he was heir to the crown of Naples, and that she should be his queen.

45. "Ah, sir," said she, "I am a fool to weep at what I am glad of. I will answer you in plain and holy innocence. I am your wife, if you will marry me."

Prospero prevented Ferdinand's thanks by appearing visible before them.

46. "Fear nothing, my child," said he; "I have

overheard and approve of all you have said. And, Ferdinand, if I have too severely used you, I will make you rich amends by giving you my daughter. All your vexations were but trials of your love, and you have nobly stood the test. Then as my gift, which your true love has worthily purchased, take my daughter, and do not smile that I boast she is above all praise."

47. He then, telling them that he had business which required his presence, desired they would sit down and talk together till he returned; and this command Miranda seemed not at all disposed to disobey.

48. When Prospero left them, he called his spirit Ariel, who quickly appeared before him, eager to relate what he had done with Prospero's brother and the King of Naples. Ariel said he had left them almost out of their senses with fear at the strange things he had caused them to see and hear.

49. When fatigued with wandering about, and famished for want of food, he had suddenly set before them a delicious banquet; and then, just as they were going to eat, he appeared visible before them in the shape of a harpy, a monster with wings, and the feast vanished away.

50. Then, to their utter amazement, this seeming harpy spoke to them, reminding them of their cruelty in driving Prospero from his dukedom and leaving

him and his infant daughter to perish in the sea, saying that for this cause these terrors were suffered to afflict them.

51. The King of Naples and Antonio, the false brother, repented the injustice they had done to Prospero; and Ariel told his master he was certain their penitence was sincere, and that he, though a spirit, could not but pity them.

"Then bring them hither, Ariel," said Prospero; "if you, who are but a spirit, feel for their distress, shall not I, who am a human being like themselves, have compassion on them? Bring them quickly, my dainty Ariel."

IV

52. Ariel soon returned with the king, Antonio, and old Gonzalo in their train, who had followed him, wondering at the wild music he played in the air to draw them on to his master's presence. This Gonzalo was the same who had so kindly provided Prospero formerly with books and provisions, when his wicked brother left him, as he thought, to perish in an open boat in the sea.

53. Grief and terror had so stupefied their senses that they did not know Prospero. He first discovered himself to the good old Gonzalo, calling him the preserver of his life; and then his brother and the king knew that he was the injured Prospero.

54. Antonio, with tears and sad words of sorrow

and true repentance, implored his brother's forgiveness, and the king expressed his sincere remorse for having assisted Antonio to depose his brother.

Prospero forgave them; and, upon their engaging to restore his dukedom, he said to the King of Naples, "I have a gift in store for you, too," and opening a door showed him his son, Ferdinand, playing at chess with Miranda.

55. Nothing could exceed the joy of the father and the son at this unexpected meeting, for they each thought the other drowned in the storm.

"Oh, wonder!" said Miranda, "what noble creatures these are! It must surely be a brave world that has such people in it."

56. The King of Naples was almost as much astonished at the beauty and excellent graces of the young Miranda as his son had been.

"Who is this maid?" said he; "she seems the goddess that has parted us, and brought us thus together."

57. "No, sir," answered Ferdinand, smiling to find his father had fallen into the same mistake that he had done when he first saw Miranda, "she is a mortal, but by immortal Providence she is mine; I chose her when I could not ask you, my father, for your consent, not thinking you were alive. She is the daughter to this Prospero, who is the famous Duke of Milan, of whose renown I have heard so much,

but never saw him till now; of him I have received a new life: he has made himself to me a second father, giving me this dear lady."

58. "Then I must be her father," said the king; "but oh! how oddly will it sound, that I must ask my child forgiveness!"

"No more of that," said Prospero; "let us not remember our troubles past, since they so happily have ended."

59. And then Prospero embraced his brother and again assured him of his forgiveness. He said that a wise, overruling Providence had permitted that he should be driven from his dukedom of Milan, that his daughter might inherit the crown of Naples; for that by their meeting on this desert island it happened that the king's son had loved Miranda.

60. These kind words which Prospero spoke, meaning to comfort his brother, so filled Antonio with shame and remorse, that he wept and was unable to speak; and the kind old Gonzalo wept to see this joyful reconciliation, and prayed for blessings on the young couple.

61. Prospero now told them that their ship was safe in the harbor, and the sailors all on board her, and that he and his daughter would accompany them home the next morning.

"In the meantime," said he, "partake of such refreshments as my poor cave affords; and for your

evening's entertainment I will relate the history of my life from my first landing in this desert island."

62. He then called for Caliban to prepare some food, and set the cave in order; and the company were astonished at the uncouth form and savage appearance of this ugly monster, who, Prospero said, was the only attendant he had to wait upon him.

63. Before Prospero left the island, he dismissed Ariel from his service, to the great joy of that lively little spirit, who, though he had been a faithful servant to his master, was always longing to enjoy his free liberty, to wander uncontrolled in the air, like a wild bird, under green trees, among pleasant fruits and sweet-smelling flowers.

64. "My quaint Ariel," said Prospero to the little sprite when he made him free, "I shall miss you; yet you shall have your freedom."

"Thank you, my dear master," said Ariel; "but give me leave to attend your ship home with prosperous gales before you bid farewell to the assistance of your faithful spirit; and then, master, when I am free, how merrily I shall live!"

65. Here Ariel sang this pretty song: —

"Where the bee sucks, there suck I;
In a cowslip's bell I lie:
There I couch when owls do cry.
On the bat's back I do fly
After summer merrily.

Merrily, merrily shall I live now,
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough."

66. Prospero then buried deep in the earth his magical books and wand, for he was resolved never more to make use of the magic art.

And, having thus overcome his enemies and being reconciled to his brother and the King of Naples, nothing now remained to complete his happiness but to revisit his native land, to take possession of his dukedom, and to witness the happy nuptials of his daughter and Prince Ferdinand, which the king said should be instantly celebrated with great splendor on their return to Naples. At which place, under the safe convoy of the spirit Ariel, they, after a pleasant voyage, soon arrived.

I. **Ăf fĕct'ĕd**: liked; favored — an old meaning of the word. **Ăp păr'ĕl**: clothing. **Chĕr'ŭb**: an angel.

II. **Măr'ĭ nĕrs**: sailors.

III. **Sure'ty**: one who is answerable for another. **Ăd'vō-cāte**: one who pleads the cause of another. **Gōōd'lĭ ĕr**: better looking; more agreeable. **Ĕn joined'**: ordered. **Prē'çĕpts**: commands; rules of action. **Ā mĕnds'**: reward for loss or injury.

IV. **Dĕ pōse'**: dethrone; remove from office. **Brāve**: excellent; fine, — an old use of the word. **Ŭn cŏuth'**: strange. **Couch**: lie as upon a bed. **Nup'tials**: marriage. **Cŏn'voy**: an escort to guide or protect.

ANIMAL MIMICS

By Henry Drummond

Henry Drummond (1851–1897): A Scotch author and traveler. He was professor of natural sciences in a college at Glasgow, and traveled widely in America, Africa, and Asia for purposes of scientific study. The following selection is from his book, "Tropical Africa." He wrote also a number of books on religious subjects, of which the best known is "Natural Law in the Spiritual World."

1. Have you ever wondered why the skins of animals have particular colors? Probably you have not, and it is very likely that most people would be surprised to hear that there is any reason for the colors at all. But there are reasons. Color in animals seems to be either "protective" or "warning." The object of the first is to render the animal not easy to be seen, the object of the second is the opposite, to make it easy to be seen.

2. Birds, monkeys, lizards, and spiders are very fond of butterflies, but there are some butterflies which are not edible, on account of unwholesome juices in their bodies. These butterflies of disagreeable flavor are brilliantly colored, and this gay coloring serves as a danger signal to the birds, monkeys, and spiders. These butterflies fly undisturbed about the forests in broad daylight, while their duskier edible brethren have to hurry in terror for their lives through the gloomiest parts of the forests.

3. For the same reason, well-armed or stinging insects, such as the wasp, are generally conspicuously dressed in warning colors. This is true of bees and dragon flies; and it may be taken as a rule that gay-colored insects are either bad eating or bad stingers.

4. But that the chief use of coloring is protection may be shown by simple observation of animal life in any part of the world. The motionlessness of wild game when danger is near is well known; and every hunter knows that it is often difficult to see even large animals, though they may be standing near him.

5. Lions, tigers, and other beasts of prey which move quietly through great masses of bush or jungle, are often not to be distinguished from the vegetation surrounding them. The stripes of the tiger, for instance, much resemble the long, reedlike stalks of the jungle.

6. One of the most beautiful and ornate of all tropical reptiles is the puff-adder. This animal, the bite of which is certain death, is from three to five feet long, and in some parts is almost as thick as the lower part of a man's thigh. The whole body is ornamented with strange devices in green, yellow, and black, and lying in a museum its glittering coils certainly form a most striking object.

A puff adder

7. But in nature the puff-adder has a very different background. It is a forest animal, its true dwelling place being among the fallen leaves in the deep shade of the trees by the banks of streams. Now in such a position, at the distance of a foot or two, its appearance so exactly resembles the forest bed as to be almost indistinguishable from it.

8. I was once just throwing myself down under a tree to rest when, stooping to clear the spot, I noticed a peculiar pattern among the leaves. I started back in horror, to find a puff adder of the largest size,

only its thick back visible, and its fangs within a few inches of my face as I stooped. It was lying concealed among fallen leaves so like itself that, but for the exceptional caution which in African travel becomes a habit, I should certainly have sat down upon it: and to sit down upon a puff adder is to sit down for the last time.

9. I had stopped one day among some tall dry grass, when one of my men suddenly shouted, "Chirombo!" *Chirombo* means an inedible beast of any kind, and I turned round to see where the animal was. The native pointed straight at myself. I could see nothing, but he approached, and pointing close to a wisp of hay which had fallen upon my coat, repeated, "Chirombo!" Believing that it must be some insect among the hay, I took it in my fingers, looked over it, and told him pointedly there was no Chirombo there. He smiled, and pointing again to the hay exclaimed, "Moio!" (It's alive!)

10. The hay itself was Chirombo! I do not exaggerate when I say that that wisp of hay was no more like an insect than my barometer. Take two inches of dried yellow grass stalk; then take six other pieces nearly as long and a quarter as thick; bend each in the middle at any angle you like, stick them in three opposite pairs upon the first grass stalk, and you have my Chirombo. When you catch him, his limbs are twisted about at every angle, as if the

whole were made of one long stalk of the most delicate grass, hinged in a dozen places, and then gently crushed up into an untidy heap. Having once assumed a position, by a wonderful instinct, he never moves or varies one of his many angles by half a degree.

11. The way the insect keeps up the delusion is indeed almost as wonderful as the mimicry itself; you may turn him about, and over and over, but he is mere dried grass, and nothing will induce him to acknowledge the animal kingdom by the faintest suspicion of movement. All the members of this family have this power of shamming death; but how such emaciated and juiceless skeletons should ever presume to be alive is the real mystery.

12. The grass-stalk insects live among the long grass which is found in patches all over the African forests. During three fourths of the year it is dried by the sun into a straw-yellow color, and all the insects are painted to match.

13. But an even more singular fact remains to be noted. After the rainy season, when the new green grasses spring up, these withered-grass insects all seem to disappear. Their color would now be no protection to them, and their places are taken by others, colored as green as the new grass. Whether these are new insects, or only the same in spring toilets, I do not know.

14. Another class of insects imitate twigs, sticks, and the smaller branches of shrubs. The commonest of these is a walking twig, a curious insect three or four inches long, which looks as if it were covered with bark and spotted with mold, like a real forest twig.

Caterpillar resembling twig

15. Some insects, belonging mostly to locust tribes, represent leaf forms. They are found in all forms, sizes, and colors, mimicking foliage at every stage of growth and decay. Some have the leaf stamped on their wings in vivid green, with veins and ribs complete. I have again and again watched these forms in the forest, not only with the living leaf, but with crumpled, shriveled ones. Indeed, the imitations of the crumpled autumn leaf are even more numerous and striking than those of the living form.

Butterfly resembling leaf

16. Lichens and mosses are also taken as models by insects. There is probably no form in the vegetable kingdom that has not its living counterpart in some animal form.

Ĕd′ĭ ble: eatable; fit to be used as food. **Cŏn spĭc′ŭ ŏŭs lў̆**: easily to be seen. **Ôr nāte′**: decorated; beautiful. **Rĕp′tĭles**:

animals that crawl, as snakes, lizards, etc. **Bà rŏm′ĕ tĕr**: an instrument for finding out the weight or pressure of the atmosphere in order to learn the probable changes of weather, or the height of an ascent. **De lu′sion**: deception; cheat. **Mĭm′ĭc rў**: imitation; likeness. **E ma′ci at ed**: very lean; thin. **Coun′tĕr pärt**: copy; a person or thing closely resembling another.

The Cloud

By Percy Bysshe Shelley

Percy Bysshe Shelley (1792–1822): A famous English poet whose poems are distinguished for their lyrical beauty. His finest poem is "Adonais," written on the occasion of the death of the poet Keats. "The Cloud," "To a Skylark," and "Ode to the West Wind" are the most familiar of his shorter poems.

Percy Bysshe Shelley

1. I bring fresh showers for the thirsting flowers
   From the seas and the streams;
   I bear light shade for the leaves when laid
   In their noonday dreams.

From my wings are shaken the dews that waken
The sweet buds every one,
When rocked to rest on their mother's breast,
As she dances about the sun.
I wield the flail of the lashing hail,
And whiten the green plains under;
And then again I dissolve it in rain,
And laugh as I pass in thunder.

2. I sift the snow on the mountains below,
And their great pines groan aghast;
And all the night 'tis my pillow white,
While I sleep in the arms of the blast.
Sublime on the towers of my skyey bowers
Lightning, my pilot, sits;
In a cavern under is fettered the thunder,
It struggles and howls at fits.
Over earth and ocean with gentle motion
This pilot is guiding me,
Lured by the love of the genii that move
In the depths of the purple sea;
Over the rills and the crags and the hills,
Over the lakes and the plains,
Wherever he dream under mountain or stream
The spirit he loves remains;
And I all the while bask in heaven's blue smile,
Whilst he is dissolving in rains.

3. The sanguine sunrise, with his meteor eyes,
And his burning plumes outspread,
Leaps on the back of my sailing rack,
When the morning star shines dead:
As on the jag of a mountain crag
Which an earthquake rocks and swings
An eagle alit one moment may sit
In the light of its golden wings.
And, when sunset may breathe, from the lit sea beneath,
Its ardors of rest and of love,
And the crimson pall of eve may fall
From the depth of heaven above,
With wings folded I rest on mine airy nest,
As still as a brooding dove.

4. That orbèd maiden with white fire laden
Whom mortals call the moon
Glides glimmering o'er my fleecelike floor
By the midnight breezes strewn;
And wherever the beat of her unseen feet,
Which only the angels hear,
May have broken the woof of my tent's thin roof,
The stars peep behind her and peer.
And I laugh to see them whirl and flee
Like a swarm of golden bees,
When I widen the rent in my wind-built tent, —

Till the calm rivers, lakes, and seas,
Like strips of the sky fallen through me on high,
Are each paved with the moon and these.

Wiēld: use; handle. **Flā**l: an instrument for threshing or beating out grain. **A gh**ast′: frightened; terrified. **Săn′guĭne**: red. **Răck**: thin-flying, broken clouds. **Jăg**: notch; cleft.

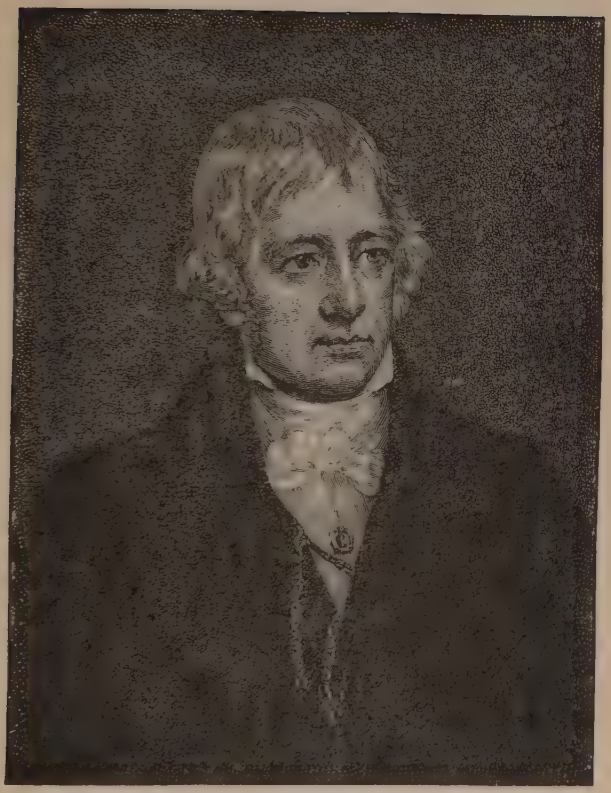
Sir Walter Scott

I

1. More than a hundred years ago Bishop Percy, an Englishman, published a book of ancient poetry, in which were put together as many old songs and ballads as he could find. Some of the ballads had been taken from old manuscripts, yellow and worn with time. Others had been jotted down from the lips of some village poet, the last descendant of the old bards. Some recorded old battles, and others homely incidents of love and domestic life. But all were full of the life of those distant ages, and brought back the old days with the vividness of a picture.

2. This interesting book drifted for twenty years among the haunts of book lovers, and won for itself a warm welcome everywhere.

Then it fell one day into the hands of a blue-eyed lad, who looked and read and straightway was lost



Sir Walter Scott

to the present, having wandered back into that golden past which the old poems called up.

3. This lad was Walter Scott, and in his veins ran the blood of some of those old chieftains about whose deeds he was reading, for both his father and mother were descended from ancient historic families. In speaking of his first acquaintance with this book, Scott says that his heart was stirred as with the sound of a trumpet, and perhaps it is not the least glory of the old ballads that they dropped into his boyish mind the seeds which in later years bore such golden harvests for English literature.

4. Scott was born in 1771 at Edinburgh, but, being delicate, he passed much of his childhood in the country, and here, among the farmer folk, his mind was filled with legends and quaint superstitions. These impressions sank into his mind and, finding fruitful soil, grew and flourished.

They gave form and color to his imagination in such a degree that when the time came for him to write books, he reproduced the spirit of the old days as no other writer could have done, because it was the same spirit that had influenced him when a child.

5. Scott was educated at the High School and at the University of Edinburgh, and was trained for the practice of law. But he found the law little to his liking, and in very early manhood he began the translation of German poetry. He soon discovered, how-

ever, that his work for literature must lie in other directions.

6. With the tastes of his childhood days strong within him, he turned his mind toward the old songs and ballads, which made up a large part of Scottish poetry, and he resolved to try to bring into some definite form the numerous and interesting legends which were woven into the pages of his country's story.

7. He traveled through the regions celebrated in history, and from shepherd and farmer and from curious old written songs he gathered together legends and old traditions, and became familiar with the scenery and manners of the places where each had been found. Then he studied, sifted, and edited, and at last put together in definite form these old bits of history and published them in a book called the "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border." This book was more than a compilation of old songs; it was the reproduction of a part of the national history, and it won for Scott the honor and recognition that he deserved.

8. In this work Scott seems to have been searching for the right path in which to work. The results show that he found that which he sought, for in 1805 he published an original poem, "The Lay of the Last Minstrel," which was founded upon the romantic incidents of the old Border warfare. Then came

the poems called "Marmion," "The Lady of the Lake," and "The Lord of the Isles."

II

9. But great as was his success in these poems, Scott was really at this period only finding his way toward his true work. The poems were splendid pictures of the romantic and chivalrous ages, and were thrown into those fascinating meters which appeal to the people at large. A passage or description from one of these poems could almost be chanted like an old battle hymn.

10. But still they were pictures of times and events rather than anything else, and lacked that human interest which marks the masterpieces of all literature. Scott's fame, therefore, as one of the great writers of romance, does not rest upon his poems, popular as they are, but upon his long series of romantic novels.

These novels are based upon incidents in English, Scottish, and Continental history, or upon domestic life, and in each of these departments Scott produced a masterpiece.

11. His first novel, called "Waverley, or 'Tis Sixty Years Since," was published in 1814. This novel was received with the same enthusiasm which had greeted his poetry, though few suspected the authorship. In this work Scott at once reached the highest

point of his art. "Waverley" was followed by other brilliant romances full of magnificent description and stirring adventure.

12. Scott wrote in all twenty-nine romances. Among them we find stories of Scotland and England in the seventeenth century, legends of the Border, tales of London when Shakspere lived there, tales of the Crusaders, and many stories of private and domestic life.

13. "Ivanhoe," from which the following selection about Locksley is taken, is a story of England in the time of Richard the First. Locksley was the famous outlaw, Robin Hood, in disguise. "Ivanhoe" is one of the most famous of historical romances and should be read by every boy and girl.

Some of the other historical romances are "Kenilworth," a story of the time of Queen Elizabeth, "The Monastery" and "The Abbot," which give the story of Mary, Queen of Scots, "Woodstock," a tale of England in the seventeenth century, and "Quentin Durward," the scene of which is laid in the reign of Louis the Eleventh of France.

14. "Guy Mannering," "The Antiquary," and "The Heart of Midlothian" are the most famous of the novels of domestic life. In these Scott writes the history of the human heart with as true a hand as that which penned the great deeds of history.

15. The whole series of romances is now known under the name of the "Waverley Novels." They

were all published anonymously, though it was generally believed, even at the time, that Scott was the author. He did not acknowledge the authorship, however, until the failure, in 1826, of the publishing house with which he was secretly connected. He then assumed the vast debt of almost six hundred thousand dollars, for which only his own sense of honor made him responsible, and set to work to pay it by his literary labors.

16. One book after another came from his pen to delight the eager public, but Scott's strength and life itself were given to the task. After a voyage in a vain search for health, he returned to Scotland to spend his last days at his home at Abbotsford. There he died September 21, 1832.

I. **Băl′lads**: poems adapted for recitation or singing. **Tra di′tion**: knowledge or belief handed down by word of mouth. **Com pi la′tion**: a book made of materials gathered from other writings. **The Bôr′dẽr**: districts of Scotland and England which adjoin.

II. **Çhĭv′al roŭs**: knightly; heroic. **Mē′tẽrs**: poetical measures depending on number, quantity, and accent of syllable; verses. **Cru sād′ẽrs**: men who joined the expeditions undertaken by the Christian nations in the Middle Ages for the recovery of the Holy Land from the Turks. **A nŏn′ў moŭs lў**: without the name of the author.

The Archery Contest

By Sir Walter Scott

I

1. To the best archer a prize was to be awarded, being a bugle horn, mounted with silver, and a silken baldric richly ornamented with a medallion of Saint Hubert, the patron of sylvan sport.

More than thirty yeomen at first presented themselves as competitors, several of whom were rangers and under keepers in the royal forests of Needwood and Charnwood.

2. Prince John stepped from his royal seat to view more nearly the persons of these chosen yeomen, several of whom wore the royal livery. Having satisfied his curiosity, he looked for the object of his resentment, whom he observed standing on the same spot, and with the same composed countenance which he had exhibited upon the preceding day.

3. "Fellow," said Prince John, "I guessed by thy insolent babble thou wert no true lover of the longbow, and I see thou darest not adventure thy skill among such merrymen as stand yonder."

"Under favor, sir," replied the yeoman, "I have another reason for refraining to shoot, besides the fearing defeat and disgrace."

"What is thy other reason?" said Prince John.

4. "Because," replied the woodsman, "I know

not if these yeomen and I are used to shoot at the same marks; and because, moreover, I know not how your grace might relish the winning of a third prize by one who has fallen under your displeasure."

5. Prince John colored as he put the question, "What is thy name, yeoman?"

"Locksley," answered the yeoman.

"Then, Locksley," said Prince John, "thou shalt shoot in thy turn, when these yeomen have displayed their skill. If thou carriest the prize, I will add to it twenty nobles; but if thou losest it, thou shalt be stript and scourged out of the lists with bowstrings, for a wordy and insolent braggart."

6. "And how if I refuse to shoot on such a wager?" said the yeoman. "Your grace's power, supported as it is by so many men at arms, may indeed easily strip and scourge me, but cannot compel me to bend or to draw my bow."

"If thou refusest my fair proffer," said the prince, "the provost of the lists shall cut thy bowstring, break thy bow and arrows, and expel thee from the presence as a faint-hearted craven."

7. "This is no fair chance you put on me, proud prince," said the yeoman, "to compel me to peril myself against the best archers of Leicester and Staffordshire, under the penalty of infamy if they should overshoot me. Nevertheless, I will obey your pleasure."

II

8. A target was placed at the upper end of the southern avenue which led to the lists. The contending archers took their station in turn at the bottom of the southern access, the distance between that station and the mark allowing full distance for what was called a shot at rovers.

9. The archers, having previously determined by lot their order of precedence, were to shoot each three shafts in succession.

One by one the archers, stepping forward, delivered their shafts yeomanlike and bravely. Of twenty-four arrows, shot in succession, ten were fixed in the target, and the others ranged so near it, that, considering the distance of the mark, it was accounted good archery. Of the ten shafts which hit the target, two within the inner ring were shot by Hubert, a forester in the service of Malvoisin, who was accordingly pronounced victorious.

10. "Now, Locksley," said Prince John to the bold yeoman, with a bitter smile, "wilt thou try conclusions with Hubert, or wilt thou yield up bow, baldric, and quiver to the provost of the sports?"

"Sith it be no better," said Locksley, "I am content to try my fortune, on condition that when I have shot two shafts at yonder mark of Hubert's, he shall be bound to shoot one at that which I shall propose."

11. "That is but fair," answered Prince John, "and it shall not be refused thee. If thou dost beat this braggart, Hubert, I will fill the bugle with silver pennies for thee."

"A man can but do his best," answered Hubert; "but my grandsire drew a good longbow at Hastings, and I trust not to dishonor his memory."

12. The former target was now removed, and a fresh one of the same size placed in its room. Hubert, who, as victor in the first trial of skill, had the right to shoot first, took his aim with great deliberation, long measuring the distance with his eye, while he held in his hand his bended bow with the arrow placed on the string.

13. At length he made a step forward, and raising the bow at the full stretch of his left arm, till the center or grasping place was nigh level with his face, he drew his bowstring to his ear. The arrow whistled through the air and lighted within the inner ring of the target, but not exactly in the center.

14. "You have not allowed for the wind, Hubert," said his opponent, bending his bow, "or that had been a better shot."

So saying, and without showing the least anxiety to pause upon his aim, Locksley stept to the appointed station, and shot his arrow as carelessly in appearance as if he had not even looked at the mark.

15. He was speaking almost at the instant that the

shaft left the bowstring, yet it alighted in the target two inches nearer to the white spot which marked the center than that of Hubert.

16. Hubert resumed his place, and not neglecting the caution which he had received from his adversary, he made the necessary allowance for a very light air of wind which had just arisen, and shot so successfully that his arrow alighted in the very center of the target.

17. "A Hubert! a Hubert!" shouted the populace, more interested in a known person than in a stranger. "In the clout! in the clout! a Hubert forever!"

"Thou canst not mend that shot, Locksley," said the prince, with an insulting smile.

"I will notch his shaft for him," replied Locksley.

18. And letting fly his arrow with a little more precaution than before, it lighted right upon that of his competitor, which it split to shivers. The people who stood around were so astonished at his wonderful dexterity that they could not even give vent to their surprise in their usual clamor.

III

19. "And now," said Locksley, "I will crave your grace's permission to plant such a mark as is used in the North Country, and welcome every brave yeoman who shall try a shot at it to win a smile from the bonny lass he loves best."

20. He then turned to leave the lists. "Let your guards attend me," he said, "if you please — I go but to cut a rod from the next willow bush."

Prince John made a signal that some attendants should follow him in case of his escape; but the cry of "Shame! shame!" from the multitude induced him to alter his ungenerous purpose.

21. Locksley returned almost instantly with a willow wand about six feet in length, perfectly straight, and rather thicker than a man's thumb. He began to peel this with great composure, observing at the same time that to ask a good woodsman to shoot at a target so broad as had hitherto been used was to put shame upon his skill.

22. "For his own part," he said, "and in the land where he was bred, men would as soon take for their mark King Arthur's round table, which held sixty knights around it. A child of seven years old," he said, "might hit yonder target with a headless shaft; but," added he, walking deliberately to the other end of the lists, and sticking the willow wand upright in the ground, "he that hits that rod at five score yards, I call him an archer fit to bear both bow and quiver before a king, an it were the stout King Richard himself."

23. "My grandsire," said Hubert, "drew a good bow at the battle of Hastings, and never shot at such a mark in his life — and neither will I. If

this yeoman can cleave that rod I give him the bucklers — or rather, I yield to the devil that is in his jerkin, and not to any human skill; a man can but do his best, and I will not shoot where I am sure to miss. I might as well shoot at the edge of our parson's whittle, or at a wheat straw, or at a sunbeam, as at a twinkling white streak which I can hardly see."

24. "Cowardly dog!" said Prince John. "Sirrah Locksley, do thou shoot; but if thou hittest such a mark, I will say thou art the first man ever did so. Howe'er it be, thou shalt not crow over us with a mere show of superior skill."

"I will do my best, as Hubert says," answered Locksley; "no man can do more."

25. So saying, he again bent his bow, but on the present occasion looked with attention to his weapon, and changed the string, which he thought was no longer truly round, having been a little frayed by the two former shots. He then took his aim with some deliberation, and the multitude awaited the event in breathless silence.

26. The archer justified their opinion of his skill: his arrow split the willow rod against which it was aimed. Acclamations followed; and even Prince John, in admiration of Locksley's skill, lost for an instant his dislike to his person.

27. "These twenty nobles," he said, "which, with

the bugle, thou hast fairly won, are thine own; we will make them fifty if thou wilt take livery and service with us as a yeoman of our bodyguard, and be near to our person. For never did so strong a hand bend a bow, or so true an eye direct a shaft."

28. "Pardon me, noble prince," said Locksley; "but I have vowed that if ever I take service it should be with your royal brother, King Richard. These twenty nobles I leave to Hubert, who has this day drawn as brave a bow as his grandsire did at Hastings. Had his modesty not refused the trial, he would have hit the wand as well as I."

29. Hubert shook his head as he received with reluctance the bounty of the stranger; and Locksley, anxious to escape further observation, mixed with the crowd, and was seen no more.

I. **Bal'drĭc**: a belt; usually a broad belt worn over one shoulder, across the breast, and under the opposite arm. **Sŷl'van**: of the woods. **Yeō'man**: a man free born. **Ăd vĕn'tūre**: risk; venture; try the chance of. **Mĕr'rў mĕn**: archers; a name frequently given to Robin Hood and his companions. **Nō'bles**: the noble was an old English gold coin, worth about a dollar and sixty cents. **Scourged**: whipped severely. **Prŏf'fĕr**: offer. **Crā'ven**: coward.

II. **Try conclusions**: make a trial or an experiment. **Sĭth**: an old word meaning since. **Clout**: the center of the target. **Mĕnd**: improve; help.

III. **Bŏn'nў**: pretty. **Ăn**: if, a word used by old English authors. **Bŭc'klĕrs**: shields. **Jĕr'kĭn**: a jacket or short coat. **Whĭt'tle**: a knife.

The Frigate and the Galleys

By A. T. Quiller-Couch

Arthur Thomas Quiller-Couch (1863——), an English novelist whose books are published under the pen name "Q." He has written "Dead Man's Rock," "The Splendid Spur," and other novels. This selection is from "The Blue Pavilions," copyrighted by Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons in 1891.

I

1. The frigate *Merry Maid* left Holland with her convoy of merchant vessels in line and in admirable order. The breeze was fair for England. A full moon rose over the sand banks behind them as Captain Barker sent the pilots ashore. He stood out to sea, for most of his merchant ships were slow sailers, and not a few were overladen. So clear was the night that he could not only count their thirty-six lanterns, but even see their canvas glimmering as they stole like ghosts in his wake.

2. He was delighted with the frigate and her crew, who were English to a man. Leaving the deck in charge of his friend, Captain Runacles, who was acting as his lieutenant, Barker descended to his cabin, where he remained until a sharp tap at the door aroused him.

3. "What is it?" he asked.

"Six French galleys to the south, between us and the Thames!" answered Captain Runacles, coolly.

Barker sprang up and hurried up on deck.

"So these are the galleys I've heard so much about," he remarked, taking up a glass, through which he eyed them intently for a couple of minutes.

4. "What do you propose, Jack?" said Runacles.

"Propose? Why, I propose to do what I'm here for — to save the convoy."

"That's very pretty. But do you know how fast those galleys can move?"

5. "No, I don't. But I know they can outpace us. Nevertheless, I'll save the convoy."

"How?"

"There's only one way."

6. "And that is —?"

"By losing the frigate."

Captain Barker turned briskly.

"Signal the convoy," he shouted, "to make all sail and run for the Thames."

7. For some little while the frigate held on her course for the mouth of the Thames. Not a sail more did she carry than when she first came in sight. It almost seemed as if her captain had not seen the enemy flying to destroy him. For thirty-five minutes she held quietly on beside her convoy. And then the helm was shifted, and she came down straight for the Frenchmen.

8. It was a gallant stroke, and a subtle — so subtle that the French commander mistook its meaning, and

gave a great shout of joy. He fancied he saw the English delivered into his hand. But he rejoiced too soon. To begin with, he perceived the next moment that the frigate, by hastening the attack, had caught his galley alone.

9. Four of his galleys had been sent off with all speed to place themselves between the merchantmen and the coast, and the remaining one, not having such a good crew of rowers as his own, was a league or more behind.

Still the commander was in no way disturbed. He never doubted for a moment that his galley alone, with two hundred fighting men aboard, would be more than a match for the frigate.

10. Down came the *Merry Maid*, closer and closer, her flag fluttering bravely; and on rushed the galley until the two were within cannon shot. The French commander gave the order, and sent a shot to meet her from one of the four guns in the prow. As the thunder of it died away and the smoke cleared, he waited for the Englishman's reply. There was none. The frigate held on her course, silent as death.

11. And then suddenly, when in three minutes the vessels must have come into collision, round flew the frigate's wheel; as her sails filled again, away she went on the westerly tack for her life.

12. Nothing gives more spirit than a flying enemy. From mouth to mouth ran the word that the English

were showing their heels, and in a moment the wretched slaves at the oars were pulling like madmen. Jeers rose from the deck.

13. "If the Englishman doesn't strike his flag within two minutes, down he goes to the bottom."

On board the frigate Captain Barker said four words only, "Take the wheel, Jemmy."

14. Captain Runacles stepped to it, and the steersman gave place. Though this was his first acquaintance with a galley, Barker knew well enough that she would strike for the frigate's stern as the weakest point. This was just what he wished her to do. He stood by the taffrail with one eye upon the galley and his face slightly turned toward his friend at the wheel. His right hand was lifted.

II

15. On came the French galley with yelling crew. A few more leaps and it would strike the frigate.

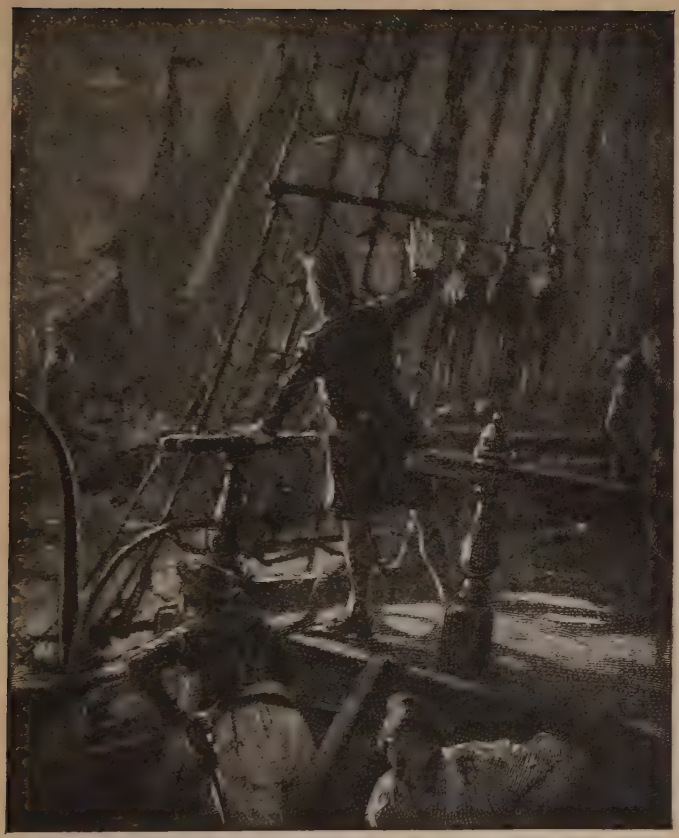
One — two —

The little English captain looked back in their faces and smiled.

Three — four — five —

He dropped his hand. Quick as lightning Captain Jemmy spun the wheel round. The stern swung sharply off.

16. The next moment the galley flew past. Her beak, missing the stern, rushed on, tearing great splinters



His right hand was lifted.

out of the *Merry Maid's* flank. Her starboard oars snapped like matchwood, hurling the slaves backward on their benches. Then she brought up, hopelessly disabled, right under the frigate's side.

17. And then at length the English cheer rang forth. In an instant the grappling irons were out,

and the frigate held her foe, clasped, caught. And at length, too, with a blinding flash and roar, the English guns spoke. A minute had done it all. Sixty seconds before, the gallant vessel had lain apparently at the Frenchman's mercy. Now the Frenchman was fastened, while the crowd upon deck stood as much exposed to the English fire as if the galley were a raft.

18. It was in this extremity that the French commander cast his eyes around, and found himself forced to do what Captain Barker from the first had meant him to do.

19. The four galleys that had started after the convoy were at this time sweeping along in rapid pursuit. In another five minutes the pathway to the Thames would be blocked, and all the merchant vessels at their mercy.

The Frenchman raised the flag of distress. He called them to his help.

20. A wild hurrah broke out from the crew of the frigate. The order meant their destruction; for how could the *Merry Maid* contend against six galleys? Yet they cheered, for they guessed what their captain had in his mind. And the little man's eyes sparkled as he heard.

21. As soon as the galleys saw their leader's signal, and turned unwillingly back from their chase, the capture of the *Merry Maid* became but a question of

time. The fight was hard. As the galleys closed round her, the first of the merchantmen was entering the Thames. Captain Barker cast a look round and touched his old friend's arm.

22. "Better get back to the forecastle, Jemmy, and intrench yourself." Captain Runacles nodded. "And you?" he asked.

"Oh! I'm going down to the cabin — first of all."

Captain Runacles nodded again. They looked straight into each other's eyes, shook hands, and parted.

23. The men of the *Merry Maid* could no longer keep the deck. She was hemmed in on every side, disabled by the fire of the enemy, and it only remained for the French to board her. Time after time they were driven back by Captain Runacles and his heroes, and it was only by laying open the deck of the frigate with axes, that the forecastle could be carried. When once aboard, the Frenchmen brought up their prisoners on deck — Captain Runacles with his right hand disabled.

24. "Are you the gallant captain of this frigate?" asked the French commander, taking off his hat.

"No, sir," Captain Runacles answered; "I have the honor to be his lieutenant."

25. Just then the report of a gun was heard, and two Frenchmen rushed upon deck from below, and

came forward hurriedly, one with a hand clapped to a wound in his shoulder.

26. "That," said Captain Runacles, "is probably Captain Barker. There is a shutter to his cabin-door."

"But this is silly," exclaimed the French commander, frowning.

27. "If you will excuse me, it is scarcely so silly as it looks. Captain Barker is within ten paces of the powder magazine. Moreover, between him and the powder magazine there is a door."

III

28. The French commander rushed aft to the companion ladder leading to the captain's cabin, and called on him to surrender.

"Go away!" answered a very surly voice from below.

"But, sir, consider. Your ship is in our hands—"

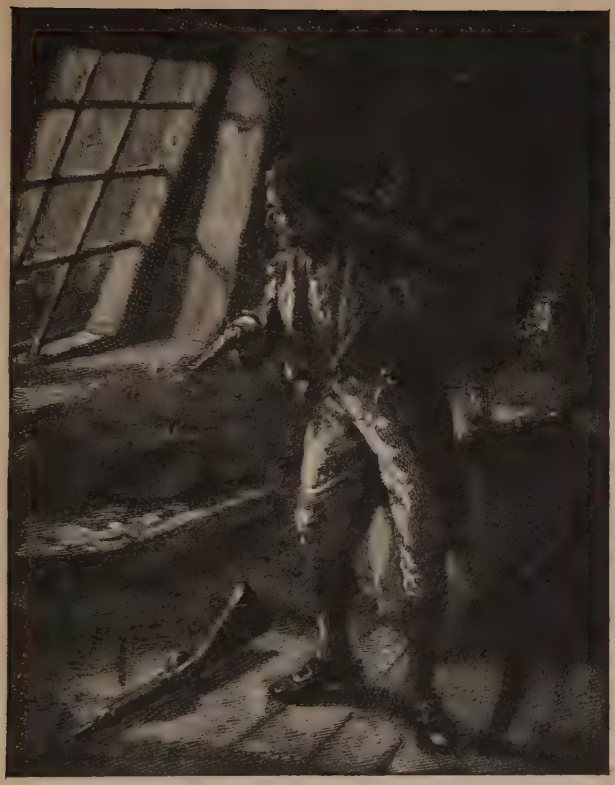
"Then come and take it."

29. "Your gallant officers have surrendered. You have behaved like a hero. Sir, it is magnificent — but come out."

"I shan't."

"But, sir, how can you help it?"

"Very simply. Time is of no concern to me. I have plenty of food and ammunition down here, and, if any man comes to take my sword, I shall kill him."



Captain Barker in the cabin

30. "You cannot kill five or six hundred."

"No; when I have done all I can, I shall fire the powder magazine."

"But, sir —"

It was absurd that one man should hold a ship against hundreds. Nevertheless, it was the case, and the Frenchman did not see his way out of it.

31. He determined to use decisive measures, and ordered twelve soldiers to advance to the cabin door, break it open, and overpower the Englishman.

The twelve men advanced as they were bidden. One was halfway down the ladder, with the others at his heels, when the report of a musket was heard; down he dropped with a ball in his leg.

32. The soldiers hesitated. Another shot followed. It was pretty clear that the besieged man had plenty of firearms loaded and ready. They scrambled up the steps again.

"It was all very well," they said; "but as they could only advance in single file, exposing their legs before they could use their arms, the Englishman from behind his barricade could shoot them down like sheep."

33. The French commander reproached them for their cowardice. He was about to order them down again when a door slammed below, and Captain Barker's head appeared at the top of the ladder.

"Which of you's the French captain?"

The commander lifted his hat.

"Humph!"

34. He stepped up on deck, and the French officers drew back in amazement. They looked at this man who had defied them for nearly an hour. They had expected to see a giant. Instead, they saw a tiny man of twisted shape, pale of face, and with glaring

eyes, who looked them all over with a grim smile as he limped along to deliver his sword to their commander.

35. Working his jaw, as a man who has to swallow a bitter pill which sticks in his mouth, he held out his sword without ceremony.

"Here you are," he said. "I've done with it; can't waste words."

36. "Sir," the Frenchman answered, bowing, "believe me, I receive it with little pleasure. The victory is ours, no doubt; but the honor of it you have wrested from us. Sir, I am a Frenchman, but I am a sailor, too, and my heart swells over such a feat as yours. Let me remind you that your present captivity is but the fortune of war, against which you have struggled bravely: that your self-sacrifice has saved your fleet."

37. "Humph." said the little man; "fine talk, sir, — fine talk. As for the ships, I saw the last of them slip into the Thames, ten minutes since, from my cabin window. Sorry to keep you parleying so long; but couldn't come out before."

He blew his nose violently, cocked his head on one side, and added, —

"Though to be sure, sir, your words are very kind."

38. The Frenchman, with a pleasant smile, held out his sword to him.

"Take it back, sir — take back a weapon no man better deserves to wear. Forget that you are my prisoner; and, if I may beg it, remember rather that you are my friend."

39. The face of the little captain flushed crimson. He hesitated, took back the sword clumsily, and hesitated again; then swiftly held out his hand to the French commander, with a smile as beautiful as his body was deformed.

"Sir, you have beaten me. I fought your men for a while, but I can't stand up against this."

I. **Frĭg′ăte**: a war vessel smaller than a ship of the line. **Wāke**: the track, especially that left by a vessel in the water. **Găl′leў**: a war vessel propelled by oars. **Tăf′răl**: the rail around a ship's stern; the upper part of the stern.

II. **Grăp′plĭng irons**: hooked irons used for seizing and holding fast a ship or other object. **Fōre′căs′tle** [sailors say *fŏk″s`l*], the forward part of a ship. **In trĕnch′**: to make defensible against attack.

III. **Aft**: to the stern of a ship. **Sûr′lў**: rough; ill natured. **Păr′leў ĭng**: discussing; treating with an enemy as to terms of peace, etc.

Abou Ben Adhem

By Leigh Hunt

James Henry Leigh Hunt (1784–1859). An English poet and essayist. His writings are less memorable than his friendship with Keats and Shelley, as also with Lamb, Byron, Moore, Coleridge, Dickens, and Carlyle. He is the author of "The Feast of the Poets," "The Story of Rimini," "Imagination and Fancy," "Wit and Humor," "Stories of the Italian Poets," etc.

Abou Ben Adhem (may his tribe increase!)
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
And saw within the moonlight in his room,
Making it rich and like a lily in bloom,
An angel writing in a book of gold:
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,
And to the Presence in the room he said,
"What writest thou?" — The vision raised its head,
And, with a look made of all sweet accord,
Answered, — "The names of those who love the Lord."
"And is mine one?" said Abou; "Nay, not so,"
Replied the angel. — Abou spoke more low,
But cheerly still; and said, "I pray thee, then,
Write me as one that loves his fellow-men."

The angel wrote and vanished. The next night
It came again with a great wakening light,
And showed the names whom love of God had blessed —
And, lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest!

WORD LIST

à bŏm′ĭ nà ble. Hateful.

ăd hē′sĭve. Sticky.

ăd vĕn′tūre. Risk; venture; try the chance of.

ăd vĕr′sĭ tў. Trouble; misfortune.

ăd′vŏ cāte. One who pleads the cause of another.

ăf fĕct′ĕd. Used by Lamb with its old meaning of liked, favored.

à fōre′tīme. Before.

åft. The stern of a ship.

à *gh*åst′. Frightened; terrified.

ăg′ĭ tāt ĕd. Disturbed; excited.

à grà′. An Irish term of endearment.

à lo͞of′. Away; at a distance.

à mĕnd*ṣ*′. Reward for a loss or injury.

Ä′mĭ ens (ăn*g*).

ăn. If; a word used by old English authors.

à nŏn′ў mo͝us lў. Without the name of the author.

ăn′thĕm. A song or hymn.

ăp păr′ĕl. Clothing.

ăp plĭ cā′tion (shŭn). Earnest effort; close attention.

ăt′tĭ tūde. Position.

ạu dăç′ĭ tў. Daring; venturesomeness.

ạug mĕnt′ĭng. Increasing.

à vĭck′. My dear.

băf′fled. Defeated; prevented from carrying out a purpose.

bạl′drĭc. A belt; usually, a broad belt worn over one shoulder, across the breast, and under the opposite arm.

băl′lad*ṣ*. Poems adapted for recitation or singing.

bär. Hinder.

bär′bà ro͝us. Cruel.

bà rŏm′ĕ tĕr. An instrument for finding out the weight or pressure of the atmosphere, in order to learn the probable changes of weather or the height of an ascent.

băr′racks. Buildings in which soldiers are lodged.

băr rĭ cā′dŏed. Defended with a barrier.

bĕn ĕ făc′tor. One who confers favors.

Bĕr′sĕrk. A berserker; in Norse mythology, a hero mad with the rage of battle.

bĕ sô*ught*′. Begged.

blåst′ĕd. Blighted.

bŏn′ nў. Pretty.

Bôr′ dĕr, the. The districts of Scotland and England which adjoin.

brāve. Excellent; fine,—an old use of the word.

bŭc cà nēer*ṣ*′. Pirates; sea robbers, especially those who attacked the Spanish in America in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries.

bŭc'klẽrş. Shields.

bûrg*h*'ẽrş. Citizens; inhabitants.

Căl'*a*ïs.

cà lăm'ĭ tïeş. Great misfortunes.

cạl'drŏn. A large kettle.

cản tă'tă. A poem set to music.

Chăt tà hōō'chēe. A river of Georgia.

chĕr'ŭb. An angel.

Chinese roof. A high, peaked roof.

çhĭv'al roŭs. Knightly, heroic.

chōreş. The regular light work of a household or farm.

chûrl'ĭsh. Rude.

clŏm*b*. Climbed.

clout. The center of the target.

cŏm pĭ lā'tion (shŭn). A book made of materials gathered from other writings.

cŏn. Study.

cŏn'cāve. Hollow and rounded, — said of the inside of a curved surface or line, in opposition to *convex*.

cŏn çē*iv*'à ble. That may be thought of or imagined.

cŏn spĭc'ŭ *o*ŭs lў. Easily to be seen; showily.

cŏn'vĕx. Rising into a rounded form, — said of a curved surface or line when viewed from without, in opposition to *concave*.

cŏn'voy. An escort to guide or protect.

cōpe. Meet.

côr dĭ ăl'ĭ tў. Heartiness.

côr'mŏ rant. A sea bird.

côr'sâir. Pirate.

couch. Lie, as upon a bed.

coun'tẽr feĭt ĕd. Changed with a view to deceiving.

coun'tẽr pärt. Copy; a person or thing closely resembling another.

cōurt'iers (yẽrs). Gentlemen in attendance at the court of a prince.

cōurt'lў. Polite; elegant.

crănş. The cran is a Scotch measure for fresh herring, — as many as will fill a barrel.

crā'ven. Coward.

Cré'cy (crĕs sĭ).

crĕv'ĭç ĕş. Narrow openings; cracks.

crown. An English silver coin worth about a dollar and twenty cents.

crụ sād'ẽrş. Men who joined the expeditions undertaken in the Middle Ages by Christian nations for the recovery of the Holy Land from the Turks.

cŭd'dïeş. A Scotch name for the coalfish or pollock.

cui rassed' (kwẽ răst). Wearing a cuirass, — a piece of defensive armor covering the body from the neck to the girdle.

dăft. Foolish; insane.

dēemed. Thought.

dẽ fī'ant lў. Showing a disposition to resist.

dē'ĭ tў. God.

dĕlft. Earthenware made at the city of Delft in Holland, or ware in imitation of that.

dẽ lū'sion (zhŭn). Deception; cheat.

dẽ pōşe'. Dethrone; remove from office.

dĕp rĭ vā'tion (shŭn). Loss; bereavement.

dẽ scrȳ'ĭng. Seeing; discovering.

dĕs'ō lāt ĭng. Laying waste.

dĕs pĕr ā'tion (shŭn). Despair; recklessness.

dė spŏnd'ent. Low spirited; hopeless.

dė vīse'. Plan.

dė vīṣ'ĭng. Planning; inventing.

dĕv ō tē'. One who is wholly devoted.

dĭnt. A blow; the mark left by a blow; also force or power, especially, as in this phrase, "by dint of."

dĭs pĕrse'. Drive away; scatter.

dĭs sĕm'ble. Pretend not to be what one really is.

dĭ vīneṣ'. Priests; clergymen.

dōle'fụl. Full of dole or grief; sad.

Drake, Sir Francis (1540?–1596). An English navigator.

dûrst. Dared.

ĕc'stą sy. Delight; rapture.

ĕd'ĭ ble. Eatable; fit to be used as food.

ĕl dō rą'dō. The golden country; a name given by the Spaniards in the sixteenth century to an imaginary country in the interior of South America, said to abound in gold and gems.

ė mā'ci āt ĕd. Very lean; thin. (shĭ)

ĕm bąt'tled. Arranged in order of battle; prepared or armed for battle.

ĕn grōssed'. Occupied wholly.

ĕn joined'. Ordered.

ė nôr'moŭs. Very large.

ĕn thrąlled'. Enslaved.

ĕn thū'ṣĭ ąṣm. Joyful excitement.

ĕn vī'rōned. Surrounded.

ė rŭp'tion (shŭn). A violent throwing out of flames, lava, etc., as from a volcano or a fissure in the earth.

ĕr y sĭp'ė las. A disease of the skin.

ĕx ė cū'tion (shŭn). As a law term, the carrying into effect the judgment given in a court of law.

ĕx'ĭleṣ. People who are sent away from their homes or who have separated themselves from their home.

ĕx tĕnd'. Stretch out.

ĕx tĭnct'. Put out; extinguished.

fāin. Glad; contented.

făn tăs'tĭc. Fanciful; queer.

făr'çĭ cal. Ridiculous.

făr'thĭng. A small copper coin of Great Britain, equal in value to half a cent.

făsh'ioned. Made; gave shape or figure to.

făth'ŏmṣ. The fathom is a measure of length containing six feet, — used chiefly in measuring cables and the depth of water.

fĕn. Marsh.

flāil. An instrument for threshing or beating out grain.

flŭx. Flow.

fōre'cās tle (sailors say fōk's'l). The forward part of a ship.

forkéd heads. Arrows.

for to. In order to; an expression now little used.

fowl'ĭng pĭēçe. A light gun used in killing birds and other small game.

frĭg'ąte. A war vessel smaller than a ship of the line.

Frobisher, Sir Martin (1535–1594). An English navigator.

Frois'särt (1337–1410?). A French author who wrote an entertaining history of his own times.

fūmęs. Vapors; smoke.

fūsęd. Melted; made fluid.

fū tĭl'ĭ tў. Uselessness.

găl'leў. A war vessel propelled by oars.

gēar. Clothing; armor.

ġē ō mĕt'rĭc. According to geometry,—the branch of mathematics which treats of solids, surfaces, lines, and angles.

ġĕr'fąl con. Gyrfalcon; a large Arctic falcon.

Gilbert, Sir Humphrey (1539?–1584). An English navigator.

go͝od'lĭ ĕr. Better looking; more agreeable.

gôr'ġeoŭs. Fine; magnificent.

grăp'plĭng irons (ī'ŭrnz). Hooked irons used for seizing and holding fast ships or other objects.

griēv'anċe. Trouble; grief.

hăb ĭ tā'tion (shŭn). Dwelling.

hănd'ĭ cráft. A trade requiring skill of hand.

haugh'tĭ lў. Proudly; in an overbearing manner.

Hawkins, Sir John (1532–1595). An English naval commander.

hĕif'ĕr. A young cow.

hĕl'mĕt. A defensive covering for the head. The helmet was often adorned with a crest,—a plume of feathers or other decoration to show the rank of the wearer.

hĕrd'ş'grâss. A kind of grass much used for hay.

hōar'ў. White, usually with age.

ĭm môr'tal. Undying.

ĭm pärt'. Make known; share.

ĭm pĕn'ĭ tent. Not sorry.

ĭm pē'rĭ oŭs. Commanding; overbearing.

ĭn ĕx'plĭ cá ble. That cannot be explained.

ĭn'flŭx. A flowing in.

ĭn spĕc'tion (shŭn). A close examination.

ĭn trĕnch'. Make defensible against attack.

ĭn vĕc'tĭve lў. With severe blame; reproachfully.

ĭn vŏl'ŭn tâ rў. Not under the control of the will; unwilling.

ĭr ĭ dĕs'ċent. Having colors like the rainbow.

ĭrks. Pains; vexes—used impersonally.

ĭr rĕ prĕss'ĭ ble. That cannot be repressed or controlled.

jăg. A notch; a cleft.

jĕr'kĭn. A jacket or short coat.

Kă pĭ ō lă'nĭ.

Kĭ lau ę'ă.

King Arthur. A hero king of Britain, said to have lived in the sixth century.

Knox, Henry (1750–1806). An American Revolutionary general.

Lȧ Hōgue'.

lär'ġĕss. Bounty; gift.

lāv'ĭng. Bathing.

lēe'ward. In the direction towards which the wind blows.

loy'al tў. Faithfulness; especially to one's king or government.

lū'mĭ nŏŭs. Very bright; shining.

lūres. Attractions.

lŭx ū'rĭ ŏŭs. Given to the pleasure of the senses; indulging in unrestrained delight and freedom.

Mā bĭ nō'gĭ on. A series of Welsh tales, chiefly about King Arthur and his knights.

măg ā zīne'. A storehouse. The word is sometimes used for the things kept in a storehouse.

māin. The sea.

mā'jor dō'mō. A man employed to manage domestic affairs and to act within certain limits as master of the house.

măl ē făc'tor. An evil doer.

măn'dāte. Order.

măn'ĭ fōld. Many.

măn'or house. A country house of some importance.

mā raud'ĕrs. Plunderers.

măr'ĭ nĕrs. Sailors.

măt'tĕr. Affairs worthy of account; things of importance or interest.

mā vour'nēen. My darling.

mĕl'ăn chŏl ў. Sad.

mĕnd. Improve; help.

mĕr ĭ tō'rĭ ŏŭs. Possessing merit.

mĕr'rў mĕn. Archers,—a name frequently given to Robin Hood and his companions.

mē'tĕrs. Poetical measures depending on number, quantity, and accent of syllables; verses.

mĭm'ĭc rў. Imitation; likeness.

mĭ nūte'. Very small.

mĭz'zen. The hindmost sail of a three-masted ship.

mŏn'ăs tĕr ў. A house of religious retirement; a convent.

mōōred. Fixed in place, as by anchor.

moralize this spectacle. Make moral reflections on this sight.

mŭl tĭ tū'dĭ nŏŭs. Very many.

mўr'ĭ ad. A very great number; the word at first meant ten thousand.

mўs tē'rĭ ŏŭs lў. In a way difficult or impossible to understand.

nō'bles. The noble was an old English gold coin worth about a dollar and sixty cents.

nôr'mal. Natural; ordinary.

nŭp'tials (shals). Marriage.

ŏm'ĭ nŏŭs. Foreshowing good or evil, usually evil.

ôr nāte'. Decorated; beautiful.

păç'ĭ fīed. Made to be at peace.

pär'leў ĭng. Discussing; treating with an enemy, as to terms of peace, etc.

Pe'le.

pĕl'lĭ cle. Thin film or skin.

pĕn'ĭ tençe. Sorrow for sins or faults.

Percy, Thomas (1729–1811). An English clergyman who collected and published early English poems.

pĕr'ĕmp tō rў. Positive; commanding.

pĕr pĕt'ū al lў. Constantly.

pĕr tûrbed'. Disturbed; troubled.

pĕt'rĭ fīed. Changed, as an animal or vegetable substance, into stone.

pīe. Magpie.

pieces of eight. Spanish coins worth about a dollar.

Pī'şä. A city of Italy.

Pisa's leaning miracle. The famous leaning tower of Pisa.

plīght'ĕd. Pledged; promised.

poiṣed. Balanced.

Poitiers (pwȧ'tĭ ā).

pōrt'ȧ ble. That can be carried.

pōr'talṣ. Gates.

pŏr tĕnt'. A sign, especially of evil.

pōs'tūre. Position.

prē'çĕpts. Commands; rules of action.

prė sĕn'tĭ ment. Foreboding; impression that something unpleasant is about to happen.

prĭṣ măt'ĭc colors. The colors into which light is resolved when passed through a prism.

prĭ mē'val. Original; belonging to the first ages.

prŏf'fĕr. Offer.

proph'ė sȳ. Foretell.
(prŏf)

quĕr'ŭ loŭs. Expressing complaint.

quōth. Said.

răck. Thin, flying, broken clouds.

rĕc ŏn çĭl ĭ ā'tion (shŭn). Reunion; renewal of friendship.

rė dēem'. Rescue; buy back.

rĕp'tĭleṣ. Animals that crawl, as snakes, lizards, etc.

req ui si'tion (rĕk wĭ zĭsh ŭn). Requirement; need.

rė ṣīgn'. Submit; give up.

rė tāin'. Keep.

rhўthm. Measured beat; movement in musical time.

rĭg'gĭng. The ropes which support the masts of a ship and serve to manage the sails, etc.

Roses, War of the. An English civil war in the fifteenth century, —so called because the rival parties took as emblems the red and the white rose.

rŭm'măġ ĭng. Searching closely.

săc'rĭ lĕġe. The sin of profaning sacred things; impiety.

Sā'gȧ. A legend or heroic story among the Norsemen and kindred people.

sȧ gā'cious (shŭs). Wise.

St. George. The patron saint of England.

sāithe. The pollock or coalfish.

săn'tū ă rў. A place of refuge; a sacred place.

săn'guĭne. Red.

săt'ū rā tĕd. Soaked.

scăld. A reciter and singer of heroic poems among the Norsemen.

scär. A steep rocky place; a bare place on the side of a mountain.

scoûrġed. Whipped severely.

screw'jăck. A jack screw; a ma-
(scrų) chine for lifting heavy weights by means of a screw.

sė cū'rĭ tў. Safety.

sēeth'ĭng. Boiling; being in a state of violent commotion.

sēine. A large fishing net.

sė quĕs'tĕred. Retired; set apart.

sė rēne'lў. Calmly.

sĕv'ered. Separated.

sĭg'nĭ fў ĭng. Meaning.

sĭm'ĭ lēş. Comparisons; words by which a thing is likened to something else.

sīre. Lord or master; a title of respect used in addressing a king.

sĭth. An old word meaning since.

skạw. Headland.

skĭd. An iron clog or hook fastened to a chain and placed under a wagon wheel to keep it from turning when going down a steep hill.

skōal. A Norse word meaning hail.

sôr'çĕr ĕr. A magician.

spär. A general term for any round piece of timber used as a mast, yard, etc.

spĕll. A charm.

spher'ūle. A little sphere.

(sfĕr)

sprĭt'sāil. A sail extended by a small pole.

stăn'chion (shŭn). A bar for confining cattle in a stall.

stā'tion ă rў. Not moving; fixed.

(shŭn)

sŭb sĭst'ençe. Means of support; livelihood.

sŭbtle. Artful and refined.

sŭc çĕs'sor. One who takes the place of another; follower.

sure'tў. A bondsman; one who is

(shụr) answerable for another.

sûr'lў. Rough; ill-natured.

Sўb'ă rĭs. A Greek colony noted for the luxury of its inhabitants.

sўl'van. Of the woods.

sўm'mĕ trў. Beautiful proportion; due relation of the parts to the whole.

tă bōō'. A superstition, formerly common in the Polynesian Islands, which forbade people to have anything to do with certain persons and things.

tăf'rāil. The rail around the ship's stern or the upper part of the stern.

tăm'pĕr ĭng. Meddling; making little experiments with.

tĕs'tă ment. Will.

thōle'pĭnş. Wooden or metal pins set in the side of a boat to support the oars in rowing.

thwạrts. Seats in a boat reaching athwart it: that is, from one side to the other.

tra di'tion (trà dĭsh ŭn). Knowledge or belief handed down by word of mouth.

trănş'pōrts. Great delights.

trạwl. Take fish with a trawl or large bag net.

try conclusions. Make a trial or an experiment.

ŭn cŏn ġēn'ial (yal). Not adapted to; not in sympathy with.

ŭn cŏn'scious lў. Not purposely; (shŭs) without being aware of.

ŭn cọuth'. Strange.

ŭnc'tion (shŭn). Religious zeal; strong devotion.

ŭn tā'ĭnt'ĕd. Pure; uncorrupted.

ŭn wī'ēld'ў. Unmanageable; not easily managed or carried.

ŭp hēave'. Raise.

vĕrġe. Edge.

vĕr'ĭ lў. Certainly; in fact.

vī'kĭng. One belonging to the pirate crews from among the Norsemen, who plundered the coasts of Europe in the eighth, ninth, and tenth centuries.

Vĭr'ġil (B.C. 70–19). A great Roman poet.

vŏl'ŭn tȧ rў. Subject to or controlled by the will.

vō'tĭve. Devoted; given in fulfillment of a vow.

wāke. A track, especially that left by a vessel in the water.

Wạr'wĭck.

wạs'sa̤il bout. A drinking revel, so called from an old expression of good wishes, *Wes hal*, Health be to you, in drinking to some one.

Wạ'tẽr lo̅o̅. A great battle fought in 1815 in which the French were defeated by the allied forces of the English and Prussians.

wēre'wolf (wu̯lf). According to old superstition, a person who had been changed into a wolf.

whĭt'tle. A knife.

wi̯ēld. Use; handle.

wrapt not in Eastern balms. In Egypt and other Eastern countries it was once the custom to embalm the bodies of the dead, — that is, to preserve them by the use of certain oils and spices.

yärd̤. Long pieces of timber tapering towards the ends, used to support and extend the sails.

yeō'man. A man free born.

Phonic Chart

Vowels

ā *as in* hāte
ă̄ *as in* senăte
ă *as in* hăt
ä *as in* färe
ą *as in* ąll
å *as in* åsk
â *as in* câre
ē *as in* mē
ė̄ *as in* bėlieve
ĕ *as in* mĕt
ē *as in* hēr
ī *as in* pīne
ĭ *as in* ĭdea
ǐ *as in* pǐn
ī *as in* sīr
ō *as in* nōte
ŏ *as in* viŏlet
ŏ *as in* nŏt
ū *as in* tūbe
ŭ̄ *as in* pictŭre
ŭ *as in* tŭb
ụ *as in* pụll
û *as in* fûr
oi, oy *as in* oil, toy
ou, ow *as in* out, now
o͞o *as in* mo͞on
o͝o *as in* fo͝ot

Equivalents

ą=ŏ *as in* whąt
ę=ā *as in* thęy
ê=â *as in* thêre
ï=ē *as in* polïce
ĭ=ē *as in* bĭrd
ọ=o͞o *as in* dọ
ọ=o͝o *or* ụ *as in* wọman
ô=ą *as in* hôrse
ȯ=ŭ *as in* sȯn
ȳ=ī *as in* flȳ
y̆=ĭ *as in* hy̆mn

Consonants

c *as in* call
ç *as in* çent
ch *as in* chase
ȼh *as in* ȼhorus
çh *as in* çhaise
g *as in* get
ġ *as in* ġem
s *as in* same
s̱ *as in* has̱
th *as in* thin
th *as in* this
n̰ (=ng) *as in* in̰k
x (=ks) *as in* vex
x̱ (=gs) *as in* ex̱ist

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[1]

PREFACE

It is believed that the Graded Literature Readers will commend themselves to thoughtful teachers by their careful grading, their sound methods, and the variety and literary character of their subject-matter.

They have been made not only in recognition of the growing discontent with the selections in the older readers, but also with an appreciation of the value of the educational features which many of those readers contained. Their chief points of divergence from other new books, therefore, are their choice of subject-matter and their conservatism in method.

A great consideration governing the choice of all the selections has been that they shall interest children. The difficulty of learning to read is minimized when the interest is aroused.

School readers, which supply almost the only reading of many children, should stimulate a taste for good literature and awaken interest in a wide range of subjects.

In the Graded Literature Readers good literature has been presented as early as possible, and the classic tales and fables, to which constant allusion is made in literature and daily life, are largely used.

Nature study has received due attention. The lessons on scientific subjects, though necessarily simple at first, preserve always a strict accuracy.

The careful drawings of plants and animals, and the illustrations in color — many of them photographs from nature — will be attractive to the pupil and helpful in connection with nature study.

No expense has been spared to maintain a high standard in the illustrations, and excellent engravings of masterpieces are given throughout the series with a view to quickening appreciation of the best in art.

These books have been prepared with the hearty sympathy and very practical assistance of many distinguished educators in different parts of the country, including some of the most successful teachers of reading in primary, intermediate, and advanced grades.

INTRODUCTION

The selections in this Sixth Reader are a moderate, but distinct, advance over those in the Fifth Reader, in thought, in language, and in literary construction.

The teacher may now place increased emphasis on the literary side of the reading, pointing out beauties of language and thought, and endeavoring to create an interest in the books from which the selections are taken. Pupils will be glad to know something about the lives of the authors whose works they are reading, and will welcome the biographical sketches throughout the book. These can be made the basis of further biographical study at the discretion of the teacher.

The word lists at the end of the selections contain all necessary explanations of the text. For convenience, the more difficult words, with definitions and complete diacritical markings, are grouped together in the vocabulary at the end of the book.

A basal series of readers can do little more than broadly outline a course in reading, relying on the teacher to carry it forward. If a public library is within reach, the children should be encouraged to use it; if not, the school should exert every effort to accumulate a school library of standard works to which the pupils may have ready access.

The primary purpose of a reading book is to give pupils the mastery of the printed page, but through oral reading it also becomes a source of valuable training of the vocal organs. Almost every one finds pleasure in listening to good reading. Many feel that the power to give this pleasure comes only as a natural gift, but an analysis of the art shows that with practice any normal child may acquire it. The qualities which

are essential to good oral reading may be considered in three groups:

First — An agreeable voice and clear articulation, which, although possessed by many children naturally, may also be cultivated.

Second — Correct inflection and emphasis, with that due regard for rhetorical pauses which will appear whenever a child fully understands what he is reading and is sufficiently interested in it to lose his self-consciousness.

Third — Proper pronunciation, which can be acquired only by association or by direct teaching.

Clear articulation implies accurate utterance of each syllable and a distinct termination of one syllable before another is begun.

Frequent drill on pronunciation and articulation before or after the reading lesson will be found profitable in teaching the proper pronunciation of new words and in overcoming faulty habits of speech.

Attention should be called to the omission of unaccented syllables in such words as *history* (not *histry*), *valuable* (not *valuble*), and to the substitution of *unt* for *ent*, *id* for *ed*, *iss* for *ess*, *unce* for *ence*, *in* for *ing*, in such words as *moment*, *delighted*, *goodness*, *sentence*, *walking*. Pupils should also learn to make such distinctions as appear between *u* long, as in *duty*, and *u* after *r*, as in *rude;* between *a* as in *hat*, *a* as in *far*, and *a* as in *ask*.

The above hints are suggestive only. The experienced teacher will devise for herself exercises fitting special cases which arise in her own work. It will be found that the best results are secured when the interest of the class is sustained and when the pupil who is reading aloud is made to feel that it is his personal duty and privilege to arouse and hold this interest by conveying to his fellow-pupils, in an acceptable manner, the thought presented on the printed page.

CONTENTS

		PAGE
Among the Shoals	James Fenimore Cooper	9
Rain in Summer	Henry Wadsworth Longfellow	22
A Drop of Water on its Travels	Arabella Buckley	25
A Rill from the Town Pump	Nathaniel Hawthorne	32
Daffodils	William Wordsworth	39
The Capture of Ticonderoga	Ethan Allen	41
To a Waterfowl	William Cullen Bryant	44
Gulliver in Lilliput	Jonathan Swift	46
The Two Breaths	Charles Kingsley	60
Psalm xciii.		67
The Lady of Shalott	Alfred, Lord Tennyson	68
The Fall of the Leaf	Mary Russell Mitford	76
The First News Message by Telegraph	Stephen Vail	83
The Shell	Alfred, Lord Tennyson	87
The Cratchits' Christmas Dinner	Charles Dickens	88
Speech in the Virginia Convention	Patrick Henry	96
Each and All	Ralph Waldo Emerson	101
Moses Goes to the Fair	Oliver Goldsmith	103
Winning the Victoria Cross	Rudyard Kipling	109
The Charge of the Light Brigade	Alfred, Lord Tennyson	116
Poor Richard's Sayings	Benjamin Franklin	119
The Uses of Mountains	John Ruskin	121

		PAGE
The American Flag	Joseph Rodman Drake	129
The Marvelous Tower	Washington Irving	132
Sonnet Composed upon Westminster Bridge	William Wordsworth	144
An Account of Indian Customs	John Smith	144
Work	Thomas Carlyle	152
Mr. Winkle on Skates	Charles Dickens	154
The Chambered Nautilus	Oliver Wendell Holmes	160
About the Stars	Camille Flammarion	163
To the Evening Star	William Blake	168
Home-Thoughts from Abroad	Robert Browning	169
Story of a Stone	David Starr Jordan	170
To a Skylark	Percy Bysshe Shelley	178
Sir Kenneth and the Flag	Sir Walter Scott	183
Song on a May Morning	John Milton	204
Good Books	John Ruskin	205
Silvia	William Shakspere	211
Wonders of the Deep Sea	Theodore Wood	212
Sir Galahad	Alfred, Lord Tennyson	221
On American Taxation	William Pitt, Earl of Chatham	226
In Praise of Wisdom	Proverbs	230
Storming a Mexican Temple	William Hickling Prescott	232
The Poet	Ralph Waldo Emerson	236
The Landing of Columbus and his Return to Spain	Washington Irving	237

CLASSIFIED CONTENTS

Stories:

Among the Shoals
Gulliver in Lilliput
The Cratchits' Christmas Dinner
Moses Goes to the Fair
The Marvelous Tower
Mr. Winkle on Skates
Sir Kenneth and the Flag

History and Adventure:

The Capture of Ticonderoga
Speech in the Virginia Convention
Winning the Victoria Cross
An Account of Indian Customs
On American Taxation
Storming a Mexican Temple
The Landing of Columbus

Nature Study and Science:

A Drop of Water on its Travels
The Two Breaths
The Fall of the Leaf
The First News Message by Telegraph
The Uses of Mountains
About the Stars
Story of a Stone
Wonders of the Deep Sea

Poems:

Rain in Summer
Daffodils
The American Flag
To a Waterfowl
The Lady of Shalott
The Shell
The Charge of the Light Brigade
Each and All
Sonnet Composed upon Westminster Bridge
Sir Galahad
The Chambered Nautilus
To the Evening Star
Home - Thoughts from Abroad
To a Skylark
Song on a May Morning
Silvia
The Poet

Miscellaneous:

A Rill from the Town Pump
Psalm xciii.
Poor Richard's Sayings
Work
Good Books
In Praise of Wisdom

SIXTH READER

Among the Shoals

By J. F. Cooper

James Fenimore Cooper (1789–1851): A famous American novelist. His best novels describe backwoods and seafaring life, with both of which Cooper's early experiences had made him familiar. The most popular of these stories are "Deerslayer," "The Last of the Mohicans," and "The Pilot."

This selection is from "The Pilot," the best of Cooper's sea novels. The scene is laid during the American Revolution, and John Paul Jones, the hero of so many Revolutionary seafights, is one of the characters in the story.

I

As the first mist of the gale passed over, it was succeeded by a faint light that was a good deal aided by the glittering foam of the waters, which now broke in white curls around the vessel in every direction. The land could be faintly discerned, rising like a heavy bank of black fog, above the margin of the waters, and was only distinguishable from the heavens by its deeper gloom and obscurity. The last rope was coiled and deposited in its proper place by the seamen, and for several minutes the stillness

of death pervaded the crowded decks. It was evident to every one that their ship was dashing at a prodigious rate through the waves, and was approaching with velocity the quarter of the bay where the shoals and dangers were known to be situated.

"Tack your ship, sir, tack your ship," said the pilot to Griffith; "I would see how she works before we reach the point where she must behave well or we perish."

Griffith gazed after him, while the pilot gave forth the cheering order that called each man to his station to perform the desired evolution. The helm was no sooner put alee, than the huge ship bore up gallantly against the wind, and, dashing directly through the waves, threw the foam high into the air, as she looked boldly into the very eye of the wind; and then, yielding gracefully to its power, she fell off on the other tack, with her head pointed from those dangerous shoals that she had so recently approached with such terrifying velocity. The heavy yards swung round, as if they had been vanes to indicate the currents of the air; and in a few moments the frigate again moved with stately progress through the water, leaving the rocks and shoals behind her on one side of the bay, but advancing toward those that offered equal danger on the other.

During this time the sea was becoming more agitated, and the violence of the wind was gradually

increasing. The latter no longer whistled amid the cordage of the vessel, but it seemed to howl surlily as it passed the complicated machinery that the frigate obtruded in its path. An endless succession of white surges rose above the heavy billows, and the very air was glittering with the light that was disengaged from the ocean. The ship yielded each moment more and more before the storm, and in less than half an hour from the time that she had lifted her anchor she was driven along with tremendous fury by the full power of a gale of wind. Still the hardy and experienced mariners who directed her movements, held her to the course that was necessary to their preservation, and still Griffith gave forth, when directed by their unknown pilot, those orders that turned her in the narrow channel where alone safety was to be found.

So far the performance of his duty appeared easy to the stranger, and he gave the required directions in those still, calm tones that formed so remarkable a contrast to the responsibility of his situation. But when the land was becoming dim in distance as well as darkness, and the agitated sea alone was to be discovered as it swept by them in foam, he broke in upon the monotonous roaring of the tempest with the sound of his voice, seeming to rouse himself to the occasion.

"Now is the time to watch her closely, Mr. Grif-

fith," he cried; "here we get the true tide and the real danger. Place the best quartermaster of your ship in those chains, and let an officer stand by him and see that he gives us the right water."

"I will take that office on myself," said the captain; "pass a light into the weather main chains."

"Stand by your braces!" exclaimed the pilot, with startling quickness. "Heave away that lead!"

These preparations taught the crew to expect the crisis, and every officer and man stood in fearful silence at his assigned station, awaiting the issue of the trial. Even the quartermaster gave out his orders to the men at the wheel in deeper and hoarser tones than usual, as if anxious not to disturb the quiet and order of the vessel.

While this deep expectation pervaded the frigate the piercing cry of the leadsman, as he called "by the mark seven," rose above the tempest, crossed over the decks, and appeared to pass away to leeward, borne on the blast like the warnings of some water-spirit.

"'Tis well," returned the pilot calmly; "try it again."

The short pause was succeeded by another cry, "and a half-five!"

"She shoals! she shoals!" exclaimed Griffith; "keep her a good full."

"Aye! you must hold the vessel in command

now," said the pilot, with those cool tones that are most appalling in critical moments, because they seem to denote most preparation and care.

The third call, "by the deep four!" was followed by a prompt direction from the stranger to tack.

Griffith seemed to emulate the coolness of the pilot, in issuing the necessary orders to execute this maneuver.

The vessel rose slowly from the inclined position into which she had been forced by the tempest, and the sails were shaking violently, as if to release themselves from their confinement, while the ship stemmed the billows, when the well-known voice of the sailing master was heard shouting from the forecastle: "Breakers! breakers, dead ahead!"

This appalling sound seemed yet to be lingering about the ship, when a second voice cried, "Breakers on our lee bow!"

"We are in a bight of the shoals, Mr. Gray!" cried the commander. "She loses her way; perhaps an anchor might hold her."

"Clear away that best bower!" shouted Griffith through his trumpet.

"Hold on!" cried the pilot, in a voice that reached the very hearts of all who heard him; "hold on everything."

The young man turned fiercely to the daring stranger who thus defied the discipline of his vessel,

and at once demanded: "Who is it that dares to countermand my orders? Is it not enough that you run the ship into danger, but you must interfere to keep her there? If another word —"

"Peace, Mr. Griffith," interrupted the captain, bending from the rigging, his gray locks blowing about in the wind and adding a look of wildness to the haggard care that he exhibited by the light of his lantern; "yield the trumpet to Mr. Gray; he alone can save us!"

Griffith threw his speaking trumpet on the deck, and as he walked proudly away, muttered in bitterness of feeling: "Then all is lost indeed! and among the rest the foolish hopes with which I visited this coast."

There was, however, no time for reply; the ship had been rapidly running into the wind, and as the efforts of the crew were paralyzed by the contradictory orders they had heard, she gradually lost her way and in a few seconds all her sails were taken aback.

Before the crew understood their situation, the pilot had applied the trumpet to his mouth, and, in a voice that rose above the tempest, he thundered forth his orders. Each command was given distinctly and with a precision that showed him to be master of his profession. The helm was kept fast, the head yards swung up heavily against the wind,

and the vessel was soon whirling round on her heel with a retrograde movement.

II

Griffith was too much of a seaman not to perceive that the pilot had seized with a perception almost intuitive the only method that promised to extricate the vessel from her situation. He was young, impetuous, and proud, but he was also generous. Forgetting his resentment and his mortification, he rushed forward among the men, and, by his presence and example, added certainty to the experiment. The ship fell off slowly before the gale, and bowed her yards nearly to the water as she felt the blast pouring its fury on her broadside, while the surly waves beat violently against her stern, as if in reproach at departing from her usual manner of moving.

The voice of the pilot, however, was still heard, steady and calm, and yet so clear and high as to reach every ear; and the obedient seamen whirled the yards at his bidding, in despite of the tempest, as if they handled the toys of their childhood. When the ship had fallen off dead before the wind, her head sails were shaken, her after yards trimmed, and her helm shifted before she had time to run upon the danger that had threatened, as well to leeward as to windward. The beautiful fabric, obedient to her government, threw her bows up gracefully toward

the wind again; and, as her sails were trimmed, moved out from among the dangerous shoals in which she had been embayed, as steadily and swiftly as she had approached them.

A moment of breathless astonishment succeeded the accomplishment of this nice maneuver, but there was no time for the usual expressions of surprise. The stranger still held the trumpet, and continued to lift his voice amid the howlings of the blast, whenever prudence or skill required any change in the management of the ship. For an hour longer there was a fearful struggle for their preservation, the channel becoming at each step more complicated, and the shoals thickening around the mariners on every side. The lead was cast rapidly, and the quick eye of the pilot seemed to pierce the darkness with a keenness of vision that exceeded human power.

It was apparent to all that were in the vessel that they were under the guidance of one who understood the navigation thoroughly, and their exertions kept pace with their reviving confidence. Again and again the frigate appeared to be rushing blindly on shoals where the sea was covered with foam and where destruction would have been as sudden as it was certain, when the clear voice of the stranger was heard warning them of the danger and inciting them to do their duty. The vessel was implicitly yielded to his government; and during those anxious

moments when she was dashing the waters aside, throwing the spray over her enormous yards, each ear would listen eagerly for those sounds that had obtained a command over the crew that can only be acquired under such circumstances by great steadiness and consummate skill.

The ship was recovering from the inaction of changing her course in one of those critical tacks that she had made so often, when the pilot, for the first time, addressed the commander of the frigate, who still continued to superintend the all-important duty of the leadsman.

"Now is the pinch," he said, "and if the ship behaves well, we are safe; but if otherwise, all we have yet done will be useless."

The veteran seaman whom he addressed left the chains at this portentous notice, and calling to his first lieutenant, required of the stranger an explanation of his warning.

"See you yon light on the southern headland?" returned the pilot; "you may know it from the star near it by its sinking at times in the ocean. Now observe the hummock a little north of it, looking like a shadow in the horizon; 'tis a hill far inland. If we keep that light open from the hill, we shall do well; but if not, we surely go to pieces."

"Let us tack again!" exclaimed the lieutenant.

The pilot shook his head as he replied: "There is

no more tacking or box-hauling to be done to-night. We have barely room to pass out of the shoals on this course; and if we can weather the Devil's Grip, we clear their outermost point; but if not, as I said before, there is but an alternative."

"If we had beaten out the way we entered," exclaimed Griffith, "we should have done well."

"Say, also, if the tide would have let us do so," returned the pilot, calmly. "Gentlemen, we must be prompt; we have but a mile to go, and the ship appears to fly. That topsail is not enough to keep her up to the wind; we want both jib and mainsail."

"'Tis a perilous thing to loosen canvas in such a tempest!" observed the doubtful captain.

"It must be done," returned the collected stranger; "we perish without it. See! the light already touches the edge of the hummock; the sea casts us to leeward!"

"It shall be done!" cried Griffith, seizing the trumpet from the hand of the pilot.

The orders of the lieutenant were executed almost as soon as issued; and everything being ready the enormous folds of the mainsail were turned loose to the blast. There was an instant when the result was doubtful; the tremendous threshing of the heavy sail seemed to bid defiance to all restraint, shaking the ship to her center; but art and strength prevailed and gradually the canvas was distended,

and bellying as it filled, was drawn down to its usual place by the power of a hundred men. The vessel yielded to this immense addition of force and bowed before it like a reed bending to a breeze. But the success of the measure was announced by a joyful cry from the stranger, that seemed to burst from his inmost soul.

"She feels it! she springs her luff! observe," he said, "the light opens from the hummock already: if she will only bear her canvas we shall go clear!"

A report like that of a cannon interrupted his exclamation, and something resembling a white cloud was seen drifting before the wind from the head of the ship, till it was driven into the gloom far to leeward.

"'Tis the jib, blown from the boltropes," said the commander of the frigate. "This is no time to spread light duck; but the mainsail may stand it yet."

"The sail would laugh at a tornado," returned the lieutenant; "but the mast springs like a piece of steel."

"Silence all!" cried the pilot. "Now, gentlemen, we shall soon know our fate. Let her luff — luff you can!"

This warning effectually closed all discourse, and the hardy mariners, knowing that they had already done all in the power of man to insure their safety,

stood in breathless anxiety, awaiting the result. At a short distance ahead of them the whole ocean was white with foam, and the waves, instead of rolling on in regular succession, appeared to be tossing about in mad gambols. A single streak of dark billows, not half a cable's length in width, could be discerned running into this chaos of water; but it was soon lost to the eye amid the confusion of the disturbed element. Along this narrow path the vessel moved more heavily than before, being brought so near the wind as to keep her sails touching. The pilot silently proceeded to the wheel, and with his own hands he undertook the steerage of the ship. No noise proceeded from the frigate to interrupt the horrid tumult of the ocean; and she entered the channel among the breakers with the silence of a desperate calmness.

Twenty times, as the foam rolled away to leeward, the crew were on the eve of uttering their joy, as they supposed the vessel past the danger; but breaker after breaker would still heave up before them, following each other into the general mass, to check their exultation. Occasionally the fluttering of the sails would be heard; and when the looks of the startled seamen were turned to the wheel, they beheld the stranger grasping its spokes, with his quick eye glancing from the water to the canvas. At length the ship reached a point where she ap-

peared to be rushing directly into the jaws of destruction, when suddenly her course was changed, and her head receded rapidly from the wind. At the same instant the voice of the pilot was heard shouting, "Square away the yards! in mainsail!"

A general burst from the crew echoed, "Square away the yards!" and quick as thought the frigate was seen gliding along the channel before the wind. The eye had hardly time to dwell on the foam, which seemed like clouds driving in the heavens, and directly the gallant vessel issued from her perils, and rose and fell on the heavy waves of the sea.

The seamen were yet drawing long breaths, and gazing about them like men recovered from a trance, when Griffith approached the man who had so successfully conducted them through their perils. The lieutenant grasped the hand of the other, as he said, "You have this night proved yourself a faithful pilot, and such a seaman as the world cannot equal."

I. **Vĕ lŏç'ĭ tў**: speed; quickness of motion. **Shōals**: shallow water; advances into shallow water. **Tăck**: change the direction of a vessel by shifting the position of the helm and sails; the direction of a vessel with regard to the position of its sails. **Ĕv ō lū'tion(shŭn)**: prescribed movement, as of a ship or a body of troops. **A lēe'**: on the side away from the wind. **Quar'tĕr màs'tĕr**: an officer of low rank who attends to the helm, signals, etc., under the direction of the master of the ship. **Brāç'ĕs**: ropes by which the yards are moved horizon-

tally. **Heave away that lead**: take soundings with the lead and line. **Märk**: one of the bits of leather or colored bunting placed upon a sounding line at distances of from two to five fathoms; the unmarked fathoms are called *deeps*. **Mà-neu'vẽr**: change of position; skillful movement. **Best bow'ẽr**: large anchor. **Rē'trō grāde**: backward.

II. **Cŏn sŭm'mâte**: of the highest quality; perfect. **Hŭm'-mock**: rounded knoll or hillock. **Bŏx-ha*u*l'ĭng**: going from one tack or direction to another. **Bōlt'rōpes**: ropes stitched to the edges of sails to strengthen the sails. **Lŭff**: turn the ship's head toward the wind. **Dĭs cō*u*rse'**: conversation; talk.

Rain in Summer

By H. W. Longfellow

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow (1807–1882): The best known and best loved of American poets. His simplicity of thought and expression makes him a favorite with children. The best of his longer poems are "Hiawatha," "Evangeline," and "The Courtship of Miles Standish." Many of his shorter poems — such as "The Psalm of Life," "The Bridge," and "The Village Blacksmith" — are household favorites. Longfellow wrote two prose works, "Outre Mer" and "Hyperion," descriptive of his European travels.

How beautiful is the rain!
After the dust and the heat,
In the broad and fiery street,
In the narrow lane,
How beautiful is the rain!

How it clatters along the roofs,
Like the tramp of hoofs!

How it gushes and struggles out
From the throat of the overflowing spout!
Across the window-pane
It pours and pours;
And swift and wide,
With a muddy tide,
Like a river down the gutter roars
The rain, the welcome rain!

The sick man from his chamber looks
At the twisted brooks.
He can feel the cool
Breath of each little pool;
His fevered brain
Grows calm again,
And he breathes a blessing on the rain.

From the neighboring school
Come the boys,
With more than their wonted noise
And commotion;
And down the wet streets
Sail their mimic fleets,
Till the treacherous pool
Engulfs them in its whirling
And turbulent ocean.

In the country on every side,
Where far and wide,

Like a leopard's tawny and spotted hide,
Stretches the plain,
To the dry grass and the drier grain
How welcome is the rain!

In the furrowed land
The toilsome and patient oxen stand;
Lifting the yoke-encumbered head,
With their dilated nostrils spread,
They silently inhale
The clover-scented gale,
And the vapors that arise
From the well-watered and smoking soil.
For this rest in the furrow after toil
Their large and lustrous eyes
Seem to thank the Lord,
More than man's spoken word.

Near at hand
From under the sheltering trees,
The farmer sees
His pastures and his fields of grain,
As they bend their tops
To the numberless beating drops
Of the incessant rain.
He counts it as no sin
That he sees therein
Only his own thrift and gain.

In çĕs'sant: unceasing; uninterrupted.

A Drop of Water on its Travels

By Arabella Buckley

Arabella Burton Buckley (1840——): An English author and naturalist. She has written several books on scientific subjects for young people, — among them are "Winners in Life's Race," "Life and her Children," and "The Fairy-Land of Science," from which this selection is taken.

Although we never see any water traveling from our earth up into the skies, we know that it goes there, for it comes down again in rain, and so it must go up invisibly. But where does the heat come from which makes this water invisible? Not from below, but from above, pouring down from the sun. Wherever the sun-waves touch the rivers, ponds, lakes, seas, or fields of ice and snow upon our earth, they carry off invisible water vapor. They dart down through the top layers of the water, and shake the water particles forcibly apart, and the drops spread themselves out in the gaps between the air atoms of the atmosphere.

It has been calculated that in the Indian Ocean three-quarters of an inch of water is carried off from the surface of the sea in one day and night; so that as much as twenty-two feet, or a depth of water about twice the height of an ordinary room, is silently and invisibly lifted up from the whole surface of the ocean in one year. It is true that this is

one of the hottest parts of the earth, where the sun-waves are most active; but even in our own country many feet of water are drawn up in the summer time.

What, then, becomes of all this water? Let us follow it as it struggles upward to the sky. We see it in our imagination, first carrying layer after layer of air up with it from the sea, till it rises far above our heads, and above the highest mountains. Now the air atoms are always trying to fly apart, and are only kept pressed together by the weight of the air above them, and so, as this water-laden air rises, its particles, no longer so much pressed together, begin to separate; as all work requires an expenditure of heat, the air becomes colder, and then you know at once what must happen to the invisible vapor — it will form into tiny waterdrops, like the steam from the kettle.

And so, as the air rises and becomes colder, the vapor gathers into visible masses, and we can see it hanging in the sky and call it clouds. When these clouds are highest, they are about ten miles from the earth; but when they are made of heavy drops, and hang low down, they sometimes come within a mile of the ground.

Look up at the clouds as you go home, and think that the water of which they are made has all been drawn up invisibly through the air. Not, however,

necessarily here where we live, for air travels as wind all over the world, and so these clouds may be made of vapor collected in the Atlantic Ocean, or in the Gulf of Mexico, or even, if the wind is from the north, of chilly particles gathered from the surface of Greenland ice and snow and brought here by the moving currents of air. Only, of one thing we may be sure, that they come from the water of our earth.

Sometimes, if the air is warm, these water particles may travel a long way without ever forming into clouds; and on a hot, cloudless day the air is often very full of invisible vapor. Then, if a cold wind comes sweeping along, high up in the sky, and chills this vapor, it forms into great bodies of water-dust clouds, and the sky is overcast.

At other times, clouds hang lazily in a bright sky, and these show us that just where they are the air is cold, and turns the invisible vapor rising from the ground into visible water-dust, so that exactly in those spaces we see it as clouds. Such clouds form often on a warm, still, summer's day, and they are shaped like masses of wool, ending in a straight line below. They are not merely hanging in the sky, they are really resting upon a tall column of invisible vapor which stretches right up from the earth; and that straight line under the clouds marks the place where the air becomes cold enough to turn this invisible vapor into visible drops of water.

And now, suppose that, while these or any other kinds of clouds are overhead, there comes along either a very cold wind or a wind full of vapor. As it passes through the clouds it makes them very full of water, for, if it chills them, it makes the water-dust draw more closely together; or, if it bring a new load of water-dust, the air is fuller than it can hold. In either case, water particles are set free, and our fairy force "cohesion" seizes upon them at once and forms them into large waterdrops. Then they are much heavier than the air, and so they can float no longer, but down they come to the earth in a shower of rain.

There are other ways in which the air may be chilled, and rain made to fall, as, for example, when a wind laden with moisture strikes against the cold tops of mountains. Thus the Khasia Hills in India, which face the Bay of Bengal, chill the air which crosses them on its way from the Indian Ocean. The wet winds are driven up the sides of the hills, the air expands, and the vapor is chilled, and, forming into drops, falls in torrents of rain. The country on the other side of these hills gets hardly any rain, for all the water has been taken out of the air before it comes there.

In this way, from different causes, the water of which the sun has robbed our rivers and seas comes back to us, after it has traveled to various parts of

the world, floating on the bosom of the air. But it does not always fall straight back into the rivers and seas again; a large part of it falls on the land, and has to trickle down slopes and into the earth, in order to get back to its natural home, and it is often caught on its way before it can reach the great waters.

Go to any piece of ground which is left wild and untouched, you will find it covered with grass, weeds, and other plants: if you dig up a small plot, you will find innumerable tiny roots creeping through the ground in every direction. Each of these roots has a spongelike mouth, by which the plant takes up water. Now, imagine raindrops falling on this plot of ground and sinking into the earth. On every side they will find rootlets thirsting to drink them in, and they will be sucked up as if by tiny sponges, and drawn into the plants and up the stems to the leaves. Here they are worked up into food for the plants, and only if the leaf has more water than it needs, some drops may escape at the tiny openings under the leaf, and be drawn up again by the sun-waves as invisible vapor into the air.

Again, much of the rain falls on hard rock and stone, where it cannot sink in, and then it lies in pools till it is shaken apart again into vapor and carried off in the air. Nor is it idle here even before it is carried up to make clouds. We have to thank

this invisible vapor in the air for protecting us from the burning heat of the sun by day, and intolerable frost by night.

Let us for a moment imagine that we can see all that we know exists between us and the sun. First, we have the fine ether across which the sunbeams travel, beating down upon our earth with immense force, so that in the sandy desert they are like a burning fire. Then we have the coarser atmosphere of oxygen and nitrogen atoms hanging in this ether and bending the minute sun-waves out of their direct path. But they do very little to hinder them on their way, and this is why in very dry countries the sun's heat is so intense. The rays beat down mercilessly, and nothing opposes them. Lastly, in damp countries, we have the larger but still invisible particles of vapor hanging about among the air atoms. Now, these watery particles, although they are very few — only about one twenty-fifth part of the whole atmosphere — do hinder the sun-waves. For they are very greedy of heat, and, though the light-waves pass easily through them, they catch the heat-waves and use them to help themselves to expand. And so, when there is invisible vapor in the air, the sunbeams come to us deprived of some of their heat-waves, and we can remain in the sunshine without suffering from the heat.

This is how the water vapor shields us by day, but

by night it is still more useful. During the day our earth and the air near it have been storing up the heat which has been poured down on them, and at night when the sun goes down all this heat begins to escape again. Now, if there were no vapor in the air, this heat would rush back into space so rapidly that the ground would become cold and frozen, even on a summer's night, and all but the most hardy plants would die. But the vapor, which formed a veil against the sun in the day, now forms a still more powerful veil against the escape of the heat by night. It shuts in the heat-waves, and only allows them to make their way slowly upwards from the earth — thus producing for us the soft, balmy nights of summer and preventing all life being destroyed in the winter.

Ĕx pĕnd'ĭ tûre: laying out; spending. **Cō hē'sion(zhŭn)**: the law of nature by which the particles of a body are held together. **Kha'sĭ ä Hills.** **Ē'thẽr**: a medium in all space, through which light and heat pass readily.

Flower in the crannied wall,
I pluck you out of the crannies,
I hold you here, root and all, in my hand,
Little flower — but if I could understand
What you are, root and all, and all in all,
I should know what God and man is.

— Alfred, Lord Tennyson

A Rill from the Town Pump

By Nathaniel Hawthorne

Nathaniel Hawthorne (1804–1864): The greatest of American novelists. His principal works are "The Scarlet Letter," "The Marble Faun," and "The House of the Seven Gables." Hawthorne also wrote many sketches and tales, and several volumes of stories for children. The best of these are "Grandfather's Chair," tales from New England history, and "Tanglewood Tales" and "The Wonder Book," two volumes of stories from Greek mythology.

"A Rill from the Town Pump" is one of the sketches in the volume entitled "Twice-Told Tales."

(Scene: *The corner of two principal streets, the Town Pump talking through its nose.*)

Noon by the north clock! Noon by the east! High noon, too, by these hot sunbeams, which fall, scarcely aslope, upon my head and almost make the water bubble and smoke in the trough under my nose. Truly, we public characters have a tough time of it! And among all the town officers chosen at March meeting, where is he that sustains for a single year the burden of such manifold duties as are imposed upon the town pump?

The title of "town treasurer" is rightfully mine, as guardian of the best treasure that the town has. The overseers of the poor ought to make me their chairman, since I provide bountifully for the pauper

without expense to him that pays taxes. I am at the head of the fire department and one of the physicians to the board of health. As a keeper of the peace, all water drinkers will confess me equal to the constable. I perform some of the duties of the town clerk by promulgating public notices when they are posted on my front.

To speak within bounds, I am the chief person of the municipality, and exhibit, moreover, an admirable pattern to my brother officers by the cool, steady, upright, downright, and impartial discharge of my business and the constancy with which I stand to my post. Summer or winter, nobody seeks me in vain, for all day long I am seen at the busiest corner, just above the market, stretching out my arms to rich and poor alike, and at night I hold a lantern over my head, both to show where I am and keep people out of the gutters. At this sultry noontide I am cupbearer to the parched populace, for whose benefit an iron goblet is chained to my waist. Like a dram-seller on the mall at muster-day, I cry aloud to all and sundry in my plainest accents and at the very tip-top of my voice.

Here it is, gentlemen! Here is the good liquor! Walk up, walk up, gentlemen! Walk up, walk up! Here is the superior stuff! Here is the unadulterated ale of Father Adam — better than strong beer, or wine of any price; here it is by the hogshead or

the single glass, and not a cent to pay! Walk up, gentlemen, walk up, and help yourselves!

It were a pity if all this outcry should draw no customers. Here they come. — A hot day, gentlemen! Quaff and away again, so as to keep yourselves in a nice cool sweat. — You, my friend, will need another cupful to wash the dust out of your throat, if it be as thick there as it is on your cowhide shoes. I see that you have trudged half a score of miles to-day, and like a wise man have passed by the taverns and stopped at the running brooks and well-curbs. Otherwise, betwixt heat without and fire within, you would have been burned to a cinder or melted down to nothing at all, in the fashion of a jellyfish.

Who next? — Oh, my little friend, you are let loose from school and come hither to scrub your blooming face and drown the memory of certain taps of the ferule, and other schoolboy troubles, in a draught from the town pump? Take it, pure as the current of your young life. Take it, and may your heart and tongue never be scorched with a fiercer thirst than now! There, my dear child! put down the cup and yield your place to this elderly gentleman who treads so tenderly over the paving stones that I suspect he is afraid of breaking them. What! he limps by without so much as thanking me, as if my hospitable offers were meant only for people who

have no wine-cellars. — Well, well, sir, no harm done, I hope? Go draw the cork, tip the decanter; but when your great toe shall set you a-roaring, it will be no affair of mine. If gentlemen love the pleasant titillation of the gout, it is all one to the town pump. This thirsty dog with his red tongue lolling out does not scorn my hospitality, but stands on his hind legs and laps eagerly out of the trough. See how lightly he capers away again! Jowler, did your worship ever have the gout?

Are you all satisfied? Then wipe your mouths, my good friends, and while my spout has a moment's leisure I will delight the town with a few historical reminiscences. In far antiquity, beneath a darksome shadow of venerable boughs, a spring bubbled out of the leaf-strewn earth in the very spot where you now behold me on the sunny pavement. The water was as bright and clear and deemed as precious as liquid diamonds. The Indian sagamores drank of it from time immemorial, till the fatal deluge of the fire water burst upon the red men and swept their whole race away from the cold fountains.

Endicott and his followers came next, and often knelt down to drink, dipping their long beards in the spring. The richest goblet then was of birch-bark. Governor Winthrop, after a journey afoot from Boston, drank here out of the hollow of his hand. The elder Higginson here wet his palm and laid it on

the brow of the first town-born child. For many years it was the watering-place, and, as it were, the washbowl, of the vicinity, whither all decent folks resorted to purify their visages and gaze at them afterward — at least, the pretty maidens did — in the mirror which it made. On Sabbath days, whenever a babe was to be baptized, the sexton filled his basin here and placed it on the communion table of the humble meeting-house, which partly covered the site of yonder brick one.

Thus one generation after another was consecrated to Heaven by its waters, and cast their waxing and waning shadows into its glassy bosom, and vanished from the earth, as if mortal life were but a flitting image in a fountain. Finally, the fountain vanished also. Cellars were dug on all sides and cart loads of gravel flung upon its source, whence oozed a turbid stream, forming a mud-puddle at the corner of two streets. In the hot months, when its refreshment was most needed, the dust flew in clouds over the forgotten birthplace of the waters, now their grave. But in the course of time a town pump was sunk into the source of the ancient spring; and when the first decayed, another took its place, and then another, and still another, till here stand I, gentlemen and ladies, to serve you with my iron goblet. Drink and be refreshed. The water is as pure and cold as that which slaked the thirst of the red saga-

The Town Pump

more beneath the aged boughs, though now the gem of the wilderness is treasured under these hot stones, where no shadow falls but from the brick buildings. And be it the moral of my story that, as this wasted and long-lost fountain is now known and prized again, so shall the virtues of cold water — too little valued since your fathers' days — be recognized by all.

Your pardon, good people! I must interrupt my stream of eloquence and spout forth a stream of water to replenish the trough for this teamster and his two yoke of oxen, who have come from Topsfield, or somewhere along that way. No part of my business is pleasanter than the watering of cattle. Look! how rapidly they lower the water-mark on the sides of the trough, till their capacious stomachs are moistened with a gallon or two apiece, and they can afford time to breathe it in with sighs of calm enjoyment. Now they roll their quiet eyes around the brim of their monstrous drinking vessel. An ox is your true toper.

One o'clock! Nay, then, if the dinner-bell begins to speak, I may as well hold my peace. Here comes a pretty young girl of my acquaintance with a large stone pitcher for me to fill. May she draw a husband while drawing her water, as Rachel did of old! — Hold out your vessel, my dear! There it is, full to the brim; so now run home, peeping at your sweet image in the pitcher as you go, and forget not

in a glass of my own liquor to drink "success to the town pump."

Two principal streets: Essex and Washington streets in Hawthorne's home, Salem, Massachusetts. **Prŏ mŭl'gāt ĭng**: publishing; making known. **Mŭ nĭç ĭ păl'ĭ tў**: a town having local government. **Măl**: public walk. **Sŭn'dry**: several; *all and sundry*, all together and each separately. **Tĭt ĭl lā'tion (shŭn)**: tickling. **Săg'a mōres**: Indian chiefs. **Fire water**: the Indian name for whisky. **Ĕn'dĭ cŏt'**, **Wĭn'thrŏp**, **Hĭg'gĭn-sŏn**: men of prominence in Massachusetts in early colonial days. **Tûr'bĭd**: muddy.

Daffodils

By William Wordsworth

William Wordsworth (1770–1850): An English poet. He claimed that the art of poetry should be brought back to nature by making the ordinary topics of daily life its subjects and by employing the language "really used by men." His early poems were ridiculed and censured, but he was finally recognized as the greatest poet of his time. He wrote "The Excursion," "The Prelude," "Laodamia," "Ode on Intimations of Immortality," and many shorter poems.

I wandered lonely as a cloud
  That floats on high o'er vales and hills,
When all at once I saw a crowd,
  A host of golden daffodils;
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine
And twinkle on the Milky Way,
They stretched in never-ending line
Along the margin of a bay:
Ten thousand saw I at a glance,
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

The waves beside them danced, but they
Outdid the sparkling waves in glee:
A poet could not but be gay,
In such a jocund company;
I gazed and gazed, — but little thought
What wealth the show to me had brought.

For oft when on my couch I lie
In vacant or in pensive mood,
They flash upon that inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude,
And then my heart with pleasure fills,
And dances with the daffodils.

Milky Way: the bright belt which is seen at night stretching across the sky. It is composed of stars so far and so blended as to be distinguishable only with the telescope. **Jŏc'-ŭnd**: merry; gay.

The primal duties shine aloft, like stars;
The charities that soothe and heal and bless
Are scattered at the feet of man like flowers.

— William Wordsworth

The Capture of Ticonderoga

By Ethan Allen

Ethan Allen (1742–1789): An officer of the Revolutionary War, the leader of the famous Vermont soldiers called the "Green Mountain Boys." He was made prisoner by the English in 1775; after remaining in captivity two years and a half, he was exchanged for an English officer. He wrote a narrative of his captivity and some political papers.

The first systematical and bloody attempt at Lexington to enslave America thoroughly electrified my mind and fully determined me to take part with my country. And while I was wishing for an opportunity to signalize myself in its behalf, directions were privately sent to me from the then colony — now state — of Connecticut, to raise the Green Mountain Boys, and, if possible, with them to surprise and take the fortress of Ticonderoga.

This enterprise I cheerfully undertook; and, after first guarding all the several passes that led thither, to cut off all intelligence between the garrison and the country, made a forced march from Bennington, and arrived at the lake opposite to Ticonderoga on the evening of the 9th day of May, 1775, with two hundred and thirty valiant Green Mountain Boys; and it was with the utmost difficulty that I procured boats to cross the lake.

However, I landed eighty-three men near the garrison and sent the boats back for the rear-guard,

commanded by Colonel Seth Warner; but the day began to dawn, and I found myself under the necessity to attack the fort before the rear could cross the lake; and, as it was viewed hazardous, I harangued the officers and soldiers in the manner following: —

"Friends and fellow-soldiers: You have, for a number of years past, been a scourge and terror to arbitrary power. Your valor has been famed abroad and acknowledged, as appears by the advice and orders to me from the general assembly of Connecticut, to surprise and take the garrison now before us. I now propose to advance before you and in person conduct you through the wicket-gate; for we must this morning either quit our pretensions to valor or possess ourselves of this fortress in a few minutes; and, inasmuch as it is a desperate attempt, which none but the bravest of men dare undertake, I do not urge it on any contrary to his will. You that will undertake voluntarily, poise your firelocks."

The men being at this time drawn up in three ranks, each poised his firelock. I ordered them to face to the right, and, at the head of the center file, marched them immediately to the wicket-gate aforesaid, where I found a sentry posted who instantly snapped his fusee at me. I ran immediately toward him, and he retreated through the covered way into the parade within the garrison, gave a halloo, and ran under a bomb-proof. My party, who followed me

into the fort, I formed on the parade in such manner as to face the two barracks, which faced each other.

The garrison, being asleep, except the sentries, we gave three huzzas, which greatly surprised them. One of the sentries made a pass at one of my officers with a charged bayonet and slightly wounded him. My first thought was to kill him with my sword; but, in an instant, I altered the design and fury of the blow to a slight cut on the side of the head, upon which he dropped his gun and asked quarter, which I readily granted him, and demanded of him the place where the commanding officer slept.

He showed me a pair of stairs in the front of the barrack, on the west part of the garrison, which led up to a second story in said barrack, to which I immediately repaired, and ordered the commander, Captain de la Place, to come forth instantly or I would sacrifice the whole garrison; at which the captain came immediately to the door, when I ordered him to deliver me the fort instantly. He asked me by what authority I demanded it; I answered him, "In the name of the Great Jehovah and the Continental Congress."

The authority of the Congress being very little known at that time, he began to speak again; but I interrupted him, and with my drawn sword over his head, again demanded an immediate surrender of the garrison; with which he then complied and ordered

his men to be forthwith paraded without arms, as he had given up the garrison. In the meantime, some of my officers had given orders, and in consequence thereof, sundry of the barrack doors were beat down and about one-third of the garrison imprisoned.

This surprise was carried into execution in the gray of the morning of the 10th day of May, 1775. The sun seemed to rise that morning with a superior luster; and Ticonderoga and its dependencies smiled on its conquerors.

Hăz'ard *oŭs*: dangerous; daring. **Hȧ răng***ue***d'**: addressed; made a speech to. **Är'bĭ trȧ rў**: bound by no law; possessing and abusing unlimited power. **Fīr***e***'lŏ***c***k, fů ṣē***e***'**: old-fashioned guns. **Pȧ rād***e***'**: ground where troops are drilled.

To a Waterfowl

By W. C. Bryant

William Cullen Bryant (1794–1878): The first American poet of note, and the one whose works show most loving appreciation of nature. His finest poem is "Thanatopsis," written when he was only eighteen. "The Death of the Flowers," "The Forest Hymn," "To a Waterfowl," and "To the Fringed Gentian" are the best of his poems descriptive of nature.

Whither, midst falling dew,
While glow the heavens with the last steps of day,
Far, through their rosy depths, dost thou pursue
Thy solitary way?

Vainly the fowler's eye
Might mark thy distant flight to do thee wrong,
As, darkly painted on the crimson sky,
Thy figure floats along.

Seek'st thou the plashy brink
Of weedy lake, or marge of river wide,
Or where the rocking billows rise and sink
On the chafed ocean side?

There is a Power whose care
Teaches thy way along that pathless coast —
The desert and illimitable air —
Lone wandering, but not lost.

All day thy wings have fanned,
At that far height, the cold, thin atmosphere,
Yet stoop not, weary, to the welcome land,
Though the dark night is near.

And soon that toil shall end;
Soon shalt thou find a summer home and rest,
And scream among thy fellows; reeds shall bend,
Soon, o'er thy sheltered nest.

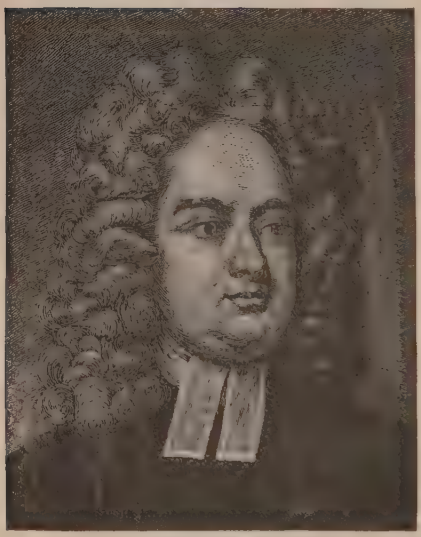
Thou'rt gone, the abyss of heaven
Hath swallowed up thy form; yet, on my heart
Deeply hath sunk the lesson thou hast given,
And shall not soon depart.

He who, from zone to zone,
  Guides through the boundless sky thy certain flight,
In the long way that I must tread alone,
  Will lead my steps aright.

Plăsh'ў: watery. **Mărġe**: a poetical form of the word margin. **Ĭl lĭm'ĭt ȧ ble**: boundless.

Gulliver in Lilliput

By Jonathan Swift



Dean Swift

Jonathan Swift (1667–1745): An English prose writer, one of the most celebrated and most unlovable men of his age. He wrote satires on personal, political, and religious subjects. His best-known works are "Gulliver's Travels," "The Tale of a Tub," "The Battle of Books," and "Drapier's Letters."

"Gulliver's Travels," aside from its satire, is for children a charming story of pygmies and giants. It narrates the adventures of a ship's surgeon on four voyages: first, to the country of Lilliput where everything is diminutive; second, to Brobdingnag where everything is

gigantic; third, to the flying island of Laputa and to the Academy of Lagado; fourth, to the country of the Yahoos.

This selection describes some of Gulliver's experiences among the Lilliputians.

I

I lay down on the grass, which was very short and soft, where I slept sounder than ever I remembered to have done in my life, and, as I reckoned, above nine hours; for when I awaked it was just daylight. I attempted to rise, but was not able to stir; for, as I happened to lie on my back, I found my arms and legs were strongly fastened on each side to the ground; and my hair, which was long and thick, tied down in the same manner.

I likewise felt several slender ligatures across my body, from my armpits to my thighs. I could only look upward; the sun began to grow hot, and the light offended mine eyes. I heard a confused noise about me, but in the posture I lay could see nothing except the sky.

In a little time I felt something alive moving on my left leg, which, advancing gently forward over my breast, came almost up to my chin. Bending mine eyes downward as much as I could, I perceived it to be a human creature not six inches high, with a bow and arrow in his hands and a quiver at his back. In the meantime I felt at least forty more of the same kind — as I conjectured — following the first.

I was in the utmost astonishment, and roared so loud that they all ran back in a fright; and some of them, as I was afterward told, were hurt by the falls they got by leaping from my sides upon the ground. However, they soon returned, and one of them who ventured so far as to get a full sight of my face, lifting up his hands and eyes by way of admiration cried out in a shrill but distinct voice, "Hekinah Degul." The others repeated the same words several times, but I then knew not what they meant.

I lay all this while, as the reader may believe, in great uneasiness. At length, struggling to get loose, I had the fortune to break the strings and wrench out the pegs that fastened my left arm to the ground. By lifting it up to my face I discovered the methods they had taken to bind me. At the same time, with a violent pull, which gave me excessive pain, I a little loosened the strings that tied down my hair on the left side, till I was just able to turn my head about two inches.

But the creatures ran off a second time before I could seize them; whereupon there was a great shout in a very shrill accent, and after it had ceased I heard one of them cry aloud, "Tolgo Phonac." In an instant I felt about a hundred arrows discharged on my left hand, which pricked me like so many needles; and besides, they shot another flight into

the air, as we do bombs in Europe, whereof many, I suppose, fell on my body—though I felt them not—and some on my face, which I immediately covered with my left hand.

When this shower of arrows was over, I fell a-groaning with grief and pain, and then, striving again to get loose, they discharged another volley, larger than the first, and some of them attempted with spears to stick me in the sides; but by good luck I had on me a buff jerkin, which they could not pierce. I thought it the most prudent method to lie still, and my design was to continue so till night, when, my left hand being already loose, I could easily free myself; and as for the inhabitants, I had reason to believe I might be a match for the greatest army they could bring against me, if they were all of the same size with him that I saw. But fortune disposed otherwise of me.

When the people observed I was quiet, they discharged no more arrows; but by the noise I heard I knew their numbers increased. About four yards from me, over against my right ear, I heard a knocking for about an hour, like that of people at work. Turning my head that way, as well as the pegs and strings would permit me, I saw a stage erected about a foot and a half from the ground, capable of holding four of the inhabitants, with two or three ladders to mount it; from whence one of them, who seemed

to be a person of quality, made me a long speech whereof I understood not one syllable.

But I should have mentioned that before the principal person began his oration he cried out three times, "Langro Dehul san;" these words and the former were afterward repeated and explained to me. Whereupon immediately about fifty of the inhabitants came and cut the strings that fastened the right side of my head. This gave me the liberty of turning it to the right and of observing the person and gesture of him that was to speak.

He appeared to me to be of a middle age and taller than any of the other three who attended him, whereof one was a page that held up his train, and seemed to be somewhat longer than my middle finger. The other two stood one on each side to support him. He acted every part of an orator, and I could observe many periods of threatenings and others of promises, pity, and kindness.

I answered in a few words, but in the most submissive manner, lifting up my left hand and both mine eyes to the sun, as calling him for a witness; and being almost famished with hunger, not having eaten a morsel for some hours before I left the ship, I found the demand of nature so strong upon me that I could not forbear showing my impatience — perhaps against the strict rules of decency — by putting my finger frequently on my mouth, to signify that I wanted food.

The hurgo — for so they call a great lord, as I afterward learned — understood me very well. He descended from the stage and commanded that several ladders should be applied to my sides, on which above a hundred of the inhabitants mounted, and walked toward my mouth, laden with baskets full of meat, which had been provided and sent thither by the king's orders upon the first news he received of me.

I observed there was the flesh of several animals, but could not distinguish them by the taste. There were shoulders, legs, and loins, shaped like those of mutton, and very well dressed, but smaller than the wings of a lark. I ate them by two or three at a mouthful, and took three loaves at a time, about the bigness of musket bullets. They supplied me as they could, showing a thousand marks of wonder and astonishment at my bulk and appetite.

I then made another sign that I wanted drink. They found by my eating that a small quantity would not suffice me; and, being a most ingenious people, they slung up, with great dexterity, one of their largest hogsheads, and then rolled it toward my hand and beat out the top. I drank it off at a draught, which I might well do, for it did not hold half a pint, and tasted like a small wine of Burgundy, but much more delicious. They brought me a second hogshead, which I drank in the same manner, and made signs for more; but they had none to give me.

When I had performed these wonders, they shouted for joy and danced upon my breast, repeating several times as they did at first, "Hekinah Degul." They made me signs that I should throw down the two hogsheads, but first warning the people below to stand out of the way, crying aloud, "Borach Mivolah." When they saw the vessels in the air there was an universal shout of "Hekinah Degul."

I confess I was often tempted, while they were passing backward and forward on my body, to seize forty or fifty of the first that came in my reach and dash them against the ground. But remembrance of what I had felt, which probably might not be the worst they could do, and the promise of honor I had made them — so I interpreted my submissive behavior — soon drove out these imaginations. Besides, I now considered myself as bound by the laws of hospitality to a people who had treated me with so much expense and magnificence.

However, in my thoughts, I could not sufficiently wonder at the courage of these diminutive mortals who durst venture to mount and walk upon my body while one of my hands was at liberty, without trembling at the very sight of so prodigious a creature as I must appear to them. After some time, when they observed that I made no more demands for meat, there appeared before me a person of high rank from his imperial majesty. His excellency, having

mounted on the small of my right leg, advanced forward up to my face with about a dozen of his retinue, and producing his credentials under the signet royal, which he applied close to mine eyes, he spoke about ten minutes without any sign of anger, but with a kind of determinate resolution. He often pointed forward, which as I afterward found was toward the capital city about half a mile away, whither it was agreed by his majesty in council that I must be conveyed.

I answered in few words, but to no purpose, and made a sign with my hand that was loose, putting it to the other — but over his excellency's head for fear of hurting him or his train — and then to my own head and body, to signify that I desired my liberty.

It appeared that he understood me well enough, for he shook his head by way of disapprobation, and held his hand in a posture to show that I must be carried as a prisoner. However, he made other signs to let me understand that I should have meat and drink enough and very good treatment.

Whereupon I once more thought of breaking my bonds; but again when I felt the smart of their arrows upon my face and hands, which were all in blisters, and many of the darts still sticking in them, and observing likewise that the number of my enemies increased, I gave tokens to let them know that they might do with me what they pleased.

Upon this, the hurgo and his train withdrew with much civility and cheerful countenances.

Soon after I heard a general shout, with frequent cries of "Peplom Selan;" and I felt great numbers of the people on my left side relaxing the cords to such a degree that I was able to turn upon my right and so ease myself.

But before this they had daubed my face and both my hands with a sort of ointment, very pleasant to the smell, which in a few minutes removed all the smart of their arrows. These things, added to the refreshment I had received by their victuals and drink, which were very nourishing, disposed me to sleep. I slept about eight hours, as I was afterward assured. It was no wonder, for the doctors, by the emperor's orders, had mingled a sleeping draught in the hogsheads of wine.

II

Gulliver was carried prisoner to the capital of Lilliput. At first he was kept prisoner, but he gained favor by his mild disposition, and finally had liberty granted him upon certain conditions. War breaking out between Lilliput and an adjoining empire, Gulliver had opportunity of being useful to his friends.

The empire of Blefuscu is an island situated to the north-northeast side of Lilliput, from which it is parted only by a channel of eight hundred yards wide.

I had not yet seen it, and, upon notice of an intended invasion, I avoided appearing on that side of the coast, for fear of being discovered by some of the enemy's ships, who had received no intelligence of me, all intercourse between the two empires having been strictly forbidden during the war upon pain of death and an embargo laid by our emperor upon all vessels whatsoever.

I communicated to his majesty a project I had formed of seizing the enemy's whole fleet; which, as our scouts assured us, lay at anchor in the harbor, ready to sail with the first fair wind. I consulted the most experienced seamen upon the depth of the channel, which they had often plumbed, who told me that in the middle at high water it was seventy glumgluffs deep, which is about six feet of European measure; and the rest of it fifty glumgluffs at most.

I walked toward the northeast coast over against Blefuscu, and, lying down behind a hillock, I took out my small pocket perspective-glass and viewed the enemy's fleet at anchor, consisting of about fifty men-of-war and a great number of transports. I then came back to my house and gave order — for which I had a warrant — for a great quantity of the strongest cable and bars of iron. The cable was about as thick as pack-thread, and the bars of the length and size of a knitting needle.

I trebled the cable to make it stronger, and for the

same reason I twisted three of the iron bars together, bending the extremities into a hook. Having thus fixed fifty hooks to as many cables, I went back to the northeast coast, and putting off my coat, shoes, and stockings, walked into the sea in my leathern jerkin, about half an hour before high water. I waded with what haste I could, and swam in the middle about thirty yards, till I felt ground.

I arrived to the fleet in less than half an hour. The enemy were so frightened when they saw me that they leaped out of their ships and swam to shore, where there could not be fewer than thirty thousand souls. I then took my tackling, and fastening a hook to the hole at the prow of each, I tied all the cords together at the end.

While I was thus employed the enemy discharged several thousand arrows, many of which stuck in my hands and face; and, besides the excessive smart, gave me much disturbance in my work. My greatest apprehension was for mine eyes, which I should have infallibly lost if I had not suddenly thought of an expedient.

I kept, among other little necessaries, a pair of spectacles in a private pocket, which had escaped the emperor's searchers. These I took out and fastened as strongly as I could upon my nose, and, thus armed, went on boldly with my work, in spite of the enemy's arrows, many of which struck against

the glasses of my spectacles, but without any other effect farther than a little to discompose them.

I had now fastened all the hooks, and taking the knot in my hand, began to pull; but not a ship would stir, for they were all too fast held by their anchors, so that the boldest part of my enterprise remained. I therefore let go the cord, and leaving the hooks fixed to the ships, I resolutely cut with my knife the cables that fastened the anchors, receiving above two hundred arrows in my face and hands. Then I took up the knotted end of the cables to which my hooks were tied, and with great ease drew fifty of the enemy's largest men-of-war after me.

The Blefuscudians, who had not the least imagination of what I intended, were at first confounded with astonishment. They had seen me cut the cables and thought my design was only to let the ships run adrift, or fall foul on each other. But when they perceived the whole fleet moving in order, and saw me pulling at the end, they set up such a scream of grief and despair as it is almost impossible to describe or conceive.

When I had got out of danger, I stopped awhile to pick out the arrows that stuck in my hands and face, and rubbed on some of the ointment that was given me at my first arrival, as I have formerly mentioned. I then took off my spectacles, and waiting about an hour, till the tide was a little fallen, I

"I came in a short time within hearing."

waded through the middle with my cargo, and arrived safe at the royal port of Lilliput.

The emperor and his whole court stood on the shore, expecting the issue of this great adventure. They saw the ships move forward in a large half moon, but could not discern me who was up to my breast in water. When I advanced to the middle of the channel, they were yet more in pain, because I was under water to my neck. The emperor concluded me to be drowned and that the enemy's fleet was approaching in a hostile manner.

But he was soon eased of his fears; for the channel growing shallower every step I made, I came in a short time within hearing, and holding up the end of the cable by which the fleet was fastened, I cried in a loud voice, "Long live the most puissant Emperor of Lilliput!" This great prince received me at my landing with all possible encomiums and created me a nardac upon the spot, which is the highest title of honor among them.

I. **Lĭg'à tŭres**: bands. **Pē'rĭ ŏds**: sentences. **Dĕx tĕr'ĭ tў**: skill; cleverness. **Ĭm ăġ ĭ nā'tions** (**shŭns**): purposes; ideas; fancies. **Prŏ dĭġ'iоŭs**: huge; monstrous. **Rĕt'ĭ nūe**: train of attendants. **Crĕ dĕn'tials** (**shals**): letters of credit; testimonials showing that a person has a right to exercise official power. **Sĭg'nĕt**: seal; sign. **Dĕ tĕr'mĭ nate**: fixed; positive.

II. **Ĕm băr'gò**: an order of government forbidding the departure of ships of commerce from certain ports. **Plŭm*bed***: found

out the depth; sounded. **Ĕx pē′dĭ ent**: means of overcoming a difficulty. **Hŏs′tīle**: warlike; unfriendly. **Pū′ĭs sant**: powerful. **Ĕn cō′mĭ ŭmṣ**: high praise; strong commendation.

The Two Breaths

By Charles Kingsley

Charles Kingsley (1819–1875): An English clergyman and author. Young people know him best from "Greek Heroes" and "Water Babies, a Fairy Tale for a Land Baby." "Hypatia," "Westward Ho," "Alton Locke," and "Yeast" are the most popular of his novels.

This selection is from "Health and Education," a book of simple talks on hygienic and scientific subjects.

I wish to call this talk "The Two Breaths," not merely "The Breath;" and for this reason: every time you breathe, you breathe two different breaths; you take in one, you give out another. The composition of those two breaths is different. Their effects are different. The breath which has been breathed out must not be breathed in again.

If you want to see how different the breath breathed out is from the breath taken in, you have only to try a somewhat cruel experiment, but one which people too often try upon themselves, their children, and their work-people. If you take any small animal with lungs like your own — a mouse, for instance — and force it to breathe no air but

what you have breathed already; if you put it in a close box, and while you take in breath from the outer air, send out your breath through a tube into that box, the animal will soon faint; if you go on long with this process, it will die.

Take a second instance: if you allow a child to get into the habit of sleeping with its head under the bedclothes, and thereby breathing its own breath over and over again, that child will assuredly grow pale, weak, and ill.

Take another instance, which is only too common: if you are in a crowded room, with plenty of fire and lights and company, doors and windows all shut tight, how often you feel faint — so faint, that you may require smelling-salts or some other stimulant. The cause of your faintness is just the same as that of the mouse's fainting in the box: you and your friends, and as I shall show you presently, the fire and the candles likewise, having been all breathing each other's breaths, over and over again, till the air has become unfit to support life. You are doing your best to enact over again the Highland tragedy, when at a Christmas meeting thirty-six persons danced all night in a small room with a low ceiling, keeping the doors and windows shut. The atmosphere of the room was noxious beyond description; and the effect was, that seven of the party were soon after seized with typhus fever, of which two died.

You are inflicting on yourselves the torments of the famous Black Hole of Calcutta; and, if there was no chimney in the room, by which some fresh air could enter, the candles would soon burn blue — as the stories tell us they do when ghosts appear; your brains become disturbed; and you yourselves run the risk of becoming ghosts, and the candles of actually going out.

Of this last fact there is no doubt; for if, instead of putting a mouse into the box, you will put a lighted candle, and breathe into the tube, as before, however gently, you will in a short time put the candle out.

Now, how is this? First, what is the difference between the breath you take in and the breath you give out? And next, why has it a similar effect on animal life and a lighted candle?

The difference is this. The breath which you take in is, or ought to be, pure air, composed, on the whole, of oxygen and nitrogen, with a minute portion of carbonic acid gas.

The breath which you give out is an impure air, to which has been added, among other matters which will not support life, an excess of carbonic acid gas.

That this is the fact you can prove for yourselves by a simple experiment. Get a little lime water at the chemist's, and breathe into it through a glass tube; your breath will at once make the lime water

milky. The carbonic acid gas of your breath has laid hold of the lime, and made it visible as white carbonate of lime, — in plain English, as common chalk.

Now, I do not wish to load your memories with scientific terms: but I beseech you to remember at least these two — oxygen gas and carbonic acid gas; and to remember that, as surely as oxygen feeds the fire of life, so surely does carbonic acid put it out.

I say, "the fire of life." In that expression lies the answer to our second question: Why does our breath produce a similar effect upon the mouse and the lighted candle? Every one of us is, as it were, a living fire. Were we not, how could we be always warmer than the air outside us? There is a process going on perpetually in each of us, similar to that by which coals are burned in a fire, oil in a lamp, wax in a candle, and the earth itself in a volcano. To keep each of those fires alight, oxygen is needed; and the products of combustion, as they are called, are more or less the same in each case — carbonic acid gas and steam.

These facts justify the expression I just made use of, that the fire and the candles in the crowded room were breathing the same breath as you were. It is but too true. An average fire in the grate requires to keep it burning as much oxygen as several human beings do; each candle or lamp must have its share of oxygen likewise, and that a very considerable one;

and an average gas-burner — pray attend to this, you who live in rooms lighted with gas — consumes as much oxygen as several candles. All alike are making carbonic acid gas. The carbonic acid gas of the fire happily escapes up the chimney in the smoke; but the carbonic acid gas from the human beings and the candles remains to poison the room, unless it be ventilated.

Now, I think, we may see what ventilation means, and why it is needed.

Ventilation means simply letting out the foul air and letting in the fresh air; letting out the air which has been breathed by men or by candles, and letting in the air which has not. To understand how to do that, we must remember a most simple chemical law, that a gas as it is warmed expands and therefore becomes lighter; as it cools it contracts and becomes heavier.

Now the carbonic acid gas in the breath which comes out of our mouth is warm, lighter than the air, and rises to the ceiling; and therefore in any unventilated room full of people, there is a layer of foul air along the ceiling. You might soon test that for yourselves, if you could mount a ladder and put your heads there aloft. You do test it for yourselves when you sit in the galleries of churches and theaters, where the air is palpably more foul, and therefore more injurious, than down below.

The first question in ventilation, therefore, is to get this carbonic acid gas safe out of the room, while it is warm and light and close to the ceiling; for if you do not, this happens: — The carbonic acid gas cools and becomes heavier; for carbonic acid gas at the same temperature as common air is so much heavier than common air that you may actually — if you are handy enough — turn it from one vessel to another and pour out for your enemy a glass of invisible poison. So down to the floor this heavy carbonic acid gas comes, and lies along it, just as it lies often in the bottom of old wells, as a stratum of poison, killing occasionally the men who descend into it.

And now, what becomes of this breath which passes from your lips? Is it merely harmful, merely waste? God forbid! God has forbidden that anything should be merely harmful or merely waste in this so wise and well-made world. The carbonic acid gas which passes from your lips at every breath is a precious boon to thousands of things of which you have daily need. Indeed, there is a sort of hint at physical truth in the old fairy tale of the girl from whose lips, as she spoke, fell pearls and diamonds; for the carbonic acid gas of your breath may help hereafter to make the pure carbonate of lime of a pearl or the still purer carbon of a diamond.

Nay, it may go — in such a world of transformations do we live — to make atoms of coal strata which shall lie buried for ages beneath deep seas, shall be upheaved in continents which are yet unborn, and there be burned for the use of a future race of men, and resolved into their original elements. Coal, wise men tell us, is, on the whole, breath and sunlight; the breath of living creatures who have lived in the vast swamps and forests of some primeval world, and the sunlight which transmuted that breath into the leaves and stems of trees, magically locked up for ages in that black stone, to become, when it is burned at last, light and carbonic acid gas, as it was at first.

For though you must not breathe your breath again, you may at least eat your breath, if you will allow the sun to transmute it for you into vegetables; or you may enjoy its fragrance and its color in the shape of a lily or a rose. When you walk in a sunlit garden, every word you speak, every breath you breathe, is feeding the plants and flowers around. The delicate surface of the green leaves absorbs the carbonic acid gas and parts it into its elements, retaining the carbon to make woody fiber, and courteously returning you the oxygen to mingle with the fresh air and be inhaled by your lungs once more. Thus do you feed the plants, just as the plants feed you; while the great life-giving sun

feeds both; and the geranium standing in the sick child's window does not merely rejoice his eye and mind by its beauty and freshness but repays honestly the trouble spent on it: absorbing the breath which the child needs not, and giving to him the breath which he needs.

Nox'ious (nŏk'shŭs): hurtful; harmful; unwholesome. **Black Hole of Calcutta**: a cell in a fort at Calcutta into which one hundred and forty-six English prisoners were put; one hundred and twenty-three of whom died before morning from lack of air. **Ex çĕss'(ĕk)**: undue amount; too much. **Cŏm bŭs'tion (chŭn)**: state of burning. **Păl'pa blў**: plainly; evidently. **Strā'tŭm** (pl. *strata*): layer. **Trăns fŏr mā'tions (shŭnz)**: changes. **Trăns-mūt'ĕd**: changed from one form or nature into another.

Psalm XCIII

The Lord reigneth; He is clothed with majesty; The Lord is clothed with strength, wherewith He hath girded Himself: the world also is stablished, that it cannot be moved.

Thy throne is established of old: Thou art from everlasting.

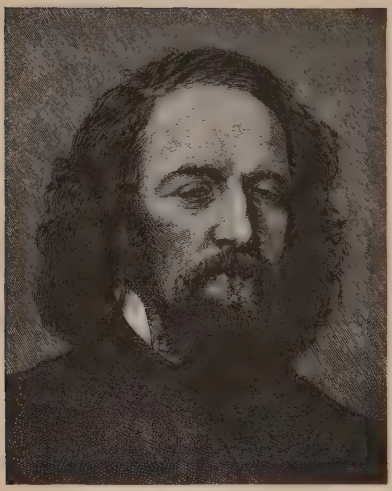
The floods have lifted up, O Lord, the floods have lifted up their voice; the floods lift up their waves.

The Lord on high is mightier than the noise of many waters, yea, than the mighty waves of the sea.

Thy testimonies are very sure: holiness becometh Thine house, O Lord, forever.

The Lady of Shalott

By Alfred, Lord Tennyson



Lord Tennyson

Alfred, Lord Tennyson (1809–1892): An English poet, who was for more than thirty years poet-laureate. He wrote "The Princess," "Maud," "In Memoriam," "Idylls of the King," several dramatic poems, and many shorter poems.

"The Lady of Shalott" was suggested by a legend in Sir Thomas Malory's "Morte d'Arthur," a collection of old British legends about King Arthur and his knights of the Round Table, which furnished Tennyson material for the poems composing the "Idylls of the King."

Part I

On either side the river lie
Long fields of barley and of rye,
That clothe the wold and meet the sky;
And through the field the road runs by
To many-towered Camelot;
And up and down the people go,
Gazing where the lilies blow

Round an island there below,
The island of Shalott.

Willows whiten, aspens quiver,
Little breezes dusk and shiver
Through the wave that runs forever
By the island in the river
Flowing down to Camelot.
Four gray walls and four gray towers
Overlook a space of flowers,
And the silent isle embowers
The Lady of Shalott.

By the margin, willow-veiled,
Slide the heavy barges trailed
By slow horses; and unhailed
The shallop flitteth silken-sailed
Skimming down to Camelot;
But who hath seen her wave her hand?
Or at the casement seen her stand?
Or is she known in all the land,
The Lady of Shalott?

Only reapers, reaping early
In among the bearded barley,
Hear a song that echoes cheerly
From the river winding clearly,
Down to towered Camelot:
And by the moon the reaper weary,
Piling sheaves in uplands airy,

Listening, whispers, "'Tis the fairy
Lady of Shalott."

Part II

There she weaves by night and day
A magic web with colors gay.
She has heard a whisper say,
A curse is on her if she stay
To look down to Camelot.
She knows not what the curse may be,
And so she weaveth steadily,
And little other care hath she,
The Lady of Shalott.

And moving through a mirror clear
That hangs before her all the year,
Shadows of the world appear.
There she sees the highway near
Winding down to Camelot:
There the river eddy whirls
And there the surly village churls,
And the red cloaks of market girls,
Pass onward from Shalott.

Sometimes a troop of damsels glad,
An abbot on an ambling pad,
Sometimes a curly shepherd lad,
Or long-haired page in crimson clad,
Goes by to towered Camelot:

And sometimes through the mirror blue
The knights come riding two and two;
She hath no loyal knight and true,
The Lady of Shalott.

But in her web she still delights
To weave the mirror's magic sights,
For often through the silent nights
A funeral, with plumes and lights,
And music, went to Camelot:
Or when the moon was overhead,
Came two young lovers lately wed:
"I am half sick of shadows," said
The Lady of Shalott.

Part III

A bowshot from her bower eaves,
He rode between the barley sheaves,
The sun came dazzling through the leaves
And flamed upon the brazen greaves
Of bold Sir Lancelot.
A red-cross knight forever kneeled
To a lady in his shield,
That sparkled on the yellow field,
Beside remote Shalott.

The gemmy bridle glittered free,
Like to some branch of stars we see

Hung in the golden Galaxy.
The bridle bells rang merrily
As he rode down to Camelot:
And from his blazoned baldric slung
A mighty silver bugle hung,
And as he rode his armor rung,
Beside remote Shalott.

All in the blue unclouded weather
Thick-jeweled shone the saddle leather,
The helmet and the helmet feather
Burned like one burning flame together,
As he rode down to Camelot.
As often through the purple night,
Below the starry clusters bright,
Some bearded meteor, trailing light,
Moves over still Shalott.

His broad clear brow in sunlight glowed;
On burnished hooves his war-horse trode;
From underneath his helmet flowed
His coal-black curls as on he rode,
As he rode down to Camelot.
From the bank and from the river
He flashed into the crystal mirror,
"Tirra lirra," by the river
Sang Sir Lancelot.

She left the web, she left the loom,
She made three paces through the room,

"The curse is come upon me."

She saw the water lily bloom,
She saw the helmet and the plume,
She looked down to Camelot.
Out flew the web and floated wide;
The mirror cracked from side to side:
"The curse is come upon me," cried
The Lady of Shalott.

Part IV

In the stormy east wind straining,
The pale yellow woods were waning,
The broad stream in his banks complaining,
Heavily the low sky raining
Over towered Camelot;
Down she came and found a boat
Beneath a willow left afloat,
And round about the prow she wrote,
"The Lady of Shalott."

And down the river's dim expanse
Like some bold seer in a trance,
Seeing all his own mischance —
With a glassy countenance
Did she look to Camelot.
And at the closing of the day
She loosed the chain, and down she lay;
The broad stream bore her far away,
The Lady of Shalott.

Lying, robed in snowy white
That loosely flew to left and right —
The leaves upon her falling light —
Through the noises of the night
She floated down to Camelot:
And as the boat-head wound along

The willowy hills and fields among,
They heard her singing her last song,
The Lady of Shalott.

Heard a carol, mournful, holy,
Chanted loudly, chanted lowly,
Till her blood was frozen slowly,
And her eyes were darkened wholly,
Turned to towered Camelot.
For ere she reached upon the tide
The first house by the water side,
Singing, in her song she died,
The Lady of Shalott.

Under tower and balcony,
By garden wall and gallery,
A gleaming shape she floated by,
Dead-pale between the houses high,
Silent into Camelot.
Out upon the wharves they came,
Knight and burgher, lord and dame,
And round the prow they read her name,
"The Lady of Shalott."

Who is this? and what is here?
And in the lighted palace near
Died the sound of royal cheer;
And they crossed themselves for fear,
All the knights at Camelot:

But Lancelot mused a little space;
He said, "She has a lovely face;
God in His mercy lend her grace,
The Lady of Shalott."

Wōld: plain; low hill. **Shăl'lŏp**: boat. **Chēer'lў**: cheerily. **Chûrls**: rough, ill-bred men; laborers. **Păd**: an easy-paced horse. **Grēaves**: armor for the leg below the knee. **Sir Lăn'ce lŏt**: the most famous of the knights of King Arthur's Round Table. **Red-cross Knight**: St. George, the patron saint of England. **Ġĕm'mў**: ornamented with gems. **Căm'ė lŏt**: a legendary town in Winchester, England, the seat of King Arthur's palace. **Găl'ăx ў**: the Milky Way. See definition on page 40. **Blā'zoned**: emblazoned; adorned with a coat of arms. **Sēer**: prophet.

The Fall of the Leaf

By M. R. Mitford

Mary Russell Mitford (1786–1855): An English author. Her most important work is "Our Village," a collection of sketches of English village life, the plan of which was suggested to her by Irving's "Sketch-Book." Miss Mitford also wrote several plays, tales in verse, a novel and a volume of literary recollections.

This selection from "Our Village" describes a November walk.

The weather is as peaceful to-day, as calm, and as mild, as in early April; and perhaps an autumn afternoon and a spring morning do resemble each

other more in feeling, and even in appearance, than any two periods of the year. There is in both the same freshness and dewiness of the herbage; the same balmy softness in the air; and the same pure and lovely blue sky, with white fleecy clouds floating across it. The chief difference lies in the absence of flowers, and the presence of leaves. But then the foliage of November is so rich and glowing and varied that it may well supply the place of the gay blossoms of the spring; while all the flowers of the field or garden could never make amends for the want of leaves — that beautiful and graceful attire in which nature has clothed the rugged forms of trees — the verdant drapery to which the landscape owes its loveliness and the forests their glory.

If choice must be between two seasons, each so full of charm, it is at least no bad philosophy to prefer the present good, even while looking gratefully back, and hopefully forward, to the past and the future. And of a surety, no fairer specimen of a November day could well be found than this, a day made to wander

> "By yellow commons and birch-shaded hollows,
> And hedgerows bordering unfrequented lanes;"

nor could a prettier country be found for our walk than this shady and yet sunny Berkshire, where the scenery, without rising into grandeur or breaking

into wildness, is so peaceful, so cheerful, so varied, and so thoroughly English.

We must bend our steps toward the water side, for I have a message to leave at Farmer Riley's; and sooth to say it is no unpleasant necessity; for the road thither is smooth and dry, retired, as one likes a country walk to be, but not too lonely, which women never like; leading past the Loddon — the bright, brimming, transparent Loddon — a fitting mirror for this bright blue sky, and terminating at one of the prettiest and most comfortable farm-houses in the neighborhood.

How beautiful the lane is to-day, decorated with a thousand colors! The brown road, and the rich verdure that borders it, strewed with the pale yellow leaves of the elm, just beginning to fall, hedgerows glowing with long wreaths of the bramble in every variety of purplish red; and overhead the unchanged green of the fir, contrasting with the spotted sycamore, the tawny beech, and the dry, sere leaves of the oak, which rustle as the light wind passes through them; a few common hardy yellow flowers — for yellow is the common color of flowers, whether wild or cultivated, as blue is the rare one — flowers of many sorts, but almost of one tint, still blowing in spite of the season, and ruddy berries glowing through all. How very beautiful is the lane!

And how pleasant is this hill where the road

widens, with the group of cattle by the wayside, and George Hearn, the little post-boy, trundling his hoop at full speed, making all the better haste in his work, because he cheats himself into thinking it play! And how beautiful, again, is this patch of common at the hilltop with the clear pool, where Martha Pither's children, elves of three and four and five years old, without any distinction of sex in their sunburnt faces and tattered drapery, are dipping up water in their little homely cups, shining with cleanliness, and a small, brown pitcher with the lip broken, to fill that great kettle, which, when it is filled, their united strength will never be able to lift! They are quite a group for a painter, with their rosy cheeks and chubby hands and round, merry faces; and the low cottage in the background, peeping out of its vine leaves and china roses, with Martha at the door, tidy and comely and smiling, preparing the potatoes for the pot, and watching the progress of dipping and filling that useful utensil, completes the picture.

But we must get on. No time for more sketches in these short days. It is getting cold, too. We must proceed in our walk. Dash is showing us the way, and beating the thick double hedgerow that runs along the side of the meadows at a rate that indicates game astir, and causes the leaves to fly as fast as an east wind after a hard frost. Ah, a

pheasant! a superb cock pheasant! Nothing is more certain than Dash's questing, whether in a hedgerow or covert, for a better spaniel never went into the field; but I fancied that it was a hare afoot, and was almost as much startled to hear the whirring of those splendid wings, as the princely bird himself would have been at the report of a gun. Indeed, I believe that the way in which a pheasant goes off does sometimes make young sportsmen a little nervous — they don't own it very readily, but the observation may be relied on, nevertheless, — until they get, as it were, broken in to the sound; and then that grand and sudden burst of wing becomes as pleasant to them as it seems to be to Dash, who is beating the hedgerow with might and main, and giving tongue louder and sending the leaves about faster than ever, very proud of finding the pheasant and perhaps a little angry with me for not shooting it; at least, looking as if he would be angry if I were a man; for Dash is a dog of great sagacity, and has doubtless not lived four years in the sporting world without making the discovery that although gentlemen do shoot, ladies do not.

The Loddon at last! the beautiful Loddon! and the bridge, where every one stops, as by instinct, to lean over the rails and gaze a moment on a landscape of surpassing loveliness, the fine grounds of the Great House, with their magnificent groups of limes and

firs, and poplars grander than ever poplars were before; the green meadows opposite, studded with oaks and elms; the clear, winding river; the mill with its picturesque old buildings bounding the scene; all glowing with the rich coloring of autumn, and harmonized by the soft beauty of the clear blue sky and the delicious calmness of the hour. The very peasant, whose daily path it is, cannot cross that bridge without a pause.

But the day is wearing fast, and it grows colder and colder. I really think it will be a frost. After all, spring is the pleasantest season, beautiful as this scenery is. We must get on. Down that broad yet shadowy lane, between the park, dark with evergreens and dappled with deer, and the meadows, where sheep and cows and horses are grazing under the tall elms; that lane, where the wild bank, clothed with fern and tufted with furze and crowned by rich-berried thorn and thick shining holly on the one side, seems to vie in beauty with the picturesque old paling, the bright laurels, and the plumy cedars, on the other; down that shady lane, until the sudden turn brings us to an opening where four roads meet, where a noble avenue turns down to the Great House; where the village church rears its modest spire from amidst its venerable yew trees; and where, embosomed in orchards and gardens, and backed by barns and ricks and all the wealth of the farmyard, stands the spa-

cious and comfortable abode of good Farmer Riley, the end and object of our walk.

And in happy time the message is said and the answer given, for this beautiful mild day is edging off into a dense frosty evening; the leaves of the elm and the linden in the old avenue are quivering and vibrating and fluttering in the air, and at length falling crisply on the earth, as if Dash were beating for pheasants in the tree-tops; the sun gleams dimly through the fog, giving little more of light or heat than his fair sister, the lady moon; I don't know a more disappointing person than a cold sun; and I am beginning to wrap my cloak closely round me and to calculate the distance to my own fireside, recanting all the way my praises of November and longing for the showery, flowery April as much as if I were a half-chilled butterfly, or a dahlia knocked down by the frost.

Ah, dear me! what a climate this is, that one cannot keep in the same mind about it for half an hour together! I wonder, by the way, whether the fault is in the weather, which Dash does not seem to care for, or in me? If I should happen to be wet through in a shower next spring, and should catch myself longing for autumn, that would settle the question.

Bĕrk'shir*e*: an English county, in the southern part of which is situated the little village of Three Mile Cross, the

scene of Miss Mitford's sketches. **Lŏd'don**: a small river in southern England. **Cŏme'lў**: good looking; handsome. **Pheas'ant (fĕz)**: an English game bird. **Quĕst'ĭng**: seeking; going in pursuit of. **Cŏv'ĕrt**: cover; woods, or land covered with underbrush which conceals game. **Sā găç'ĭ tў**: wisdom.

The First News Message by Telegraph[1]

By Stephen Vail

Late in the winter of 1837–38, there was introduced into the Congress of the United States a bill authorizing an appropriation of $30,000 with which to construct an experimental line of electric telegraph between Washington and Baltimore, some forty miles in length. This object was, by the wiseacres in the Congress, considered so visionary and nonsensical that it was not until upon the night of the third of March, 1843, the last of the expiring session, and after five long and weary years of waiting on the part of the untiring inventors, Morse and Vail, that the bill was finally passed by the Senate and became a law, by but a bare majority.

Work upon the construction of the line was at once commenced. The mechanical and electrical part of the work was in charge of Alfred Vail, while Morse remained in Washington.

In October, 1843, ten miles of the underground

[1] Used by permission of "Truth"

line had been laid, when the insulation, which had been gradually failing, disappeared altogether. The minds of those engaged in the enterprise were filled with consternation. Cornell dexterously managed to break the pipe-laying machine — one of his own device — that the apparent accident might furnish a plausible excuse to the newspapers and the public for the temporary suspension of the work.

In February, 1844, it was decided to place the conductors on poles, and on the first of April the stringing of the wires was begun at Washington.

On April 30th the line reached Annapolis Junction, twenty-two miles from Washington, and was operated with satisfactory results.

May 1st, 1844, was the date upon which there was to assemble in Baltimore the Whig convention, to nominate the candidates of that party for president and vice-president, and it was arranged between Morse and Vail that the latter should obtain from the passengers upon the afternoon train from Baltimore to Washington, when it stopped at Annapolis Junction, information of the proceedings of the convention and transmit it at once to Morse at the Capitol in Washington.

The train arrived at half-past three o'clock, and from the passengers, among whom were many of the delegates to the convention, Mr. Vail ascertained that the convention had assembled, nominated the

candidates, and adjourned, which information he at once dispatched to Morse, with whom was gathered a number of prominent men who had been invited to be present. Morse sat awaiting the prearranged signal from Vail, when suddenly there came from the instrument the understood clicking, and starting the mechanism, unwinding the ribbon of paper upon which came the embossed dots and dashes, there was established the complete success of the telegraph over twenty-two miles of wire.

Slowly came the message, and when it had ended, Morse rose and said: "Gentlemen, the convention has adjourned. The train bearing that information has just left Annapolis Junction for Washington, and Mr. Vail has telegraphed me the ticket nominated, and it is —" he hesitated, holding in his hand the final proof of victory over space, "it is — it is Clay and Frelinghuysen."

"You are quizzing us," was the quiet remark. "It's easy enough for you to guess that Clay is at the head of the ticket, but Frelinghuysen — who is Frelinghuysen?"

"I only know," was the dignified answer, "that it is the name Mr. Vail has sent to me from Annapolis Junction, where he had the news five minutes ago from the train bound this way bearing the delegates."

At that time the twenty-two miles from the Junction to Washington required an hour and a quarter

for the fastest trains, and long before the train reached Washington the newsboys — enterprising even in those days — had their "extras" upon the streets, their headings "By Telegraph" telling the story, and being the first time that such a legend had ever appeared upon a printed sheet.

A great and enthusiastic crowd greeted the delegates as they alighted from the train at the station. They were struck dumb with astonishment when they heard the people hurrahing for "Clay and Frelinghuysen," and saw in cold type before their very eyes the information which they supposed was exclusively their own, but which had preceded them "by telegraph." They had asked Mr. Vail at the Junction what he was doing when they saw him working the telegraph key, and when he told them, they joked about it most glibly, for no one had any belief in the success of the telegraph.

Upon May 23d the entire line from Washington to Baltimore was completed. On the next day, May 24th, Alfred Vail received the so-called "historic message," "What hath God wrought?"

This message was dictated by Miss Ellsworth, daughter of the then Commissioner of Patents, who had taken a deep interest in the success of the bill appropriating $30,000 for the construction of the line, and who was the first to convey to Morse the information that the bill had passed. Morse, jubi-

lant at the news, thereupon gave Miss Ellsworth his promise that the first message to pass over the line from Washington to Baltimore should be that which she might choose to dictate.

Wīs̤e′ā cres (**kẽrs̤**) : persons who pretend to be very wise; dunces. **Ĭn sū̆ lā′tion** (**shŭn**) : the state of a body's being separated from others by nonconductors so as to prevent the passing of electricity. **Pla̤u′s̤ĭ ble**: seemingly reasonable. **Trăns mĭt′**: send. **Quĭz′zĭng**: making sport of; mocking.

The Shell

From "Maud," by Alfred, Lord Tennyson

See what a lovely shell,
Small and pure as a pearl,
Lying close to my foot;
Frail, but a work divine,
Made so fairily well
With delicate spire and whorl,
How exquisitely minute,
A miracle of design!

What is it? A learned man
Could give it a clumsy name.
Let him name it who can,
The beauty would be the same.

The tiny cell is forlorn,
Void of the little living will
That made it stir on the shore.
Did he stand at the diamond door
Of his house in a rainbow frill?
Did he push, when he was uncurled,
A golden foot or a fairy horn
Through his dim water-world?

Slight, to be crushed with a tap
Of my finger-nail on the sand,
Small, but a work divine,
Frail, but of force to withstand,
Year upon year, the shock
Of the cataract seas that snap
The three-decker's oaken spine
Athwart the ledges of rock,
Here on the Breton strand!

Small service is true service while it lasts;
Of humblest friends, bright creature! scorn not one;
The daisy, by the shadow that it casts,
Protects the lingering dew-drop from the sun.

—Wordsworth

The Cratchits' Christmas Dinner

By Charles Dickens

Charles Dickens (1812–1870): One of the most popular of English novelists. He gives sympathetic pictures of the life of the lower classes, and some of his works were largely instrumental in the reform of social abuses. Among his best known novels are "Pickwick Papers," "David Copperfield," "Oliver Twist," and "Nicholas Nickleby."

This selection is from "A Christmas Carol," one of the tales included in the popular series of "Christmas Stories."

Up rose Mrs. Cratchit, Cratchit's wife, dressed out but poorly in a twice-turned gown, but brave in ribbons, which are cheap and make a goodly show for sixpence; and she laid the cloth, assisted by Belinda Cratchit, second of her daughters, also brave in ribbons; while Master Peter Cratchit plunged a fork into the saucepan of potatoes, and getting the corners of his monstrous shirt-collar — Bob's private property, conferred upon his son and heir in honor of the day — into his mouth, rejoiced to find himself so gallantly attired, and yearned to show his linen in the fashionable parks.

And now two smaller Cratchits, boy and girl, came tearing in, screaming that outside the baker's they had smelt the goose, and known it for their own; and basking in luxurious thoughts of sage and onion, these young Cratchits danced about the table, and exalted Master Peter Cratchit to the skies, while he

— not proud, although his collar nearly choked him — blew the fire, until the slow potatoes, bubbling up, knocked loudly at the saucepan lid to be let out and peeled.

"What has ever got your precious father, then?" said Mrs. Cratchit. "And your brother, Tiny Tim! And Martha warn't as late last Christmas-day by half an hour!"

"Here's Martha, mother!" said a girl, appearing as she spoke.

"Here's Martha, mother!" cried the two young Cratchits. "Hurrah! There's such a goose, Martha!"

"Why, bless your heart alive, my dear, how late you are!" said Mrs. Cratchit, kissing her a dozen times, and taking off her shawl and bonnet for her with officious zeal.

"We'd a deal of work to finish up last night," replied the girl, "and had to clear away this morning, mother!"

"Well! Never mind, so long as you are come," said Mrs. Cratchit. "Sit ye down before the fire, my dear, and have a warm, Lord bless ye!"

"No, no! There's father coming," cried the two young Cratchits, who were everywhere at once. "Hide, Martha, hide!"

So Martha hid herself, and in came little Bob, the father, with at least three feet of comforter,

Tiny Tim upon his shoulder.

exclusive of the fringe, hanging down before him; and his threadbare clothes darned up and brushed, to look seasonable; and Tiny Tim upon his shoulder. Alas for Tiny Tim! he bore a little crutch, and had his limbs supported by an iron frame.

"Why, where's our Martha?" cried Bob Cratchit, looking round.

"Not coming," said Mrs. Cratchit.

"Not coming!" said Bob, with a sudden declension in his high spirits; for he had been Tim's blood-horse all the way from church, and had come home rampant — "not coming upon Christmas-day!"

Martha didn't like to see him disappointed, if it were only in joke; so she came out prematurely from behind the closet door, and ran into his arms, while the two young Cratchits hustled Tiny Tim, and bore him off into the washhouse, that he might hear the pudding singing in the copper.

"And how did little Tim behave?" asked Mrs. Cratchit, when she had rallied Bob on his credulity, and Bob had hugged his daughter to his heart's content.

"As good as gold," said Bob, "and better. Somehow he gets thoughtful, sitting by himself so much, and thinks the strangest things you ever heard. He told me, coming home, that he hoped the people saw him in the church, because he was a cripple, and it might be pleasant to them to remember, upon

Christmas-day, who made lame beggars walk and blind men see."

Bob's voice was tremulous when he told them this, and trembled more when he said that Tiny Tim was growing strong and hearty.

His active little crutch was heard upon the floor, and back came Tiny Tim before another word was spoken, escorted by his brother and sister to his stool beside the fire; and while Bob, turning up his cuffs — as if, poor fellow! they were capable of being made more shabby — compounded some hot mixture in a jug with gin and lemons, and stirred it round and round, and put it on the hob to simmer, Master Peter and the two ubiquitous young Cratchits went to fetch the goose, with which they soon returned in high procession.

Mrs. Cratchit made the gravy — ready beforehand in a little saucepan — hissing hot; Master Peter mashed the potatoes with incredible vigor; Miss Belinda sweetened up the apple-sauce; Martha dusted the hot plates; Bob took Tiny Tim beside him in a tiny corner at the table; the two young Cratchits set chairs for everybody, not forgetting themselves, and, mounting guard upon their posts, crammed spoons into their mouths, lest they should shriek for goose before their turn came to be helped.

At last the dishes were set on, and grace was said. It was succeeded by a breathless pause, as

Mrs. Cratchit, looking slowly all along the carving knife, prepared to plunge it in the breast; but when she did and when the long-expected gush of stuffing issued forth, one murmur of delight arose all around the board, and even Tiny Tim, excited by the two young Cratchits, beat on the table with the handle of his knife and feebly cried, "Hurrah!"

There never was such a goose. Bob said he didn't believe there ever was such a goose cooked. Its tenderness and flavor, size and cheapness, were the themes of universal admiration. Eked out by apple-sauce and mashed potatoes, it was a sufficient dinner for the whole family; indeed, as Mrs. Cratchit said with great delight — surveying one small atom of a bone upon the dish — they hadn't eaten it all at last! Yet every one had had enough, and the youngest Cratchits in particular were steeped in sage and onion to the eyebrows! But now, the plates being changed by Miss Belinda, Mrs. Cratchit left the room alone — too nervous to bear witnesses — to take the pudding up and bring it in.

Suppose it should not be done enough! Suppose it should break in turning out! Suppose somebody should have got over the wall of the back yard and stolen it while they were merry with the goose — a supposition at which the two young Cratchits became livid! All sorts of horrors were supposed.

Hallo! A great deal of steam! The pudding

was out of the copper. A smell like a washing-day! That was the cloth. A smell like an eating-house and a pastry-cook's next door to each other, with a laundress's next door to that! That was the pudding! In half a minute Mrs. Cratchit entered — flushed, but smiling proudly — with the pudding, like a speckled cannon ball, so hard and firm, blazing in half of half a quartern of ignited brandy, and bedight with Christmas holly stuck into the top.

Oh, a wonderful pudding! Bob Cratchit said, and calmly too, that he regarded it as the greatest success achieved by Mrs. Cratchit since their marriage. Mrs. Cratchit said that now the weight was off her mind, she would confess she had had her doubts about the quantity of flour. Everybody had something to say about it, but nobody said or thought it was at all a small pudding for a large family. It would have been flat heresy to do so. Any Cratchit would have blushed to hint at such a thing.

At last the dinner was all done, the cloth was cleared, the hearth swept, and the fire made up. The compound in the jug being tasted, and considered perfect, apples and oranges were put upon the table and a shovelful of chestnuts on the fire.

Then all the Cratchit family drew round the hearth, in what Bob Cratchit called a circle, meaning half a one, and at Bob Cratchit's elbow stood

the family display of glass — two tumblers, and a custard-cup without a handle.

These held the hot stuff from the jug, however, as well as golden goblets would have done; and Bob served it out with beaming looks, while the chestnuts on the fire sputtered and crackled noisily.

Then Bob proposed: "A merry Christmas to us all, my dears. God bless us!"

Which all the family reëchoed.

"God bless us every one!" said Tiny Tim, the last of all.

Yĕarned: wished greatly. **Dĕ clĕn′sion (shŭn)**: falling off. **Rămp′ant**: leaping. **Prē mà tūre′lў**: too early; before the proper time. **Răl′lĭed**: teased. **Crĕ dū′lĭ tў**: readiness of belief. **Ū̇biq′ui toŭs (bĭk wĭ)**: being everywhere at the same time. **Ēked**: added to; increased. **Bĕ dīght′**: ornamented.

Patrick Henry's Speech in the Virginia Convention

Patrick Henry (1736–1799): An American orator, whose impassioned eloquence and zeal for liberty inspired the colonists with determination to resist English oppression. This famous speech was delivered in the Virginia House of Burgesses, March, 1775.

Mr. President: It is natural to man to indulge in the illusions of hope. We are apt to shut our eyes against a painful truth, and listen to the song of that siren till she transforms us into beasts. Is

this the part of wise men, engaged in a great and arduous struggle for liberty? Are we disposed to be of the number of those who having eyes see not, and having ears hear not, the things which so nearly concern their temporal salvation? For my part, whatever anguish of spirit it may cost, I am willing to know the whole truth, — to know the worst, and to provide for it.

I have but one lamp by which my feet are guided; and that is the lamp of experience. I know of no way of judging of the future but by the past. And, judging by the past, I wish to know what there has been in the conduct of the British ministry, for the last ten years, to justify those hopes with which gentlemen have been pleased to solace themselves and the house? Is it that insidious smile with which our petition has been lately received? Trust it not, sir; it will prove a snare to your feet. Suffer not yourselves to be betrayed with a kiss. Ask yourselves how this gracious reception of our petition comports with those warlike preparations which cover our waters and darken our land. Are fleets and armies necessary to a work of love and reconciliation? Have we shown ourselves so unwilling to be reconciled that force must be called in to win back our love?

Let us not deceive ourselves, sir. These are the implements of war and subjugation, — the last arguments to which kings resort. I ask gentlemen, sir,

what means this martial array if its purpose be not to force us into submission? Can gentlemen assign any other possible motive for it? Has Great Britain any enemy in this quarter of the world, to call for all this accumulation of navies and armies? No, sir, she has none. They are meant for us; they can be meant for no other. They are sent over to bind and rivet upon us those chains which the British ministry have been so long forging. And what have we to oppose to them? — Shall we try argument? Sir, we have been trying that for the last ten years. Have we anything new to offer upon the subject? Nothing. We have held the subject up in every light of which it is capable; but it has been all in vain.

Shall we resort to entreaty and humble supplication? What terms shall we find which have not been already exhausted? Let us not, I beseech you, sir, deceive ourselves longer. Sir, we have done everything that could be done to avert the storm which is now coming on. We have petitioned, we have remonstrated, we have supplicated, we have prostrated ourselves before the throne, and have implored its interposition to arrest the tyrannical hands of the ministry and parliament. Our petitions have been slighted, our remonstrances have produced additional violence and insult, our supplications have been disregarded, and we have been spurned with contempt from the foot of the throne.

In vain, after these things, may we indulge the fond hope of peace and reconciliation. There is no longer any room for hope. If we wish to be free, — if we mean to preserve inviolate those inestimable privileges for which we have been so long contending, — if we mean not basely to abandon the noble struggle in which we have been so long engaged, and which we have pledged ourselves never to abandon until the glorious object of our contest shall be obtained, — we must fight! I repeat it, sir, we must fight! An appeal to arms, and to the God of Hosts is all that is left us!

They tell us, sir, that we are weak, — unable to cope with so formidable an adversary. But when shall we be stronger? Will it be the next week, or the next year? Will it be when we are totally disarmed, and when a British guard shall be stationed in every house? Shall we gather strength by irresolution and inaction? Shall we acquire the means of effectual resistance by lying supinely on our backs and hugging the delusive phantom of hope, until our enemies shall have bound us hand and foot? Sir, we are not weak, if we make a proper use of those means which the God of nature hath placed in our power.

Three millions of people, armed in the holy cause of liberty, and in such a country as that which we possess, are invincible by any force which our enemy

can send against us. Besides, sir, we shall not fight our battles alone. There is a just God who presides over the destinies of nations, and who will raise up friends to fight our battles for us. The battle, sir, is not to the strong alone; it is to the vigilant, the active, the brave. Besides, sir, we have no election. If we were base enough to desire it, it is now too late to retire from the contest. There is no retreat but in submission and slavery! Our chains are forged! Their clanking may be heard on the plains of Boston. The war is inevitable; and let it come! I repeat it, sir, let it come!

It is in vain, sir, to extenuate the matter. Gentlemen may cry peace, peace, peace! — but there is no peace. The war is actually begun! The next gale that sweeps from the North will bring to our ears the clash of resounding arms! Our brethren are already in the field! Why stand we here idle? What is it that gentlemen wish? What would they have? Is life so dear, or peace so sweet, as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery? Forbid it, Almighty God! I know not what course others may take; but as for me, give me liberty or give me death!

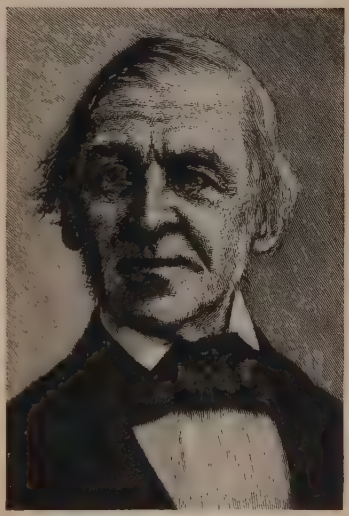
Sī′rĕn: one of three sea nymphs said to sing with such sweetness that they drew sailors to destruction. **Ar′dŭ-oŭs**: difficult. **Tĕm′pō ral**: worldly. **Sŏl′āçe**: comfort. **In sĭd′ĭ-oŭs**: deceitful. **Cŏm pōrts′**: agrees with; suits. **Mär′tial (shal)**: war-

like. **Ĭn vī'ō lāte**: not violated; uninjured. **Sū pīne'lў**: carelessly; idly. **Ĭn vĭn'çĭ ble**: not to be overcome. **Ĕx tĕn'ū āte**: cover with excuses; make less the crime of.

Each and All

By R. W. Emerson

Ralph Waldo Emerson (1803–1882): An American lecturer, poet, essayist, and philosopher. He has had greater influence on the life and thought of people than any other American author. He wrote "Representative Men," "The Conduct of Life," "Society and Solitude," and several other volumes of essays and poems.



Ralph Waldo Emerson

All are needed by each one;
Nothing is fair or good alone.

I thought the sparrow's note from heaven,
Singing at dawn on the alder bough;
I brought him home, in his nest, at even;
He sings the song, but it cheers not now;
For I did not bring home the river and sky;
He sang to my ear — they sang to my eye.

The delicate shells lay on the shore;
The bubbles of the latest wave
Fresh pearls to their enamel gave,
And the bellowing of the savage sea
Greeted their safe escape to me.
I wiped away the weeds and foam—
I fetched my sea-born treasures home;
But the poor, unsightly, noisome things
Had left their beauty on the shore,
With the sun and the sand and the wild uproar.

Noi'sòme: disagreeable; offensive.

The spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim;
The unwearied sun, from day to day,
Doth his Creator's power display,
And publishes to every land
The work of an Almighty hand.

—Addison

Moses Goes to the Fair

By Oliver Goldsmith

Oliver Goldsmith (1728–1774): An English author. He wrote essays, histories, poems, comedies, and a novel, "The Vicar of Wakefield," from which the following selection is taken. "The Vicar of Wakefield" is an exquisite picture of domestic life, which ranks among the masterpieces of English fiction. "The Deserted Village," and "The Traveler" are Goldsmith's best poems, the first being an ideal description of English rural life.

Oliver Goldsmith

As we were now to hold up our heads a little higher in the world, it would be proper to sell the colt, which was grown old, at a neighboring fair, and buy us a horse that would carry single or double upon an occasion, and make a pretty appearance at church or upon a visit. This I at first opposed stoutly; but it was as stoutly defended. However, as I weakened, my antagonists gained strength, till at last it was resolved to part with him.

As the fair happened on the following day, I had intentions of going myself; but my wife persuaded

me that I had a cold, and nothing could prevail upon her to permit me from home.

"No, my dear," said she, "our son Moses is a discreet boy, and can buy and sell to very good advantage; you know all our great bargains are of his purchasing. He always stands out and higgles and actually tires them till he gets a bargain."

As I had some opinion of my son's prudence, I was willing enough to intrust him with this commission; and the next morning I perceived his sisters mighty busy in fitting out Moses for the fair; trimming his hair, brushing his buckles, and cocking his hat with pins. The business of the toilet being over, we had at last the satisfaction of seeing him mounted upon the colt, with a box before him to bring home groceries in.

He had on a coat made of that cloth they call thunder and lightning, which, though grown too short, was much too good to be thrown away. His waistcoat was of gosling green, and his sisters had tied his hair with a broad black ribbon. We all followed him several paces from the door, bawling after him, "Good luck! good luck!" till we could see him no longer.

* * * * * * *

As night came on, I began to wonder what could keep our son so long at the fair.

"Never mind our son," cried my wife; "depend

Moses starts for the fair.

upon it, he knows what he is about. I'll warrant we'll never see him sell his hen of a rainy day. I have seen him buy such bargains as would amaze one. I'll tell you a good story about that, that will make you split your sides with laughing. — But as I live, yonder comes Moses, without a horse, and the box at his back."

As she spoke, Moses came slowly on foot, and sweating under the box, which he had strapped round his shoulders like a peddler. "Welcome, welcome, Moses; well, my boy, what have you brought us from the fair?"

"I have brought you myself," cried Moses, with a sly look, and resting the box on the dresser.

"Aye, Moses," cried my wife, "that we know, but where is the horse?"

"I have sold him," cried Moses, "for three pounds, five shillings, and twopence."

"Well done, my good boy," returned she. "I knew you would touch them off. Between ourselves, three pounds, five shillings, and twopence is no bad day's work. Come, let us have it, then."

"I have brought back no money," cried Moses again, "I have laid it all out in a bargain, and here it is," pulling out a bundle from his breast: "here they are: a gross of green spectacles, with silver rims and shagreen cases."

"A gross of green spectacles!" repeated my wife,

in a faint voice. "And you have parted with the colt and brought us back nothing but a gross of green paltry spectacles!"

"Dear mother," cried the boy, "why won't you listen to reason? I had them a dead bargain, or I should not have bought them. The silver rims alone will sell for double the money."

"A fig for the silver rims!" cried my wife, in a passion: "I dare swear they won't sell for above half the money at the rate of broken silver, five shillings an ounce."

"You need be under no uneasiness," cried I, "about selling the rims, for they are not worth sixpence, for I perceive they are only copper varnished over."

"What," cried my wife, "not silver, the rims not silver!"

"No," cried I, "no more silver than your saucepan."

"And so," returned she, "we have parted with the colt, and have only got a gross of green spectacles with copper rims and shagreen cases! A murrain take such trumpery! The blockhead has been imposed upon, and should have known his company better."

"There, my dear," cried I, "you are wrong, he should not have known them at all."

"Marry, hang the idiot," returned she, "to bring

me such stuff! If I had them I would throw them in the fire."

"There again you are wrong, my dear," cried I; "for though they be copper, we will keep them by us, as copper spectacles, you know, are better than nothing."

By this time the unfortunate Moses was undeceived. He now saw that he had been indeed imposed upon by a prowling sharper, who, observing his figure, had marked him for an easy prey. I, therefore, asked the circumstances of his deception. He sold the horse, it seems, and walked the fair in search of another. A reverend-looking man brought him to a tent, under pretense of having one to sell. "Here," continued Moses, "we met another man, very well dressed, who desired to borrow twenty pounds upon these, saying that he wanted money and would dispose of them for a third of the value. The first gentleman, who pretended to be my friend, whispered me to buy them, and cautioned me not to let so good an offer pass. I sent for Mr. Flamborough, and they talked him up as finely as they did me, and so at last we were persuaded to buy the two gross between us."

Dĭs crēet′: prudent; careful. **Hĭg′gl̤e̤s**: disputes; bargains. **Bŭc′kl̤e̤s**: curls of hair; usually, metal frames with catches, used for fastening things together. **Shà grēen′**: a kind of

grained, untanned leather used for covering small cases and boxes. **Pal'try**: worthless; trifling. **A murrain take, etc.**: a petty evil wish. Murrain is a disease among cattle. **Trump'-ery**: things of no value; rubbish.

Winning the Victoria Cross

By Rudyard Kipling

Rudyard Kipling (1865——): An English author. He was born in India and spent his childhood and early manhood there. He has written, "Plain Tales from the Hills," "Soldiers Three," "Barrack-Room Ballads," "The Seven Seas," "The Day's Work," and other volumes of stories and poems, many of them descriptive of native and army life in India. His one novel, "The Light that Failed," is less popular than his short stories. He is the author of several books for young people, "Captains Courageous," "Stalky & Co.," and the two delightful "Jungle Books."

Rudyard Kipling

The history of the Victoria Cross has been told so often that it is only necessary to say that the order was created by royal warrant on January 29, 1856.

Any officer or man of the army or navy, from a duke to a negro, can wear on his left breast the little bronze Maltese cross with the crowned lion atop and

the inscription "For Valor" below, if he has only "performed some signal act of valor" or devotion to his country "in the presence of the enemy." Nothing else makes any difference; for it is explicitly laid down in the warrant that "neither rank nor long service nor wounds nor any other circumstance whatsoever, save the merit of conspicuous bravery, shall be held to establish a sufficient claim to the order."

There are many kinds of bravery, and if you look through the records of the four hundred and eleven men, living and dead, that have held the cross, out of the seven hundred thousand or so who can compete for it, you will find instances of every kind of heroism.

There is bravery in the early morning when it takes great courage merely to leave the warm blankets; on foot and on horse; empty or fed; sick or well; coolness of brain that thinks out a plan at dawn and holds to it all through the long, murderous day; bravery of mind that forces the crazy body to sit still and do nothing except show a good example; enduring spirit that wears through a long siege, never losing heart or temper; quick, flashing bravery that heaves the lighted shell overboard or rushes the stockade while others are gaping, and the calculating craftsmanship that camps alone before the sputtering rifle pit, and wipes out every living soul in it.

Within the last forty years England has dealt with

many different peoples, and — excepting some foolish hill folk in a place called Sikkim, who were misled into declaring war — they all, Zulu, Malay, Maori, Burman, Boer, the little hillsman of the northeast Indian frontier, the Arab of east Africa, and the Sudanese of the north country, and the rest, played a thoroughly good game.

It is in these rough-and-tumble affairs that many of the later crosses have been won; though two hundred and ninety-three of the total were given for acts of bravery in the Crimea and the Indian Mutiny. That last was the worst.

In the mutiny of 1857 the Indian empire seemed to be crumbling like a sand bank in flood, and wherever there were three or four Englishmen, they had to kill or be killed till help came.

There was a lance corporal who afterward rose to be lieutenant colonel. He was an enduring kind of man, for he won the cross for taking a hand in every fight that came along through nearly seventy consecutive days.

Then there were two brothers who earned the cross about six times between them for leading forlorn hopes and such.

Then there was a little man of the Sutherland Highlanders — a private, who rose to be major general. In one attack near Lucknow he killed eleven men with his claymore; and they all fought.

Another V. C. of my acquaintance once saved a trooper whose horse had been killed. His argument was rather original. The man was on foot, and the enemy — Zulus this time, and they are beautiful fighters — was coming down at a run, and he said very decently that he did not see his way to periling his officer's life by double-weighting the only horse there was.

To this his officer answered: "If you don't get up behind me I'll get off and I'll give you such a licking as you've never had in your life."

The man was more afraid of fists than assagais, and the good horse pulled them both out of the scrape. Now, by the regulations, an officer who threatens with violence a subordinate of his service is liable to lose his commission, and to be declared "incapable of serving the queen in any capacity": but the trooper never reported his superior.

I have never yet come across a V. C. who had not the strictest notions about washing and shaving and keeping himself quiet and decent on his way through the civilized world. Indeed, it is very curious, after one has known hundreds of young men and officers, to sit still at a distance and watch them come forward to success in their profession. The clean and considerate man always seems to take hold of circumstances at the right end.

One of the latest and youngest of the V. C.'s, I

used to know distantly as a beautiful being whom they called aid-de-camp to some big official in India. So far as an outsider could judge, his duties consisted in wearing a uniform faced with blue satin and in seeing that every one enjoyed himself at the dances and dinners.

A few years later his chance came and he made the most of it. We were then smoking out a nest of caravan-raiders, slave-dealers, and general thieves, who lived somewhere under the Karakoram Mountains, among glaciers about sixteen thousand feet above the sea level. The mere road to the place was too much for many mules, for it ran by precipices and around rock curves and over roaring, snow-fed rivers.

The enemy — they were called Kanjuts this time — had fortified themselves in a place as nearly impregnable as nature and man could make it. One position was on the top of a cliff about twelve hundred feet high, whence they could roll stones directly on the head of any attacking force. Our men objected to the stones much more than to the rifle fire. They were down in a river bed at the bottom of an icy pass with some three tiers of cliff-like defenses above them, and the Kanjuts were very well armed. To make all pleasant, it was December.

The ex-aid-de-camp was a good mountaineer, and he was told off with a hundred natives, Goorkhas and Dogra Sikhs, to get into the top tier of fortifi-

cations, and the only way of arriving was to follow a sort of shoot in the cliff face, which the enemy had worn out by throwing rocks down. By daylight, in peace, and with guides, it would have been good mountaineering.

He went in the dark, by eye, and with some two thousand Kanjuts very much at war with him. When he had climbed eight hundred feet, almost perpendicular, he found he must come back, because even he and his cragsmen could find no way.

He returned to the river and began again in a new place, working his men up between avalanches that slid along and knocked people over. When he got to the top he had to take his men into the forts with the bayonets and the kukri, the little Goorkha knife. The thing was so bold that it broke the hearts of the enemy and practically ended the campaign; and if you could see the place you would understand why.

It was hard toe-nail and finger-nail mountaineering under fire, and the men behind him were not regulars, but men raised by the semi-independent kings and used to defend the frontier. The little aid-de-camp got a deserved Victoria Cross. The courage of Ulysses again; for he had to think as he climbed, and until he was directly under the fortifications one chance-hopping bowlder might just have planed his men off all along the line.

And when all is said and done, courage of mind is the finest thing any one can hope to attain to. A weak or undisciplined soul is apt to become reckless under strain — and this is being afraid the wrong way about — or to act for its own immediate advantage. For this reason the Victoria Cross is jealously guarded. Men are taught to volunteer for anything and everything; going out quietly after, not before, the authorities have filled their place. They are also instructed that it is cowardly, it is childish, and it is cheating to neglect the plain work immediately in front of them, the duties they are trusted and paid to do for the sake of stepping aside to snatch at what to an outsider may resemble fame or distinction.

The order itself is a personal decoration, and the honor and glory of it belong to the wearer; but he can only win it by forgetting himself, his own honor and glory, and by working for something beyond and outside and apart. And that is the only way you ever get anything in this world worth the keeping.

Sĭg'nal: remarkable; notable. **Ĕx plĭç'ĭt lў**: clearly; plainly. **Crâfts'man shĭp**: skill in one's work; knowledge of a trade. **Sĭk'kĭm**: a state in Bengal, India. **Mä'ŏ rĭ**: the inhabitants of New Zealand. **Boer** (bo͝or): a farmer people of Dutch descent in South Africa, recently at war with the British. **Crĭmē'a**: in the Crimean War in 1854 France and England united against Russia, to repel Russian advances in Turkey. **Indian Mutiny**: in 1857 the native troops in India rose against the

British soldiers, whom they outnumbered eight to one, and for a time threatened the overthrow of British power in India. **Clāy'mōre**: a large, two-handed sword. **Ăs'sȧ gāi̯ȩ**: spears used by native tribes in South Africa. **Ād-de-camp'** (**käng**): an officer chosen by a general to carry orders and to assist and represent him in other ways. **Kän'juts**: a tribe in India. **Ĭm prĕg'nȧ ble**: unconquerable; that cannot be taken. **Gōōr'-kȟȧs, Dō'grȧ Sĭkȟs**: Indian tribes, loyal to the English. **Ū̇ lўs'-sēs̱** or **Ō̇ dўs'seûs**: the wisest of the Greek heroes who fought against Troy.

The Charge of the Light Brigade

By Alfred, Lord Tennyson

Half a league, half a league,
Half a league onward,
All in the valley of death
  Rode the six hundred.
"Forward, the Light Brigade!
Charge for the guns!" he said;
Into the valley of death
  Rode the six hundred.

"Forward, the Light Brigade!"
Was there a man dismayed?
Not though the soldier knew
  Some one had blundered;
Theirs not to make reply,
Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs but to do and die:

Into the valley of death
Rode the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon in front of them
Volleyed and thundered;
Stormed at with shot and shell,
Boldly they rode and well,
Into the jaws of death,
Into the mouth of hell
Rode the six hundred.

Flashed all their sabers bare,
Flashed as they turned in air
Sabring the gunners there,
Charging an army, while
All the world wondered.
Plunged in the battery smoke,
Right through the line they broke;
Cossack and Russian
Reeled from the saber-stroke —
Shattered and sundered.
Then they rode back, but not —
Not the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,

Cannon behind them
Volleyed and thundered;
Stormed at with shot and shell,
While horse and hero fell,
They that had fought so well
Came through the jaws of death,
Back from the mouth of hell,
All that was left of them,
Left of six hundred.

When can their glory fade?
Oh, the wild charge they made!
All the world wondered.
Honor the charge they made,
Honor the Light Brigade,
Noble six hundred!

Charge of the Light Brigade: in the battle of Balaklava (Băl-ä klä'vä), in the Crimean War, an English brigade was, by some mistake, ordered to charge a Russian battery. The dreadful order was obeyed, and of the six hundred and thirty men who made the attack, only one hundred and fifty returned. **"Charge for the guns!" he said**: Captain Nolan gave the command to advance. By whose authority it was done could never be ascertained, as he was the first man to fall.

A good book is the precious life-blood of a master spirit, embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life. —MILTON

Poor Richard's Sayings

By Benjamin Franklin

Benjamin Franklin (1706–1790): An American statesman and philosopher. While ambassador to France, he secured the ratification of a treaty with that country which was of inestimable value to the struggling colonists. He wrote "Poor Richard's Almanac," "Autobiography," and papers on political, scientific, and moral subjects.

These proverbs are taken from "Poor Richard's Almanac," a yearly publication full of shrewd sayings about industry and economy.

If pride leads the van, beggary brings up the rear.

He that can travel well afoot, keeps a good horse.

Some men grow mad by studying much to know; but who grows mad by studying good to grow?

Take this remark from Richard poor and lame, — Whate'er's begun in anger ends in shame.

The worst wheel of the cart makes the most noise.

He that falls in love with himself will have no rivals.

Against diseases, know the strongest fence is the defensive virtue, abstinence.

If you would have a faithful servant and one that you like, serve yourself.

A mob's a monster; with heads enough, but no brains.

The discontented man finds no easy chair.

God helps them that help themselves.

Three can keep a secret if two of them are dead.

Diligence is the mother of good luck.

When Prosperity was well mounted, she let go the bridle, and soon came tumbling out of the saddle.

A little neglect may breed great mischief: for want of a nail the shoe was lost, and for want of a shoe the horse was lost, and for want of a horse the rider was lost.

A false friend and a shadow attend only while the sun shines.

Plow deep while sluggards sleep, and you shall have corn to sell and to keep.

Old boys have playthings as well as young ones: the difference is only in the price.

If you would keep your secret from an enemy, tell it not to a friend.

One to-day is worth two to-morrows.

What maintains one vice would bring up two children.

It is foolish to lay out money in a purchase of repentance.

If you would know the value of money, go and try to borrow some: for he that goes a-borrowing goes a-sorrowing.

Pride breakfasted with Plenty, dined with Poverty, and supped with Contempt.

Fly pleasures and they will follow you.

Creditors have better memories than debtors:

creditors are a superstitious sect, — great observers of set days and times.

Sloth makes all things difficult: industry, all easy. But after all, do not depend too much upon your own industry and frugality and prudence, though excellent things: for they may all be blasted without the blessing of Heaven.

The Uses of Mountains

By John Ruskin

John Ruskin (1819–1900): An English author. His most important works are "Modern Painters," a treatise on the principles of art, and "The Seven Lamps of Architecture," a treatise on the principles of architecture. Besides art criticisms, Ruskin wrote many books on ethical, educational, and political subjects.

This selection is from "Modern Painters."

John Ruskin

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It may not be altogether profitless or unnecessary to review briefly the nature of the three great offices which mountain ranges are appointed to

fulfill; in order to preserve the health and increase the happiness of mankind.

Their first use is of course to give motion to water. Every fountain and river, from the inch-deep streamlet that crosses the village lane in trembling clearness, to the massy and silent march of the everlasting multitude of waters in Amazon or Ganges, owe their play and purity and power to the ordained elevations of the earth. Gentle or steep, extended or abrupt, some determined slope of the earth's surface is of course necessary before any wave can so much as overtake one sedge in its pilgrimage.

How seldom do we enough consider, as we walk beside the margins of our pleasant brooks, how beautiful and wonderful is that ordinance, of which every blade of grass that waves in their clear water is a perpetual sign, that the dew and the rain fallen on the face of the earth shall find no resting place; shall find, on the contrary, fixed channels, traced for them from the ravines of the central crests down which they roar in sudden ranks of foam, to the dark hollows beneath the banks of lowland pasture around which they must circle slowly among the stems and beneath the leaves of the lilies.

Paths are prepared for them, by which, at some appointed rate of journey, they must evermore descend, sometimes slow and sometimes swift, but never pausing. The daily portion of the earth they

have to glide over is marked for them at each successive sunrise, the place which has known them knowing them no more; and the gateways of guarding mountains are opened for them in cleft and chasm, none letting them in their pilgrimage; and, from far off, the great heart of the sea calls them to itself.

It is easy to conceive how, under any less beneficent dispositions of their masses of hill, the continents of the earth might either have been covered with enormous lakes or have become wildernesses of pestiferous marsh, or lifeless plains upon which the water would have dried as it fell, leaving them for great part of the year desert. Such districts do exist, and exist in vastness: the whole earth is not prepared for the habitation of man; only certain small portions are prepared for him.

And that part which we are enabled to inhabit owes its fitness for human life chiefly to its mountain ranges, which, throwing the superfluous rain off as it falls, collect it in streams or lakes, and guide it into given places and in given directions; so that men can build their cities in the midst of fields which they know will be always fertile and establish the lines of their commerce upon streams which will not fail.

Nor is this giving of motion to water to be considered as confined only to the surface of the earth.

In the Bernese Alps, Switzerland.

A no less important function of the hills is in directing the flow of the fountains and springs from subterranean reservoirs. There is no miraculous springing up of water out of the ground at our feet, but every fountain and well is supplied from a reservoir among the hills, so placed as to involve some slight fall or pressure, enough to secure the constant flowing of the stream.

And the incalculable blessing of the power given to us in most valleys, of reaching by excavation some point whence the water will rise to the surface of the ground in perennial flow, is entirely owing to the concave disposition of the beds of clay or rock raised from beneath the bosom of the valley into ranks of inclosing hills.

The second great use of mountains is to maintain a constant change in the currents and nature of the air. Such change would, of course, have been partly caused by differences in soils and vegetation, even if the earth had been level; but to a far less extent than it is now by the chains of hills. Exposing on one side their masses of rock to the full heat of the sun — increased by the angle at which the rays strike on the slope — and on the other casting a soft shadow for leagues over the plains at their feet, hills divide the earth not only into districts but into climates, and cause perpetual currents of air to traverse their passes, and ascend or descend

their ravines, altering both the temperature and nature of the air as it passes in a thousand different ways. They moisten the air with the spray of their waterfalls; suck it down and beat it hither and thither in the pools of their torrents; close it within clefts and caves, where the sunbeams never reach till it is as cold as November mists; then send it forth again to breathe softly across the slopes of velvet fields, or be scorched among sunburnt shales and grassless crags. Then they draw it back in moaning swirls through clefts of ice, and up into dewy wreaths above the snowfields; piercing it with strange electric darts and flashes of mountain fire; and tossing it high in fantastic storm-cloud, as the dried grass is tossed by the mower, only suffering it to depart at last when chastened and pure, to refresh the faded air of the far-off plains.

The third great use of mountains is to cause perpetual change in the soils of the earth. Without such provisions the ground under cultivation would in a series of years become exhausted and require to be upturned laboriously by the hand of man. But the elevations of the earth's surface provide for it a perpetual renovation.

The higher mountains suffer their summits to be broken into fragments and to be cast down in sheets of massy rock, full of every substance necessary for the nourishment of plants; these fallen fragments

are again broken by frost and ground by torrents into various conditions of sand and clay — materials which are distributed perpetually by the streams farther and farther from the mountain's base.

Every shower which swells the rivulets enables their waters to carry certain portions of earth into new positions, and exposes new banks of ground to be mined in their turn. That turbid foaming of the angry water, that tearing down of bank and rock along the flanks of its fury, are no disturbances of the kind course of nature; they are beneficent operations of laws necessary to the existence of man and to the beauty of the earth.

The process is continued more gently, but not less effectively, over all the surface of the lower undulating country; and each filtering thread of summer rain which trickles through the short turf of the uplands, is bearing its own appointed burden of earth to be thrown down on some new natural garden in the dingles below.

It is not, in reality, a degrading, but a true, large, and ennobling view of the mountain ranges of the world, to compare them to heaps of fertile and fresh earth, laid up by a prudent gardener beside his garden-beds, whence, at intervals, he casts on them some scattering of new and virgin ground. That which we so often lament as convulsion or destruction, is nothing else than the momentary shaking of the dust from the spade.

The winter floods, which inflict a temporary devastation, bear with them the elements of succeeding fertility; the fruitful field is covered with sand and shingle in momentary judgment, but in enduring mercy; and the great river, which chokes its mouth with marsh and tosses terror along its shore, is but scattering the seeds of the harvest of futurity and preparing the seats of unborn generations.

The three great functions which I have just described, — those of giving motion and change to water, air, and earth, — are indispensable to human existence; they are operations to be regarded with as full a depth of gratitude as the laws which bid the tree bear fruit or the seed multiply itself in the earth.

And thus those desolate and threatening ranges of dark mountain, which, in nearly all ages of the world, men have looked upon with aversion or with terror, and shrunk back from as if they were haunted by perpetual images of death, are, in reality, sources of life and happiness far fuller and more beneficent than all the bright fruitfulness of the plain. The valleys only feed; the mountains feed and guard and strengthen us.

We take our idea of fearfulness and sublimity alternately from the mountains and the sea; but we associate them unjustly. The sea, with all its beneficence, is yet devouring and terrible; but the silent

wave of the blue mountain is lifted toward heaven in a stillness of perpetual mercy. And the one surge, unfathomable in its darkness, the other, unshaken in its faithfulness, forever bear the seal of their appointed symbol: —

"Thy righteousness is like the great mountains:
Thy judgments are a great deep."

Más'sў: massive; forming or consisting of a large mass. **Ôr'dĭ nançe**: law. **Lĕt'tĭng**: delaying; hindering, — an old meaning of the word. **Sŭb tĕr rā'nē an**: underground. **Pĕr-ĕn'nĭ al**: never failing; unceasing. **Shālęs**: kind of rock. **Ŭn-dū lāt'ĭng**: rolling; rising and falling in wavelike forms. **Dĭn'glęs**: narrow dales; small valleys. **Dĕv as tā'tion (shŭn)**: ruin; destruction. **Shĭn'gle**: coarse gravel. **Ĭn dĭs pĕn'sȧ ble**: not to be spared; necessary.

The American Flag

By J. R. Drake

Joseph Rodman Drake (1795–1820): An American poet. He is best known by this patriotic poem. He wrote a longer poem, "The Culprit Fay," narrating the adventures of a fairy who was guilty of loving a mortal maiden. It is graceful in fancy and gives some attractive descriptions of the scenery along the Hudson River.

When Freedom from her mountain height
  Unfurled her standard to the air,
She tore the azure robe of night,
  And set the stars of glory there.

She mingled with its gorgeous dyes
The milky baldric of the skies,
And striped its pure celestial white
With streakings of the morning light;
Then from his mansion in the sun
She called her eagle bearer down,
And gave into his mighty hand
The symbol of her chosen land.

Majestic monarch of the cloud,
Who rear'st aloft thy regal form,
To hear the tempest trumpings loud
And see the lightning lances driven,
When stride the warriors of the storm,
And rolls the thunder-drum of Heaven, —
Child of the sun! to thee 'tis given
To guard the banner of the free,
To hover in the sulphur smoke,
To ward away the battle stroke,
And bid its blendings shine afar,
Like rainbows on the cloud of war,
The harbingers of victory!

Flag of the brave! thy folds shall fly,
The sign of hope and triumph high,
When speaks the signal trumpet tone,
And the long line comes gleaming on.
Ere yet the life-blood, warm and wet,
Has dimmed the glistening bayonet, —

Each soldier eye shall brightly turn
To where thy sky-born glories burn;
And, as his springing steps advance,
Catch war and vengeance from the glance.
And, when the cannon-mouthings loud
Heave in wild wreaths the battle shroud,
And gory sabers rise and fall
Like shoots of flame on midnight's pall,
Then shall thy meteor glances glow,
And cowering foes shall shrink beneath
Each gallant arm that strikes below
That lovely messenger of death.

Flag of the seas! on ocean wave
Thy star shall glitter o'er the brave;
When Death, careering on the gale,
Sweeps darkly round the bellied sail,
And frighted waves rush wildly back
Before the broadside's reeling rack,
Each dying wanderer of the sea
Shall look at once to Heaven and thee,
And smile to see thy splendors fly
In triumph, o'er his closing eye.

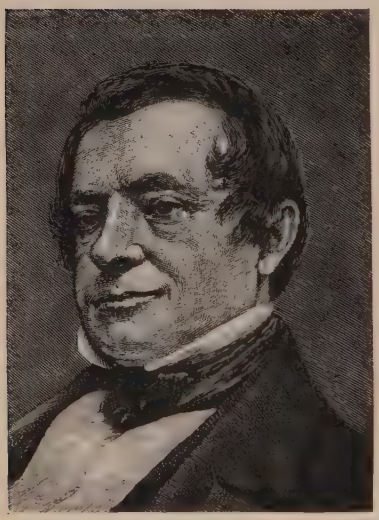
Flag of the free heart's hope and home!
By angel hands to Valor given!
Thy stars have lit the welkin dome,
And all thy hues were born in Heaven.

Forever float that standard sheet!
Where breathes the foe but falls before us,
With Freedom's soil beneath our feet,
And Freedom's banner streaming o'er us?

Rē'gal: kingly. **Här'bĭn ġĕr̤s**: forerunners; messengers **Wĕl'kĭn**: sky.

The Marvelous Tower

By Washington Irving



Washington Irving

Washington Irving (1783–1859): A famous American author. The most popular of his works are the American, English, and Spanish tales in "The Sketch-Book," "Bracebridge Hall," "Tales of a Traveler," and "The Alhambra." He wrote also "Life of Columbus," "Life of Washington," and a burlesque "History of New York," purporting to be by a Dutchman, Diedrich Knickerbocker.

This story, founded on an old Spanish legend, is from a volume of tales and sketches published after Irving's death, by his nephew, Pierre Irving.

I

The morning sun shone brightly upon the cliff-built towers of Toledo, when King Roderick issued out of

the gate of the city, at the head of a numerous train of courtiers and cavaliers, and crossed the bridge that bestrides the deep rocky bed of the Tagus. The shining cavalcade wound up the road that leads among the mountains and soon came in sight of the necromantic tower.

This singular tower was round, and of great height and grandeur, erected upon a lofty rock, and surrounded by crags and precipices. The foundation was supported by four brazen lions, each taller than a cavalier on horseback. The walls were built of small pieces of jasper and various colored marbles, not larger than a man's hand; so joined, however, that but for their different hues, they might be taken for one entire stone.

They were arranged with marvelous cunning, so as to represent battles and warlike deeds of times and heroes long since passed away. The whole surface was so admirably polished that the stones were as lustrous as glass, and reflected the rays of the sun with such resplendent brightness as to dazzle all beholders.

King Roderick and his courtiers arrived wondering and amazed at the foot of the rock. Here there was a narrow arched way cut through the living stone — the only entrance to the tower. It was closed by a massive iron gate covered with rusty locks of divers workmanship in the fashion of differ-

ent centuries, which had been affixed by the predecessors of Don Roderick. On either side of the portal stood the two ancient guardians of the tower, laden with the keys belonging to the locks.

The king alighted and approaching the portals ordered the guardians to unlock the gate. The hoary-headed men drew back with terror. "Alas!" cried they, "what is it your majesty requires of us? Would you have the mischiefs of this tower unbound and let loose to shake the earth to its foundations?"

The venerable Archbishop Urbino likewise implored him not to disturb a mystery which had been held sacred from generation to generation within the memory of man, and which even Cæsar himself, when sovereign of Spain, had not ventured to invade. The youthful cavaliers, however, were eager to pursue the adventure and encouraged him in his rash curiosity.

"Come what come may," exclaimed Don Roderick, "I am resolved to penetrate the mystery of this tower." So saying, he again commanded the guardians to unlock the portal.

The ancient men obeyed with fear and trembling, but their hands shook with age, and when they applied the keys the locks were so rusted by time, or of such strange workmanship, that they resisted their feeble efforts; whereupon the young cavaliers pressed forward and lent their aid. Still the locks were so

numerous and difficult that with all their eagerness and strength a great part of the day was exhausted before the whole of them could be mastered.

When the last bolt had yielded to the key, the guardians and the reverend archbishop again entreated the king to pause and reflect. "Whatever is within this tower," they said, "is as yet harmless, and lies bound under a mighty spell; venture not, then, to open a door which may let forth a flood of evil upon the land."

But the anger of the king was roused, and he ordered that the portal should be instantly thrown open. In vain, however, did one after another exert his strength; and equally in vain did the cavaliers unite their forces, and apply their shoulders to the gate: though there was neither bar nor bolt remaining, it was perfectly immovable.

The patience of the king was now exhausted, and he advanced to apply his hand; scarcely, however, did he touch the iron gate when it swung slowly open, uttering, as it were, a dismal groan as it turned reluctantly upon its hinges. A cold, damp wind issued forth, accompanied by a tempestuous sound.

The hearts of the ancient guardians quaked within them, and their knees smote together; but several of the youthful cavaliers rushed in, eager to gratify their curiosity or to signalize themselves in this redoubtable enterprise. They had scarcely advanced,

a few paces, however, when they recoiled, overcome by the baleful air or by some fearful vision.

Upon this the king ordered that fires should be kindled to dispel the darkness and to correct the noxious and long-imprisoned air. He then led the way into the interior; but though stout of heart he advanced with awe and hesitation.

After proceeding a short distance he entered a hall or antechamber, on the opposite side of which was a door, and before it stood a gigantic figure of the color of bronze and of a terrible aspect. It held a huge mace, which it whirled incessantly, giving such cruel and resounding blows upon the earth as to prevent all further entrance.

The king paused at the sight of this frightful figure; for whether it was a living being or a statue of magic artifice he could not tell. On its breast was a scroll, whereon was inscribed in large letters, "I do my duty."

After a little while Roderick plucked up heart and addressed it with great solemnity: "Whatever thou be," said he, "know that I come not to violate this sanctuary, but to inquire into the mystery it contains; I conjure thee, therefore, to let me pass in safety."

Upon this the figure paused, with uplifted mace, and the king and his train passed unharmed through the door.

They now entered a vast chamber of a rare and

sumptuous architecture, difficult to be described. The walls were incrusted with the most precious gems, so joined together as to form one smooth and perfect surface. The lofty dome appeared to be self-supported, and was studded with gems lustrous as the stars of the firmament. There was neither wood nor any other common or base material to be seen throughout the edifice. There were no windows or other openings to admit the day, yet a radiant light was spread throughout the place which seemed to shine from the walls and to render every object distinctly visible.

In the center of this hall stood a table of alabaster of the rarest workmanship, on which was inscribed in Greek characters that Hercules, the Theban Greek, had founded this tower in the year of the world three thousand and six. Upon the table stood a golden casket richly set round with precious stones and closed with a lock of mother-of-pearl, and on the lid were inscribed the following words: "In this coffer is contained the mystery of the tower. The hand of none but a king can open it; but let him beware! for marvelous events will be revealed to him which are to take place before his death."

II

King Roderick boldly seized upon the casket. The venerable archbishop laid his hand upon his

arm and made a last remonstrance. "Forbear, my son," said he, "stop while there is yet time. Look not into the mysterious decrees of Providence. God has hidden them in mercy from our sight, and it is impious to rend the veil by which they are concealed."

"What have I to dread from a knowledge of the future?" replied Roderick, with an air of haughty presumption. "If good be destined me, I shall enjoy it by anticipation; if evil, I shall arm myself to meet it." So saying he rashly broke the lock.

Within the casket he found nothing but a linen cloth folded between two tablets of copper. On unfolding it he beheld painted on it figures of men on horseback, of fierce demeanor, clad in turbans and robes of various colors, after the fashion of the Arabs, with scimeters hanging from their necks and cross-bows at their saddle-backs, and they carried banners and pennons with divers devices. Above them was inscribed in Greek characters: "Rash monarch, behold the men who are to hurl thee from thy throne and subdue thy kingdom!"

At the sight of these things the king was troubled in spirit, and dismay fell upon his attendants. While they were yet regarding the paintings it seemed as if the figures began to move, and a faint sound of warlike tumult arose from the cloth, with the clash of cymbal and bray of trumpet, the neigh

of steed and shout of army; but all was heard indistinctly, as if afar off or in a reverie or dream.

The more they gazed the plainer became the motion and the louder the noise, and the linen cloth rolled forth and spread out, as it were a mighty banner, and filled the hall and mingled with the air, until its texture was no longer visible, or appeared as a transparent cloud; and the shadowy figures became all in motion, and the din and uproar became fiercer and fiercer, and whether the whole were an animated picture or a vision or an array of embodied spirits conjured up by supernatural power, no one present could tell.

They beheld before them a great field of battle where Christians and Moslems were engaged in deadly conflict. They heard the rush and tramp of steeds, the blast of trumpet, the clash of cymbal, and the stormy din of a thousand drums. There was the clash of swords and maces and battle-axes, with the whistling of arrows and the hurling of darts and lances.

The Christians gave way before the foe; the infidels pressed upon them and put them to utter rout. The standard of the Cross was cast down, the banner of Spain was trodden under foot, the air resounded with shouts of triumph, with yells of fury, and with the groans of dying men. Amidst the flying squadrons King Roderick beheld a crowned warrior whose

back was toward him, but whose armor and device were his own, and who was mounted on a white steed that resembled his own war-horse, Orelia. In the confusion of the flight the warrior was dismounted and was no longer to be seen, and Orelia galloped wildly through the field of battle without a rider. Roderick stayed to see no more, but rushed from the fatal hall followed by his terrified attendants. They fled through the outer chamber, where the gigantic figure with the whirling mace had disappeared; and on issuing into the open air they found the two ancient guardians of the tower lying dead at the portal, as though they had been crushed by some mighty blow. All nature, which had been clear and serene, was now in wild uproar. The heavens were darkened by heavy clouds; loud bursts of thunder rent the air, and the earth was deluged with rain and rattling hail.

The king ordered that the iron portal should be closed; but the door was immovable, and the cavaliers were dismayed by the tremendous turmoil and the mingled shouts and groans that continued to prevail within. The king and his train hastened back to Toledo, pursued and pelted by the tempest. The mountains shook and echoed with the thunder, trees were uprooted and blown down, and the Tagus raged and roared and flowed above its banks. It seemed to the affrighted courtiers as if the phantom legions of the

tower had issued forth and mingled with the storm; for amidst the claps of thunder and the howling of the wind, they fancied they heard the sound of the drums and trumpets, the shouts of armies, and the rush of steeds. Thus beaten by tempest and overwhelmed with horror, the king and his courtiers arrived at Toledo, clattering across the bridge of the Tagus and entering the gate in headlong confusion, as though they had been pursued by an enemy.

In the morning the heavens were again serene and all nature was restored to tranquillity. The king, therefore, issued forth with his cavaliers and took the road to the tower, followed by a great multitude, for he was anxious once more to close the iron door and shut up those evils that threatened to overwhelm the land.

But lo! on coming in sight of the tower a new wonder met their eyes. An eagle appeared high in the air, seeming to descend from heaven. He bore in his beak a burning brand, and lighting on the summit of the tower fanned the fire with his wings. In a little while the edifice burst forth into a blaze, as though it had been built of rosin, and the flames mounted into the air with a brilliancy more dazzling than the sun; nor did they cease until every stone was consumed and the whole was reduced to a heap of ashes.

Then there came a vast flight of birds, small of

size and sable of hue, darkening the sky like a cloud; and they descended and wheeled in circles round the ashes, causing so great a wind with their wings that the whole was borne up into the air and scattered throughout all Spain, and wherever a particle of those ashes fell it was as a stain of blood.

It is furthermore recorded by ancient men and writers of former days, that all those on whom this dust fell were afterward slain in battle when the country was conquered by the Arabs, and that the destruction of this necromantic tower was a sign and token of the coming perdition of Spain.

I. **Rŏd'ĕr ĭck**: the last of the Gothic kings of Spain, who was driven from his throne by the Moors. **Căv'ăl cāde**: a procession of persons on horseback. **Nĕc rŏ măn'tĭc**: enchanted; magic. **Dī'vĕrṣ**: diverse; different in kind, — an old meaning of the word. **Dŏn**: a Spanish title, formerly applied only to persons of high rank, now used in the sense of Mr. or sir. **Ç*æ*ē'ṣar**, etc.: Caius Julius Caesar, the greatest of Roman generals, conquered Spain 49 B.C. **Rė dou*b*t'a ble**: dreadful; fearful. **Bāle'ful**: hurtful; deadly. **Ăn'tė chām bĕr**: a small room leading into a larger one; an outer room. **Ĭn çĕs'sant lў**: unceasingly; continually. **Är'tĭ fĭçe**: workmanship. **Fĭr'mament**: sky. **Ăl'a băs tĕr**: a very hard stone. **Chăr'ăc tĕrṣ**: letters. **Hĕr'cŭ lēṣ**: in Greek mythology a hero celebrated for great strength. **Cŏf'fĕr**: chest, especially one used for keeping valuables.

II. **Scĭm'ĕ tĕrṣ**: curved swords used by Arabs and other Oriental people. **Çўm'bal**: a musical instrument. **Māç'ĕṣ**: heavy war clubs. **Rout**: defeat; confused flight. **Pĕr di'tion (dĭsh ŭn)**: ruin; destruction.

Sonnet

COMPOSED UPON WESTMINSTER BRIDGE, SEPTEMBER 3, 1802

BY WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

Earth has not anything to show more fair:
Dull would he be of soul who could pass by
A sight so touching in its majesty:
This city now doth like a garment wear
The beauty of the morning; silent, bare,
Ships, towers, domes, theaters, and temples lie
Open unto the fields and to the sky;
All bright and glittering in the smokeless air.
Never did sun more beautifully steep
In his first splendor valley, rock, or hill;
Ne'er saw I, never felt, a calm so deep!
The river glideth at his own sweet will:
Dear God! the very houses seem asleep;
And all that mighty heart is lying still!

An Account of Indian Customs

BY CAPTAIN JOHN SMITH

John Smith (1579–1632): An English adventurer, one of the founders of the Virginia colony. He also explored the northern coast and gave it the name of New England. He wrote several books about America, and his "True Account of Virginia," printed in 1608, was the first book written by an Englishman about America.

I

Within sixty miles of Jamestown there are about five thousand people, but of able men fit for war

there are scarce fifteen hundred. There is a far greater number of women and children than of men. To support so many together, they have yet no means, because they derive so small a benefit from their land, be it ever so fertile. Six or seven hundred have been the most that have been seen together.

The people differ very much in stature, and especially in language. Some are very great, others very little; but generally tall and straight, of a comely proportion, and of a brown color when they are of age, but white when they are born. Their hair is generally black, and but few have any beard. The men shave one half of their hair and wear the other half long. For barbers they have the women, who with two shells will grate away the hair in any fashion they please. The hair of the women is cut in many fashions suitable to their years, but some part always remains long.

They are very strong, of an able body, and full of agility; able to endure lying in the woods under a tree by the fire in the worst of winter, or in the weeds and grasses in ambuscade in summer. They are treacherous in everything except where fear constrains them; crafty, timorous, and quick of apprehension. Some are of fearful disposition, some are bold, most are cautious, all are savage, and generally covetous of copper, beads, and suchlike trinkets.

They are soon moved to anger, and so malicious that they seldom forget an injury.

Each household knows its own lands and gardens, and most live by their own labor. For their apparel they are sometimes covered with the skins of wild beasts, which in winter are dressed with the hair, but in summer without. The better sort use large mantles of deerskins. Some of these mantles are embroidered with white beads, some with copper, others painted after their manner. We have seen some wear mantles made of turkey feathers, so prettily wrought and woven with threads that nothing but the feathers could be discerned. They were exceedingly warm and very handsome.

They decorate themselves mostly with copper beads and paint. Some of the women have their bodies and faces tattooed with pictures of beasts and serpents, wrought into their flesh with black spots. In each ear they have three great holes, from which they hang chains, bracelets, or pieces of copper. Some of the men wear in those holes a small green and yellow colored live snake, nearly half a yard in length.

Some wear on their heads the wing of a bird or some large feather, and a rattle, which they take from the tail of a snake. Many have the whole skin of a hawk or some strange fowl stuffed, with the wings spread. Their heads and shoulders are painted

red with the root pocone bruised to powder and mixed with oil: this they claim will preserve them from the heat in summer and from the cold in winter.

Men, women, and children have their several names according to the humor of their parents. The women, they say, love their children very dearly. To make them hardy, they wash them in the rivers in the coldest mornings, and by painting and ointments so tan their skins that after a year or two no weather will hurt them.

The men pass their time in fishing, hunting, wars, and such manlike exercises, scorning to be seen doing any womanlike work. The women and children do all the work. They make mats, baskets, pots, mortars; pound their corn, make their bread, prepare their victuals, plant and gather their corn, and bear all kinds of burdens.

For fishing, hunting, and wars they use their bows and arrows. They bring their bows to the form of ours by scraping with a shell. Their arrows are made, some of straight young sprigs, which they head with bone two or three inches long. These they use to shoot at squirrels on trees. Another sort of arrow is made of reeds. These are pierced with wood headed with splinters of crystal or some other sharp stone, the spurs of a turkey, or the bill of some bird.

For a knife they use the splinter of a reed to cut

their feathers in form. With this knife they will joint a deer or any beast, shape their shoes, buskins, and mantles. To make the notch of their arrows they have the tooth of a boar set in a stick. The arrow-head they quickly make with a little bone, or with any splinter of a stone, or glass in the form of a heart. With the sinews of deer and the tops of deers' horns boiled to a jelly they make a glue that will not dissolve in cold water, and with this they glue the head to the end of their arrows.

II

For their wars they use targets that are round and made of the bark of trees, and wear a sword of wood at their backs, but oftentimes they use the horns of a deer, put through a piece of wood in the form of a pick-ax, for swords. Some have a long stone sharpened at both ends and used in the same manner. This they were wont to use for hatchets also, but now by trading they have plenty of iron.

In their hunting and fishing they take the greatest pains; and as it is their ordinary exercise from infancy, they esteem it a pleasure, and are very proud to be expert in it. By their continual ranging and travel they know all the advantages and places most frequented with deer, beasts, fish, fowl, roots, and berries. In their hunts they leave their habitations, and forming themselves into companies,

go with their families to the most desert places, where they spend their time in hunting and fowling up the mountains, or by the heads of the rivers, where there is plenty of game. For betwixt the rivers the ground is so narrow that little game comes there which they do not devour. It is a marvel that they can so accurately pass three or four days' journey through these deserts without habitation.

In their hunts in the desert they commonly go two or three hundred together. Having found the deer, they surround them with many fires, and betwixt the fires they place themselves. Some take their stand in the midst. They chase the deer, thus frightened by the fires and the voices, so long within the circle that they often kill six, eight, ten, or fifteen at a hunting. They also drive them on to some narrow point of land and force them into the river, where with their boats they have ambuscades to kill them. When they have shot a deer by land, they track it like bloodhounds by the blood, and so overtake it. Hares, partridges, turkeys, fat or lean, young or old, they devour all they can catch.

One savage hunting alone uses the skin of a deer slit on one side, and so put on his arm that his hand comes to the head, which is stuffed; and the horns, head, eyes, ears, and every part are artificially counterfeited as perfectly as he can devise. Thus shrouding his body in the skin, by stalking he

approaches the deer, creeping on the ground from one tree to another. If the deer chances to suspect danger, or stands to gaze, he turns the head with his hand to appear like a deer, also gazing and licking himself. So, watching his best advantage to approach, he shoots it, and chases it by the marks of its blood till he gets it.

When they intend any wars the chiefs usually have the advice of their priests and conjurers, and their allies and ancient friends; but the priests chiefly determine their resolution. They appoint some muscular fellow captain over each nation. They seldom make war for land or goods, but for women and children and especially for revenge. They have many enemies in all the western countries beyond the mountains and the heads of the rivers.

The Powhatans are constrained sometimes to fight against all their enemies. Their chief attempts are to capture by stratagem, treachery, or surprises. They do not put women and children captives to death, but keep them.

They have a method in war, and for our pleasure they showed it to us. Having painted and disguised themselves in the fiercest manner they could devise, they divided themselves into two companies, with nearly a hundred in a company — the one company called Monacans, the other Powhatans.

Each army had its captain. These as enemies

took their stand a musket shot from one another, ranged themselves fifteen abreast, and in ranks four or five yards apart; not in file, but with openings between their files, so that the rear could shoot as conveniently as the front. Having thus pitched the fields, a messenger from each part went with these conditions: that the fugitives of the vanquished, upon their submission in two days after, should live, but their wives and children should be prize for the conquerors.

The messengers no sooner returned than the companies approached in order, on each rank a sergeant, and in the rear an officer for lieutenant, all duly keeping their orders, yet leaping and singing after their accustomed manner in wars. Upon the first flight of arrows they gave most horrible shouts and screeches.

When they had spent their arrows, they came together, charging and retiring, every rank following the other. As they got a chance, they caught their enemy by the hair of the head and down he came. The victor with his wooden sword seemed to beat out his enemy's brains, and yet the moment it was possible he crept to the rear to maintain the skirmish.

The Monacans decreasing, the Powhatans charged upon them in the form of a half-moon; they, unwilling to be enclosed, fled all in a troop to their

ambuscades, on which they very cunningly led the Powhatans. The Monacans dispersed themselves among the fresh men hidden in ambush, whereupon the Powhatans retired with all speed. The Monacans seeing this, took advantage to retire again, and so each company returned to its own quarters. All their actions, voices, and gestures, both in charging and retreating, were so strained to the height of their quality and nature, that the strangeness of the scene made it seem very delightful.

I. **Ăm bŭs cād***e′*: lying in wait, especially for the purpose of attacking an enemy by surprise; a place where one lies in wait. **Mà li′cious** (**lĭsh ŭs**): mischievous; spiteful. **Dīṣ cerned′** (**zĕrnd**): seen; distinguished. **Tăt tōō′d**: marked according to a savage custom, by pricking in coloring matter under the skin. **Bŭs′kĭnṣ**: strong coverings for the feet coming some distance up the legs.

II. **Tăr′gĕts**: small shields used as defensive weapons in war. **Wònt**: accustomed; used. **Staḷk′ĭng**: moving forward stealthily under cover of a screen for the purpose of attack.

Work

By Thomas Carlyle

Thomas Carlyle (1795–1881): A Scotch author who exerted greater influence on life and literature than any other man of his time. His principal works are "Sartor Resartus," "The French Revolution," "Heroes and Hero Worship," and "Life of Frederick the Great."

Here is a passage from "Past and Present," in which Carlyle preaches the "gospel of work."

Admirable was that saying of the old monks, "*Laborare est orare*," work is worship.

All true work is sacred; in all true work, were it but true hand labor, there is something of divineness.

Labor, wide as the earth, has its summit in Heaven. Sweat of the brow; and up from that to sweat of the brain, sweat of the heart; which includes all Kepler calculations, Newton meditations, all sciences, all spoken epics, all acted heroisms, martyrdoms, — up to that "agony of bloody sweat" which all men have called divine!

O brother! if this is not worship, then I say, the more pity for worship; for this is the noblest thing yet discovered under God's sky.

Who art thou that complainest of thy life of toil? Complain not! Look up, my wearied brother; see thy fellow workmen there, in God's eternity; surviving there, they alone surviving; sacred band of the Immortals, celestial bodyguard of the empire of mankind! Even in the weak human memory they survive so long, as saints, as heroes, as gods; they alone surviving; peopling, they alone, the unmeasured solitudes of Time!

To thee Heaven, though severe, is not unkind; Heaven is kind, — as a noble mother; as that Spar-

tan mother, saying, while she gave her son his shield, "With it, my son, or upon it!" Thou, too, shalt return home in honor; to thy far-distant home in honor; doubt it not,—if in the battle thou keep thy shield!

Jo'hann (Yō) Kĕp'lẽr (1571–1631): a German astronomer. **Sir Isaac New'ton** (1642–1727): an English philosopher and mathematician. "**Agony of bloody sweat**": see Luke xxii. 44.

Mr. Winkle on Skates

By Charles Dickens

This selection is from "Pickwick Papers," which is considered by many people the best of Dickens's works. It is an amusing narrative of the experiences of a club of Londoners in the country.

"Now," said Wardle, after a substantial lunch had been done ample justice to, "what say you to an hour on the ice? We shall have plenty of time."

"Capital!" said Mr. Benjamin Allen.

"Prime!" ejaculated Mr. Bob Sawyer.

"You skate, of course, Winkle?" said Wardle.

"Ye–yes; oh, yes!" replied Mr. Winkle. "I—I am rather out of practice."

"Oh, do skate, Mr. Winkle!" said Arabella. "I like to see it so much!"

"Oh, it is so graceful!" said another young lady.

A third young lady said it was elegant, and a fourth expressed her opinion that it was "swanlike."

"I should be very happy, I'm sure," said Mr. Winkle, reddening; "but I have no skates."

This objection was at once overruled. Trundle had a couple of pairs, and the fat boy announced that there were half a dozen more downstairs; whereat Mr. Winkle expressed exquisite delight, and looked exquisitely uncomfortable.

Old Wardle led the way to a pretty large sheet of ice; and, the fat boy and Mr. Weller having shoveled and swept away the snow which had fallen on it during the night, Mr. Bob Sawyer adjusted his skates with a dexterity which to Mr. Winkle was perfectly marvelous, and described circles with his left leg, and cut figures of eight, and inscribed upon the ice, without once stopping for breath, a great many other pleasant and astonishing devices, to the excessive satisfaction of Mr. Pickwick, Mr. Tupman, and the ladies, which reached a pitch of positive enthusiasm when old Wardle and Benjamin Allen, assisted by Bob Sawyer, performed some mystic evolutions which they called a reel.

All this time Mr. Winkle, with his face and hands blue with the cold, had been forcing a gimlet into the soles of his feet, and putting his skates on with the points behind, and getting the straps into a very complicated and entangled state, with the assistance

of Mr. Snodgrass, who knew rather less about skates than a Hindoo. At length, however, with the assistance of Mr. Weller, the unfortunate skates were firmly screwed and buckled on, and Mr. Winkle was raised to his feet.

"Now, then, sir," said Sam, in an encouraging tone, "off with you, and show 'em how to do it."

"Stop, Sam, stop!" said Mr. Winkle, trembling violently, and clutching hold of Sam's arms with the grasp of a drowning man. "How slippery it is, Sam!"

"Not an uncommon thing upon ice, sir," replied Mr. Weller. "Hold up, sir."

This last observation of Mr. Weller's bore reference to a demonstration Mr. Winkle made at the instant, of a frantic desire to throw his feet in the air and dash the back of his head on the ice.

"These — these — are very awkward skates, aren't they, Sam?" inquired Mr. Winkle, staggering.

"I'm afraid there's an awkward gentleman in them, sir," replied Sam.

"Now, Mr. Winkle," cried Mr. Pickwick, quite unconscious that there was anything the matter, "come; the ladies are all anxiety."

"Yes, yes," replied Mr. Winkle, with a ghastly smile. "I'm coming."

"Just going to begin," said Sam, endeavoring to disengage himself. "Now, sir, start off."

"Stop an instant, Sam," gasped Mr. Winkle, clinging most affectionately to Mr. Weller. "I find I've got a couple of coats at home that I don't want, Sam. You may have them, Sam."

"Thank'e, sir," said Mr. Weller.

"Never mind touching your hat, Sam," said Mr. Winkle, hastily. "You needn't take your hand away to do that. I meant to have given you five shillings this morning for a Christmas-box, Sam. I'll give it you this afternoon, Sam."

"You're very good, sir," replied Mr. Weller.

"Just hold me at first, Sam; will you?" said Mr. Winkle. "There, that's right. I shall soon get in the way of it, Sam. Not too fast, Sam; not too fast!"

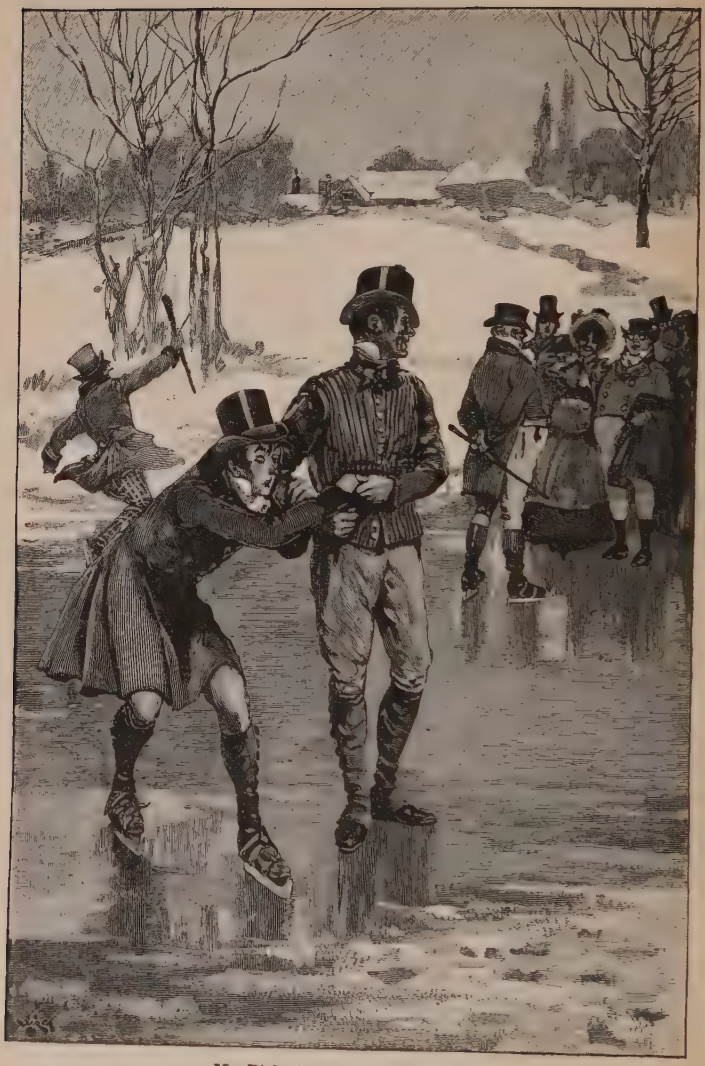
Mr. Winkle, stooping forward, with his body half doubled up, was being assisted over the ice by Mr. Weller, in a very singular and un-swanlike manner, when Mr. Pickwick innocently shouted from the opposite bank, "Sam!"

"Sir?" said Mr. Weller.

"Here! I want you."

"Let go, sir," said Sam; "don't you hear the governor calling? Let go, sir."

With a violent effort, Mr. Weller disengaged himself from the grasp of the agonized Pickwickian, and, in so doing, administered a considerable impetus to the unhappy Mr. Winkle. With an accuracy



Mr. Pickwick shouted "Sam!"

which no degree of dexterity or practice would have insured, that unfortunate gentleman bore swiftly down into the center of the reel, at the very moment when Mr. Bob Sawyer was performing a flourish of unparalleled beauty.

Mr. Winkle struck wildly against him, and with a loud crash they both fell heavily down. Mr. Pickwick ran to the spot. Bob Sawyer had risen to his feet, but Mr. Winkle was far too wise to do anything of the kind in skates. He was seated on the ice, making spasmodic efforts to smile; but anguish was depicted on every lineament of his countenance.

"Are you hurt?" inquired Mr. Benjamin Allen, with great anxiety.

"Not much," said Mr. Winkle, rubbing his back.

"I wish you'd let me bleed you," said Mr. Benjamin with great eagerness.

"No, thank you," replied Mr. Winkle, hurriedly.

"I really think you had better," said Allen.

"Thank you," replied Mr. Winkle; "I'd rather not."

"What do you think, Mr. Pickwick?" inquired Bob Sawyer.

Mr. Pickwick was excited and indignant. He beckoned to Mr. Weller, and said in a stern voice, "Take his skates off!"

"No; but really I had scarcely begun," remonstrated Mr. Winkle.

"Take his skates off," repeated Mr. Pickwick, firmly.

The command was not to be resisted. Mr. Winkle allowed Sam to obey it in silence.

"Lift him up," said Mr. Pickwick. Sam assisted him to rise.

Mr. Pickwick retired a few paces apart from the bystanders, and, beckoning his friend to approach, fixed a searching look upon him, and uttered in a low but distinct and emphatic tone, these remarkable words, "You're a humbug, sir."

"A what, sir?" said Mr. Winkle, starting.

"A humbug, sir. I will speak plainer if you wish it: an impostor, sir."

With these words Mr. Pickwick turned slowly on his heel and rejoined his friends.

Ē jăc'ū lāt ĕd: exclaimed. **Ĭm'pĕ tŭs**: the force with which a body is driven or impelled. **Spăs mŏd'ĭc**: as in a spasm; shaking violently. **Dē pĭct'ĕd**: marked; painted. **Lĭn'ē a-ment**: feature.

The Chambered Nautilus

By O. W. Holmes

Oliver Wendell Holmes (1809–1894): An American physician and author. He wrote two novels, "Elsie Venner" and "The Guardian Angel," some medical treatises, and several volumes of poems. His most popular works are, however,

three series of papers contributed to the *Atlantic Monthly* — "The Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table," "The Professor at the Breakfast-Table," and "The Poet at the Breakfast-Table." These papers abound in wit and humor and shrewd insight into human character. Among the poems interspersed throughout the "Autocrat" papers is Holmes's most admired poem, "The Chambered Nautilus." "I wrote that poem," Holmes said, "at white heat. When it was finished I took it to my wife who was sewing in an adjoining room and said, 'I think I have the best poem that I have ever written,' and I have never changed my mind about it."

This is the ship of pearl, which, poets feign,
Sails the unshadowed main, —
The venturous bark that flings
On the sweet summer wind its purpled wings
In gulfs enchanted, where the siren sings,
And coral reefs lie bare,
Where the cold sea-maids rise to sun their streaming hair.

Its webs of living gauze no more unfurl;
Wrecked is the ship of pearl!
And every chambered cell
Where its dim dreaming life was wont to dwell,
As the frail tenant shaped his growing shell,
Before thee lies revealed, —
Its iris ceiling rent, its sunless crypt unsealed!

Year after year beheld the silent toil
That spread his lustrous coil;

Still, as the spiral grew,
He left the past year's dwelling for the new,
Stole with soft step his shining archway through,
Built up his idle door,
Stretched in his last-found home, and knew the old no more.

Thanks for the heavenly message brought by thee,
Child of the wandering sea,
Cast from her lap, forlorn!
From thy dead lips a clearer note is born
Than ever Triton blew from wreathèd horn!
While on mine ear it rings,
Through the deep caves of thought I hear a voice that sings: —

Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
As the swift seasons roll!
Leave thy low-vaulted past!
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea!

The chambered or pearly nau'tĭ lŭs: a small sea animal inhabiting a shell having many chambers or cavities, each of which is occupied in succession. As the animal increases in size, it advances, forming a larger chamber and partitioning off the one last occupied. **Crўpt**: secret place; vault. **Trī'tŏn**: according to Greek mythology, a sea god who raised or calmed the billows by playing on a conch shell.

About the Stars

By Camille Flammarion

Camille Flammarion (1842——): A popular French writer and lecturer on astronomy and other subjects.

This selection is from "The Wonders of the Heavens."

The stars appear to be scattered at random in the heavens. On a fine starry night, when our sight rises to these heights, a great difference in their brightness is noticed, and at the same time a seeming disorder in their general arrangement. This irregular arrangement and the number of stars prevent us from giving each of them a particular name, but to recognize them and facilitate study, the heavenly sphere is divided into sections.

The astronomical knowledge or science of the ancients was very limited. They were at first contented to name the planets and a few of the most beautiful stars, and we have preserved some of the old names. They grouped together certain stars, each group being imagined to form the outlines of some animal or of some mythical hero, whose name was given to the group. Unless the imagination is vivid enough to create images of the figures represented, just as it sees pictures in the ever-changing

shapes of the clouds, one need not try to find in the constellations anything like the forms or outlines of the objects whose names they bear. The stars in each constellation are distinguished by Greek letters.

The necessity of being guided on the seas obliged man to choose in the heavens fixed points by which he could direct his course; and that need was probably the historical origin of the names of the constellations. More than three thousand years ago the constellations which we call Orion, the Pleiades, and the Hyades, were mentioned by Job. Homer, also, speaks of these constellations.

The ancients drew maps of the heavens, and from the time of Hipparchus, a Greek astronomer who flourished about one hundred years before the Christian era, they were able to classify the stars, distinguishing them according to their brightness. It was necessary to have some method of finding a particular star easily, in the midst of the five or six thousand stars which may be seen with the naked eye on a clear night.

As the stars vary in brightness, in order to aid us in recognizing them they have been classed in order of magnitude. The word "magnitude" is really a misnomer, as it has no relations to the dimensions of the stars; for we have been able to measure but few of these celestial bodies.

Formerly it was believed that the brightest stars

were the largest, and this belief led people to rank the more brilliant stars as the larger ones. Thus, stars of the first magnitude are those which shine with the greatest brilliancy. Those of the second magnitude are less bright, and so on.

Now the brightness of a star depends not only on the size of the star but also on its light and its distance from the earth. It may be said that the brightest stars are generally the nearest, though several of the most brilliant stars are exceptions, and that those whose pale glimmer is scarcely caught by our telescopes are enormously distant from us.

We know now that the sky is not a concave sphere in which, as some of the ancients believed, bright nails are fastened — the nail-heads being the stars — and that there is no vault, but only infinite space around the earth in every direction. We know also that the stars are suns and are scattered various distances apart in the vastness of space.

When, therefore, we notice two or more stars close together, their apparent nearness does not in any way prove that they are really not far apart. They may be very distant from one another — at greater distance indeed than we are from the nearest of them.

Looking at a group of several stars, like the Pleiades, we might suppose that all the stars in it are on the same plane and equally distant from the earth.

By no means. Dispersed in all directions in space, the arrangement which they display to our eyes is only an appearance caused by the position of the earth with regard to them. This is purely a matter of perspective. We see them from the earth, and this view-point is at a vast distance from even the nearest fixed star.

When we find ourselves at night in the midst of a large square in which numerous electric lights are placed, it is difficult to distinguish the most remote lights from those which are somewhat nearer. Moreover, the arrangement of the lights depends entirely on our point of view, and varies according as we ourselves retreat or advance, stand on a side of the square, or survey the lights from a point midway between the sides.

This simple comparison may help us to understand why the stars, which are lights in dark space, do not reveal the distances which really separate them, and why their arrangement on the apparent vault of the sky depends only on the spot where we place ourselves to see them.

If we could transport ourselves to Neptune, the outermost planet of the solar system, we should not perceive a different arrangement of the celestial bodies, for Neptune is not far enough away; it is less than three billion miles from our planet. To see the outlines of the constellations changed, it

would be necessary to station ourselves on the nearest star, and that is so distant that even the rays of light from it require three years and a half to reach our globe, although light moves at the inconceivably swift rate of one hundred and eighty-six thousand miles a second.

The other near stars succeed each other at greater distances. All the stars, each as vast as our sun, separated from one another by such prodigious distances, succeeding each other in an endless manner in the immensity of space, are in motion in the heavens. Nothing is stationary in the universe; there is not a single atom of matter in absolute repose. The great forces with which matter is animated, regulate its action. The movements of the suns in space are imperceptible to our eyes because they are performed at too great a distance; but they are in more rapid motion than is our own globe. There are some stars which are whirling through space with a velocity of fifty miles a second. To the eye which could master time as well as space, the sky would be a moving swarm of stars — a spectacle splendid and awe-inspiring.

Mȳth′ĭ cal: fabulous. **Cŏn stĕl lā′tions (shŭnz)**: groups of fixed stars. **Ō rī′ŏn**: a large, bright star, named for the fabulous hunter, Orion. **Plē′ia dēz (yȧ)**: a group of seven small stars, named for the seven daughters of the fabulous hero,

Atlas. **Hȳ'ȧ dēs̱**: a group of five stars, supposed by the ancients to foretell rainy weather when they rose with the sun. **Hō'mĕr**: a Greek poet supposed to have lived about 1000 B.C. **Hĭp pär'chus**: a Greek astronomer who lived about 150 B.C. **Măg'nĭ tūde**: size. **Ăp pâr'ent**: seeming. **Sō'lar**: of or pertaining to the sun. **Ĭm pĕr çĕp'tĭ ble**: not to be seen; invisible.

To the Evening Star

By William Blake

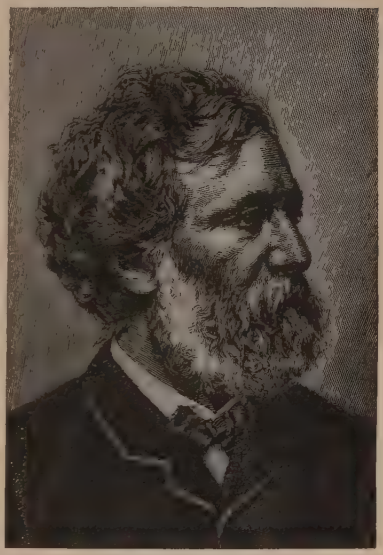
William Blake (1757–1827): An English painter, engraver, and poet. His poems were written and illustrated in color entirely by his own hand. The volumes entitled "Songs of Innocence" and "Songs of Experience" include the most popular of his beautiful imaginative poems.

Thou fair-haired Angel of the Evening,
Now whilst the sun rests on the mountains, light
Thy bright torch of love — thy radiant crown
Put on, and smile upon our evening bed!
Smile on our loves; and while thou drawest the
Blue curtains of the sky, scatter thy silver dew
On every flower that shuts its sweet eyes
In timely sleep. Let thy west wind sleep on
The lake; speak silence with thy glimmering eyes
And wash the dusk with silver, — soon, full soon,
Dost thou withdraw; then the wolf rages wide,
And the lion glares through the dun forest.
The fleeces of our flocks are covered with
Thy sacred dew; protect them with thine influence!

Home-Thoughts from Abroad

By Robert Browning

Robert Browning (1812–1889): An English poet. His poems are frequently difficult and obscure, but are marked by originality and dramatic power, and by virtue of courage, manliness, and hopefulness, appeal to young readers as well as to older ones. He wrote "Men and Women," "Dramatis Personæ," "Pippa Passes," "The Ring and the Book," and many other poems.



Robert Browning

Oh, to be in England
Now that April's there,
And whoever wakes in England
Sees, some morning unaware,
That the lowest boughs and the brushwood sheaf
Round the elm tree bole are in tiny leaf,
While the chaffinch sings on the orchard bough
In England — now!

And after April, when May follows,
And the whitethroat builds and all the swallows!
Hark, where my blossomed pear tree in the hedge

Leans to the field and scatters on the clover
Blossoms and dewdrops, at the bent spray's edge —
That's the wise thrush ; he sings each song twice over,
Lest you should think he never could recapture
The first fine careless rapture!
And though the fields look rough with hoary dew,
All will be gay when noontide wakes anew
The buttercups, the little children's dower —
Far brighter than this gaudy melon-flower!

Story of a Stone[1]

By D. S. Jordan

David Starr Jordan (1851——) : An American scientist. Among his works are a "Manual of Vertebrates" and a "Synopsis of the Fishes of North America," besides a great number of scientific papers. This selection is from "Science Sketches," a volume for young people.

I

Once on a time, a great many years ago, in those old days when the great Northwest consisted of a few ragged and treeless hills full of copper and quartz; in the days when it would have been fun to study geography, for there were no capitals nor any products, and all the towns were seaports; in fact, an immensely long time ago, there lived in the

[1] From "Science Sketches," published by A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago.

northeastern part of Wisconsin, not far from the city of Oconto, a little jellyfish.

It was a curious little fellow, about the shape of half an apple and the size of a pin's head; and it floated around in the water and ate little things, and opened and shut its umbrella pretty much as the jellyfishes do now on a sunny day off Nahant Beach, when the tide is coming in. It had a great many little feelers that hung down all around, like so many little snakes, and so it was named Medusa, after a queer woman who lived a long while ago, according to an old story. She wore snakes instead of hair, and used to turn people into stone images if they dared to make faces at her.

So this little Medusa floated around and opened and shut her umbrella for some time. Then one morning, down among the seaweeds, she laid a whole lot of tiny eggs, transparent as crab-apple jelly, and smaller than the dewdrop on the end of a pine leaf. That was the last thing she did; so she died, and our story henceforth concerns only one of those little eggs.

One day the sun shone down into the water and touched these eggs with life, and a little fellow whom we will call Favosites, because that was his name, woke up inside of the egg and came out into the world. He was only a little piece of floating jelly, shaped like a cartridge pointed at both ends, or like a grain of barley, although very much smaller.

He had a great number of little paddles on his sides. These kept flapping all the time, so that he was constantly in motion. And at night all these little paddles shone with a rich green light, to show him the way through the water. It would have done you good to see them some night when all the little fellows had their lamps burning at once, and every wave as it rose and fell was all aglow with Nature's fireworks, which do not burn the fingers and leave no smell of sulphur.

So the little Favosites kept scudding along in the water, dodging from one side to the other to avoid the ugly creatures that tried to eat him. There were crabs and clams of a fashion neither you nor I shall ever see alive. There were huge animals with great eyes, savage jaws like the beak of a snapping turtle and surrounded by long feelers. They sat in the end of a long round shell, shaped like a length of stovepipe, and glowered like an owl in a hollow log, and there were smaller ones that looked like lobsters in a dinner-horn.

But none of these caught the little fellow, else I should not have had this story to tell. At last, having paddled about long enough, Favosites thought of settling in life. So he looked around till he found a flat bit of shell that just suited him. Then he sat down upon it and grew fast.

He did not go to sleep, however, but proceeded to

make himself a home. He had no head, but between his shoulders he made an opening which would serve him for mouth and stomach. Then he put a whole row of feelers out, and commenced catching little worms and floating eggs and bits of jelly and bits of lime — everything he could get — and cramming them into his mouth.

He had a great many curious ways, but the funniest of them all was what he did with the bits of lime. He kept taking them in, and tried to wall himself up inside with them, as a person would stone a well, or as though a man should swallow pebbles and stow them away in his feet and all around under his skin, till he had filled himself all full.

Little Favosites became lonesome there on the bottom of that old ocean, among so many outlandish neighbors. So one night, when he was fast asleep and dreaming as only a coral animal can dream, there sprouted out from his side somewhere near where his sixth rib might have been if he had had any ribs, another little Favosites; and this one very soon began to eat worms and to wall himself up, as if for dear life.

Then from these two another and another little bud came out, and other little Favosites were formed. They all kept growing up higher and cramming themselves fuller and fuller of stone, till at last there were so many and they were so crowded together

that there was not room for them to grow round, and so they had to become six-sided, like the cells of a honeycomb.

Once in a while some one in the company would feel jealous because the others got more of the lime, or would feel uneasy at sitting still so long and swallowing stones. Such a one would secede from the little union without even saying "good-bye," and would put on the airs of the grandmother Medusa, and would sail around in the water opening and shutting its umbrella, and at last would lay more eggs which in time hatched out into more Favosites.

So the old Favosites died or ran away or were walled up by the younger ones, and new ones filled their places, and the colony thrived for a long while, until it had accumulated a large stock of lime. But one day there came a freshet in the Menomonee River, and piles of dirt and sand and mud were brought down, and all the little Favosites' mouths were filled with it. This they did not like, so they died; but we know that the rock-house they were building was not spoiled, for we have it here.

II

But it was tumbled about a good deal in the dirt, and the rolling pebbles knocked the corners off and the mud worked into the cracks and its beautiful color was destroyed.

There it lay in the mud for ages, till the earth gave a great long heave that raised Wisconsin out of the ocean, and the mud around our little Favosites packed and dried into hard rock, and closed it in. So it became part of the dry land, and lay imbedded in the rock for centuries and centuries, while the old-fashioned ferns grew above it and whispered to it strange stories of what was going on above ground in the land where things were living.

Then the time of the first fishes came, and the other animals looked in wonder at them, as the Indians looked on Columbus. Some of them were like the little garpike of our river here, only much larger — big as a stovepipe, and with crust as hard as a turtle's. Then there were sharks of strange forms, and some of them had teeth like bowie knives, with tempers to match. The time of the old fishes came and went, and many more times came and went, but still Favosites lay in the ground at Oconto.

Then came the long, hot, wet summer, when the mists hung over the earth so thick that you would have had to cut your way through them with a knife; and great ferns and rushes big as an oak and tall as a steeple grew in the swamps of Indiana and Illinois. Their green plumes were so long and so densely interwoven that the man in the moon might have fancied that the earth was feathering out. Then huge reptiles with huge jaws and teeth like

cross-cut saws, and little reptiles with wings like bats, crawled and swam and flew.

But the ferns died, and the reptiles died, and the rush trees fell in the swamps, and the Illinois and the Sangamon and the Wabash and the other rivers covered them up. They stewed away under layers of clay and sand, till at last they turned into coal and wept bitter tears of petroleum. But all this while Favosites lay in the rocks in Wisconsin.

Then the mists cleared away, and the sun shone, and the grass began to grow, and strange animals came from somewhere or nowhere to feed upon it. There were queer little striped horses, which had three or four hoofs on each foot and were no bigger than Newfoundland dogs. There were great hairy elephants with teeth like sticks of wood. There were hogs with noses so long that they could sit on their hind legs and root, and there were many still stranger creatures which no man ever saw alive. But still Favosites lay in the ground and waited

So the long, long summer passed by, and the autumn and the Indian summer. At last the winter came, and it snowed and snowed, and it was so cold that the snow did not go off till the Fourth of July. Then it snowed and snowed till the snow did not go off at all. And then it became so cold that it snowed all the time, till the snow covered the animals and then the trees and then the mountains.

Then it would thaw a little and streams of water would run over the snow. Then it would freeze again and the snow would pack into solid ice. So it went on snowing and thawing and freezing till nothing but snow-banks could be seen in Wisconsin, and most of Indiana was fit only for a skating-rink.

So it went on for a great many years. Then the spring came, the south winds blew, and the snow began to thaw. Then the ice came sliding down from the mountains and hills and from the north toward the south. It went on tearing up rocks, little and big, from the size of a chip to the size of a house, crushing forests as you would crush an egg-shell and wiping out rivers as you would wipe out a chalk-mark. So it came pushing, grinding, thundering along, not very fast, but with tremendous force, like a plow drawn by a million oxen, for a thousand feet of ice is very heavy.

And the ice-plow scraped over Oconto, and little Favosites was torn from the place where he had lain so long; but by good fortune he happened to fall into a crevice of the ice where he was not much crowded, else he would have been ground to powder and I should not have had this story to tell.

And the ice melted as it slid along and it made great torrents of water, which as they swept onward covered the land with clay and pebbles. At last the ice came to a great swamp, overgrown with tamarack

and balsam. It melted here, and all the rocks and stones and dirt it had carried — little Favosites and all — were dumped into one great heap.

It was a very long time after, and man had been created, and America had been discovered, and a great many things had happened, when one day a farmer living in Wisconsin was plowing up his clover field to sow his winter wheat. He picked up in the furrow a curious little bit of "petrified honeycomb," a good deal worn and dirty, still showing plainly the cells and the beebread. He gave it to one of his boys to take to his teacher to hear what he would say about it. And this is what he said.

I. **Ō cŏn′tō**: a city in Wisconsin. **Mĕ dū′sȧ**. **Făv ō sī′tēş**: a kind of fossil coral. **Out lănd′ĭsh**: strange. **Sė̆ çēde′**: withdraw; separate from. **Ăc cū′mū lāt ĕd**: collected; stored up. **Me nŏm′o nēe River**: a river in Wisconsin and Michigan.

II. **Pē trō′lė̆ ŭm**: rock or natural oil.

To a Skylark

By P. B. Shelley

Percy Bysshe Shelley (1792–1822): An English poet. His poems are often wild protests against the existing order of things, but are marked by melody and great beauty of imagery. Among his longer poems are "Queen Mab," "Alastor," "The Revolt of Islam," "The Cenci," and "Adonais." He is best known by his exquisite lyrics, "Ode to the West Wind," "The Cloud," and the following ode.

Hail to thee, blithe spirit!
Bird thou never wert,
That from heaven, or near it,
Pourest thy full heart
In profuse strains of unpremeditated art.

Higher still and higher
From the earth thou springest,
Like a cloud of fire;
The blue deep thou wingest,
And singing still dost soar, and soaring ever singest.

In the golden lightning
Of the sunken sun,
O'er which clouds are brightening,
Thou dost float and run,
Like an unbodied joy whose race is just begun.

The pale purple even
Melts around thy flight;
Like a star of heaven,
In the broad daylight,
Thou art unseen, but yet I hear thy shrill delight.

Keen as are the arrows
Of that silver sphere,
Whose intense lamp narrows
In the white dawn clear,
Until we hardly see, we feel that it is there.

All the earth and air
With thy voice is loud,
As, when night is bare,
From one lonely cloud
The moon rains out her beams, and heaven is overflowed.

What thou art we know not;
What is most like thee?
From rainbow clouds there flow not
Drops so bright to see,
As from thy presence showers a rain of melody.

Like a poet hidden
In the light of thought,
Singing hymns unbidden,
Till the world is wrought
To sympathy with hopes and fears it heeded not;

Like a high-born maiden
In a palace tower,
Soothing her love-laden
Soul in secret hour
With music sweet as love, which overflows her bower:

Like a glowworm golden
In a dell of dew,
Scattering unbeholden
Its aerial hue
Among the flowers and grass, which screen it from the view;

Like a rose embowered
In its own green leaves,
By warm winds deflowered,
Till the scent it gives
Makes faint with too much sweet these heavy-wingèd thieves.

Sound of vernal showers
On the twinkling grass,
Rain-awakened flowers,
All that ever was
Joyous and clear and fresh thy music doth surpass.

Teach us, sprite or bird,
What sweet thoughts are thine!
I have never heard
Praise of love or wine
That panted forth a flood of rapture so divine.

Chorus hymeneal
Or triumphal chant,
Matched with thine, would be all
But an empty vaunt, —
A thing wherein we feel there is some hidden want.

What objects are the fountains
Of thy happy strain?
What fields or waves or mountains?
What shapes of sky or plain?
What love of thine own kind? what ignorance of pain?

With thy clear keen joyance
Languor cannot be;
Shadow of annoyance
Never came near thee;
Thou lovest, but ne'er knew love's sad satiety.

Waking or asleep,
Thou of death must deem
Things more true and deep
Than we mortals dream,
Or how could thy notes flow in such a crystal stream?

We look before and after,
And pine for what is not;
Our sincerest laughter
With some pain is fraught;
Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought.

Yet if we could scorn
Hate and pride and fear;
If we were things born
Not to shed a tear,
I know not how thy joy we ever should come near.

Better than all measures
Of delightful sound,
Better than all treasures
That in books are found,
Thy skill to poet were, thou scorner of the ground.

Teach me half the gladness
That thy brain must know,
Such harmonious madness
From my lips would flow,
The world should listen then, as I am listening now!

Ŭn prē mĕd′ĭ tāt ĕd: unplanned; unthought of beforehand. **Ē′vĕn**: a poetic form of the word evening. **Ā ē′rĭ al**: airy. **Vĕr′nal**: spring. **Hȳ mē nē′al**: of a marriage song. **Vä*u*nt**: boast. **Joy′ançe**: a poetical word for joyfulness. **Lăn̲′guor (gwĕr)**: weariness. **Sā tĭ′ē tȳ**: excess of gratification; surfeit. **Fra*ught***: freighted; filled.

Sir Kenneth and the Flag

By Sir Walter Scott

Sir Walter Scott (1771–1832): A Scottish novelist, poet, and historian. The most popular of his novels are "Old Mortality," "Ivanhoe," "Kenilworth," "The Talisman," "Quentin Durward," and "The Heart of Midlothian." His best poems are "The Lay of the Last Minstrel," "Marmion," and "The Lady of the Lake." A sketch of Scott's life will be found in the Fifth Book of the "Graded Literature Readers."

The following selection is from "The Talisman," the scene of which is laid in Palestine during one of the Crusades undertaken by Christian nations for the recovery of the Holy Land from the Turks. Sir Kenneth was a Scottish prince in disguise, who had joined the army of Richard, the English king. Sir Kenneth had been left to guard the English flag, but had been lured from his post, and during his absence the flag had

been torn down. He went at once to King Richard's tent to report his failure in the performance of duty.

I

It was about the hour of sunrise when a slow, armed tread was heard approaching the king's pavilion; and ere De Vaux, who slumbered beside his master's bed as lightly as ever sleep sat upon the eyes of a watchdog, had time to do more than arise and say, "Who comes?" the Knight of the Leopard entered the tent, with deep and devoted gloom seated upon his manly features.

"Whence this bold intrusion, Sir Knight?" said De Vaux, sternly, yet in a tone which respected his master's slumbers.

"Hold! De Vaux," said Richard, awaking on the instant; "Sir Kenneth cometh like a good soldier to render an account of his guard; to such the general's tent is ever accessible." Then rising from his slumbering posture and leaning on his elbow, he fixed his large bright eye upon the warrior: "Speak, Sir Scot; thou comest to tell me of a vigilant, safe, and honorable watch, dost thou not? The rustling of the folds of the banner of England were enough to guard it, even without the body of such a knight as men hold thee."

"As men will hold me no more," said Sir Kenneth; "my watch hath neither been vigilant, safe,

nor honorable. The banner of England has been carried off."

"And thou alive to tell it?" said Richard. "Away, it cannot be. There is not even a scratch on thy face. Why dost thou stand thus mute? Speak the truth; it is ill jesting with a king, yet I will forgive thee if thou hast lied."

"Lied, Sir King!" returned the unfortunate knight, with fierce emphasis, and one glance of fire from his eye, bright and transient as the flash from the cold and stony flint. "But this also must be endured. I have spoken the truth."

"By Saint George!" said the king, bursting into fury, which, however, he instantly checked — "De Vaux, go view the spot. This fever has disturbed his brain. This cannot be. The man's courage is proof. It *cannot* be! Go speedily — or send, if thou wilt not go."

The king was interrupted by Sir Henry Neville, who came, breathless, to say that the banner was gone, and the knight who guarded it overpowered, and most probably murdered, as there was a pool of blood where the banner spear lay shivered.

"But whom do I see here?" said Neville, his eyes suddenly resting upon Sir Kenneth.

"A traitor," said the king, starting to his feet and seizing the battle-ax which was ever near his bed, "a traitor! whom thou shalt see die a traitor's

death." And he drew back the weapon as in act to strike.

Colorless, but firm as a marble statue, the Scot stood before him, with his bare head uncovered by any protection, his eyes cast down to the earth, his lips scarcely moving, yet muttering probably in prayer. Opposite to him, and within the due reach for a blow, stood King Richard, his large person wrapt in the folds of his camescia or ample gown of linen, except where the violence of his action had flung the covering from his right arm and shoulder. He stood for an instant, prompt to strike — then sinking the head of the weapon toward the ground, he exclaimed, "But there was blood, Neville; there was blood upon the place. Hark thee, Sir Scot — brave thou wert once, for I have seen thee fight. Say thou hast slain two of the thieves in defense of the standard — say but one — say thou hast struck but a good blow in our behalf, and get thee out of the camp with thy life and thy disgrace!"

"You have called me a liar, my lord king," replied Kenneth, firmly; "and therein, at least, you have done me wrong. Know that there was no blood shed in defense of the standard save that of a poor hound, which, more faithful than his master, defended the charge which he deserted."

"Now, by Saint George!" said Richard, again heaving up his arm. But De Vaux threw himself

between the king and the object of his vengeance, and spoke with the blunt truth of his character: "My liege, this must not be — here, nor by your own hand. It is enough of folly for one night and day, to have intrusted your banner to a Scot; — said I not they were ever fair and false?"

"Thou didst, De Vaux; thou wast right, and I confess it," said Richard. "I should have known him better. And yet, De Vaux, it is strange," he added, "to see the bearing of the man. Coward or traitor he must be, yet he abode the blow of Richard Plantagenet, as our arm had been raised to lay knighthood on his shoulder. Had he shown the slightest sign of fear, had but a joint trembled or an eyelid quivered, I had shattered his head like a crystal goblet. But I cannot strike where there is neither fear nor resistance. — Away with him, De Vaux," he whispered, "through the back entrance of our tent; coop him up close, and answer for his safe keeping with your life. And hark ye, he is presently to die; let him have a priest — we would not kill soul and body. And stay — hark thee — we will not have him dishonored; he shall die knightlike, in his belt and spurs; for, if his treachery be black, his boldness matches it."

De Vaux, right glad, if the truth may be guessed, that the scene ended without Richard's descending to the unkingly act of himself slaying an unresisting

prisoner, made haste to remove Sir Kenneth to a separate tent, where he was disarmed and put in fetters for security.

* * * * * * *

The Saracen physician, who had saved Richard's life, entered the king's pavilion soon after the Scottish knight had been dismissed.

"Ha! my learned Hakim," said the king; "come, I hope, to tax our generosity. In what can I pleasure you?"

"Great king," said El Hakim, making his profound Oriental obeisance, "let thy servant speak one word and yet live. I would remind thee that thou owest — not to me, their humble instrument, but to the Intelligences whose benefits I dispense to mortals — a life —"

"And I warrant me, thou wouldst have another in requital, ha?" interrupted the king.

"Such is my humble prayer," said the Hakim, "to the great Melech Ric; even the life of this good knight, who is doomed to die."

"Take the freedom of a thousand captives instead," said Richard; "restore so many of thy countrymen to their tents and families, and I will give the warrant instantly. This man's life can avail thee nothing, and it is forfeited."

"All our lives are forfeited," said the Hakim, putting his hand to his cap. "But the great Creditor is

merciful and exacts not the pledge rigorously nor untimely."

"Thou canst show me," said Richard, "no special interest thou hast to become intercessor betwixt me and the execution of justice, to which I am sworn as a crowned king."

"Thou art sworn to the dealing forth mercy as well as justice," said El Hakim; "but what thou seekest, great king, is the execution of thine own will. Bethink thee, lord king, that though thou canst slay thousands, thou canst not restore one man to health. Kings have the power of Satan to torment, sages that of Allah to heal; beware how thou hinderest the good to humanity, which thou canst not thyself render. Thou canst cut off the head, but not cure the aching tooth."

"This is over insolent," said the king, hardening himself, as the Hakim assumed a more lofty and almost a commanding tone. "We took thee for our leech, not for our counselor or conscience-keeper."

"And is it thus the most renowned prince of Frangistan repays benefit done to his royal person?" said El Hakim, exchanging the humble and stooping posture in which he had hitherto solicited the king for an attitude lofty and commanding. "Know then," he said, "that through every court of Europe and Asia, to Moslem and Nazarene, to knight and lady, wherever harp is heard and sword worn,

wherever honor is loved and infamy detested, to every quarter of the world will I denounce thee, Melech Ric, as thankless and ungenerous; and even the lands, if there be any such, that never heard of thy renown, shall yet be acquainted with thy shame!"

"Are these terms to me, vile infidel!" said Richard, striding up to him in fury. "Art weary of thy life?"

"Strike!" said El Hakim; "thine own deed shall then paint thee more worthless than could my words, though each had an hornet's sting."

Richard turned fiercely from him, folded his arms, traversed the tent as before, and then exclaimed, "Thankless and ungenerous? as well be termed coward and infidel! Hakim, thou hast chosen thy boon; and though I had rather thou hadst asked my crown jewels, yet I may not kinglike refuse thee. Take this Scot, therefore, to thy keeping; the provost will deliver him to thee on this warrant." He hastily traced one or two lines and gave them to the physician. "Use him as thy bond slave, to be disposed as thou wilt, only let him beware how he comes before the eyes of Richard."

II

The physician was none other than Saladin, the Syrian monarch, in disguise. Sir Kenneth, who had won his favor as a worthy foeman, was conducted to the Saracen camp and treated with great courtesy. But he was unhappy over his disgrace

and longed to rejoin the Crusaders. Saladin, therefore, instructed him how he might detect the culprit by means of his dog, which had been wounded while defending the banner; then, disguised as a Nubian slave, Sir Kenneth was sent back to the English camp. He undertook to discover the culprit for Richard, and was stationed by the king's side as the Crusading host passed before him in review.

Surrounded by his valiant peers of England and Normandy, Cœur de Lion stood on the summit of Saint George's Mount, with the banner of England by his side, borne by William with the Long Sword, Earl of Salisbury.

The powers of the various Crusading princes, arrayed under their royal and princely leaders, swept in long order around the base of the little mound; and as those of each different country passed by, their commanders advanced a step or two up the hill and made a signal of courtesy to Richard and to the standard of England.

The long files marched on, and, diminished as they were by so many causes, appeared still an iron host, to whom the conquest of Palestine might seem an easy task. The soldiers, inspired by the consciousness of united strength, sat erect in their steel saddles, while it seemed that the trumpets sounded more cheerfully shrill, and the steeds, refreshed by rest and provender, chafed on the bit and trod the ground more proudly. On they passed, troop after troop,

banners waving, spears glancing, plumes dancing — a host composed of different nations, complexions, languages, arms, and appearances, but all fired for the time with the holy yet romantic purpose of rescuing Jerusalem and redeeming the sacred earth, which more than mortal had trodden, from the yoke of the unbelieving pagan. And the species of courtesy rendered to the king of England by so many warriors was the willing homage which the brave paid to the bravest, in an expedition where the greatest courage was necessary to success.

The good king was seated on horseback about halfway up the mount, a helmet on his head, surmounted by a crown, which left his manly features exposed to public view, as, with cool and considerate eye, he looked on each rank as it passed him, and returned the greetings of the leaders. His tunic was of sky-colored velvet, covered with plates of silver, and his hose of crimson silk slashed with cloth of gold. By his side stood the seeming Ethiopian slave, holding the noble dog in a leash such as was used in woodcraft. It was a circumstance which attracted no notice, for many of the princes of the Crusade had introduced black slaves into their household, in imitation of the barbarous splendor of the Saracens. Over the king's head streamed the large folds of the banner, and, as he looked to it from time to time, he seemed to regard a ceremony, indifferent

to himself personally, as important when considered as offered to the kingdom which he ruled. In the background and on the very summit of the mount, a wooden turret, erected for the occasion, held the queen and the principal ladies of the court. To this the king looked from time to time, and often his eyes were turned on the Nubian and the dog, but only when such leaders approached, as, from circumstances of previous ill-will, he suspected of being accessory to the theft of the standard, or whom he judged capable of a crime so mean.

Thus, he did not look in that direction when Philip Augustus of France approached at the head of his splendid troops; nay, he anticipated the motions of the French king, by descending the mount as the latter came up the ascent, so that they met in the middle space, and blended their greetings so gracefully that it appeared they met in fraternal equality.

The troops of the Marquis of Montserrat next passed in order before the king of England. Before this band came Conrade, in the same garb with the troops, but of such rich stuff that he seemed to blaze with gold and silver, and the milk-white plume fastened in his cap by a clasp of diamonds, seemed tall enough to sweep the clouds. The noble steed which he reined bounded and displayed his spirit in a manner which might have troubled a less admirable horseman than the marquis, who gracefully ruled

him with one hand. Yet his authority over the troops was more in show than in substance; for there paced beside him, on an ambling palfrey of soberest mood, a little old man, dressed entirely in black, without beard or mustaches, and having an appearance altogether mean and insignificant when compared with the blaze of splendor around him. But this mean-looking old man was one of those deputies whom the Venetian government sent into camps to overlook the conduct of their generals, and to maintain that jealous system of espial and control which had long been the policy of the republic.

Conrade, who had attained a certain degree of favor with Richard, no sooner was come near than the king descended a step or two to meet him, exclaiming, at the same time: "Ha, Lord Marquis, thou at the head of thy troops and thy black shadow attending thee as usual, whether the sun shines or not! May not one ask thee whether the rule of the troops remains with the shadow or the substance?"

Conrade was commencing his reply with a smile, when Roswal, the noble hound, uttering a furious and savage yell, sprang forward. The Nubian at the same time slipped the leash, and the hound rushing on leaped upon Conrade's noble charger, and, seizing the marquis by the throat, pulled him down from the saddle. The plumed rider lay rolling on the sand, and the frightened horse fled in wild career through the camp.

"Thy hound hath pulled down the right quarry, I warrant him," said the king to the Nubian. "Pluck the dog off lest he throttle him."

The Ethiopian, accordingly, though not without difficulty, disengaged the dog from Conrade, and fastened him up still highly excited and struggling in the leash. Meanwhile many crowded to the spot, especially followers of Conrade, who, as they saw their leader lie gazing wildly on the sky, raised him up amid a cry of, "Cut the slave and his hound to pieces!"

But the voice of Richard was heard clear above all other exclamations: "He dies the death who injures the hound! He hath but done his duty, after the sagacity with which God and nature have endowed the brave animal. Stand forward for a false traitor, thou Conrade, Marquis of Montserrat! I impeach thee of treason."

Several of the leaders had now come up, and Conrade, vexation and confusion struggling with passion in his manner and voice, exclaimed: "What means this? — With what am I charged? — Why this base usage and these reproachful terms?"

"Are the princes of the Crusade turned hares or deers in the eyes of King Richard, that he should slip hounds on them?" said the deep voice of the Grand Master of the Templars.

"It must be some singular accident, some fatal

mistake," said Philip of France, who rode up at the same moment.

"A trick of the Saracens," cried Henry of Champagne. "It were well to hang up the dog and put the slave to the torture."

"Let no man lay hand upon them," said Richard, "as he loves his own life! Conrade, stand forth, if thou darest, and deny the accusation which this mute animal hath in his noble instinct brought against thee, of injury done to him and foul scorn to England."

"I never touched the banner," said Conrade, hastily.

"Thy words betray thee, Conrade!" said Richard; "for how didst thou know, save from conscious guilt, that the question is concerning the banner?"

"Hast thou then not kept the camp in turmoil on that and no other score?" answered Conrade; "and dost thou impute to a prince and an ally a crime, which, after all, was probably committed by some petty thief for the sake of the gold thread? Or wouldst thou now impeach a confederate on the credit of a dog?"

By this time the alarm was becoming general, so that Philip of France interposed.

"Princes and nobles," he said, "you speak in presence of those whose swords will soon be at the throats of each other, if they hear their leaders at such terms together. In the name of Heaven, let us

draw off, each his own troops, into their separate quarters, and ourselves meet an hour hence in the Pavilion of Council, to take some order in this new state of confusion."

"Content," said King Richard, "though I should have liked to have interrogated that caitiff while his gay doublet was yet besmirched with sand. But the pleasure of France shall be ours in this matter."

The council assembled at the appointed hour. Conrade had in the meanwhile laid aside his dishonored dress, and with it the shame and confusion which, in spite of his talents and promptitude, had at first overwhelmed him, owing to the strangeness of the accident and suddenness of the accusation. He was now robed like a prince, and entered the council-chamber attended by several other potentates, who made a show of supporting him and defending his cause, chiefly perhaps from political motives or because they themselves nourished a personal enmity against Richard.

This appearance of union in favor of Conrade was far from influencing the king of England. He entered the council with his usual indifference of manner, and in the same dress in which he had just alighted from horseback. He cast a careless and somewhat scornful glance on the leaders who had arranged themselves around Conrade, as if owning his cause, and in the most direct terms charged

Conrade of Montserrat with having stolen the banner of England, and wounded the faithful animal who stood in its defense.

Conrade arose boldly to answer, and in despite, as he expressed himself, of man and brute, king or dog, asserted his innocence of the crime charged.

"Brother of England," said Philip, "this is an unusual impeachment. We do not hear you assert your own knowledge of this matter, farther than your belief resting upon the demeanor of this hound toward the Marquis of Montserrat. Surely the word of a knight and a prince should bear him out against the barking of a cur?"

"Royal brother," returned Richard, "recollect that the Almighty, who gave the dog to be companion of our pleasures and our toils, hath given him a nature noble and incapable of deceit. He forgets neither friend nor foe, remembers with accuracy both benefit and injury. He hath a share of man's intelligence, but no share of man's falsehood. You may bribe a soldier to slay a man with his sword, or a witness to take life by false accusation; but you cannot make a hound tear his benefactor,—he is the friend of man, save when man justly incurs his enmity. Dress yonder marquis in what peacock-robes you will, disguise his appearance, alter his complexion with drugs and washes, hide him amidst an hundred men—I will yet pawn my scepter that the hound detects him

and expresses his resentment, as you have this day beheld. This is no new incident, although a strange one. Murderers and robbers have been ere now convicted and suffered death under such evidence, and men have said that the finger of God was in it. Credit me, royal brother, that hidden crimes have often been brought to light by the testimony even of inanimate substances, not to mention animals far inferior in instinctive sagacity to the dog who is the friend and companion of our race."

III

It was finally resolved that the matter should be decided, according to the custom of the time, by the trial of battle, Conrade on the one side and the champion of King Richard on the other. The king, who by this time had recognized in the Nubian slave the person of Sir Kenneth, relented toward him and commissioned him to find a champion in the Saracen camp, thus giving the disgraced knight an opportunity to vindicate himself.

The station called the Diamond of the Desert was assigned by Saladin for the place of conflict, as being nearly at an equal distance betwixt the Christian and Saracen camps. It was agreed that Conrade of Montserrat, the defendant, should appear there on the day fixed for the combat, with an hundred armed followers and no more; that Richard of England should attend with the same number, to protect his champion; and

that the sultan should bring with him a guard of five hundred chosen followers, a band considered as not more than equal to the two hundred Christian lances.

The Diamond of the Desert, so lately a solitary fountain distinguished only amid the waste by solitary groups of palm trees, was now the center of an encampment, the embroidered flags and gilded ornaments of which glittered far and wide and reflected a thousand rich tints against the setting sun. The coverings of the large pavilions were of the gayest colors, scarlet, bright yellow, pale blue, and other gaudy and gleaming hues, and the tops of their pillars, or tent-poles, were decorated with golden pomegranates and small silken flags.

It had been agreed on account of the heat of the climate that the combat should take place at one hour after sunrise. The wide lists inclosed a space of hard sand, which was one hundred and twenty yards long by forty in width. They extended in length from north to south, so as to give both parties the equal advantage of the rising sun. Saladin's royal seat was erected on the western side of the inclosure, just in the center where the combatants were expected to meet. Opposite this was a gallery for the queen of England and her ladies.

The knights rode into the lists armed at all points and mounted like men who were to do battle for a kingdom's honor. They wore their visors up, and,

riding around the lists three times, showed themselves to the spectators.

Both were goodly persons and both had noble countenances. But there was an air of manly confidence on the brow of the Scot, a radiancy of hope, which amounted to cheerfulness; while, although pride and effort had recalled much of Conrade's natural courage, there lowered still on his brow a cloud of gloom. Even his steed seemed to tread less lightly and blithely to the trumpet sound than the noble Arab which was bestrode by Sir Kenneth.

An altar was erected just beneath the gallery occupied by the queen. To this altar the challenger and defender were brought forward one after the other. Dismounting before it, each knight asserted the justice of his cause, and prayed that his success might be according to his truth or falsehood. They also made oath that they came to do battle in knightly way and with the usual weapons, disclaiming the use of spells, charms, or magical devices.

The Scottish knight pronounced his vow with a firm and manly voice, and a bold and cheerful countenance. Then, loaded with armor as he was, he sprang to the saddle without the use of the stirrup.

Conrade also presented himself before the altar with boldness enough; but his voice as he took the oath sounded hollow, as if drowned in his helmet. The lips with which he appealed to Heaven to give

victory to the just quarrel, grew white as he uttered the words.

The silence of suspense was now general; men breathed thicker, and their very souls seemed seated in their eyes, while not a sound was to be heard save the snorting and pawing of the good steeds, who, sensible of what was about to happen, were impatient to dash into career. They stood thus for perhaps three minutes, when, at a signal given by the sultan, an hundred instruments rent the air with their brazen clamors, and each champion striking his horse with the spurs and slacking the rein, the horses started into full gallop, and the knights met in mid space with a shock like a thunderbolt. The victory was not in doubt — no, not one moment. Conrade, indeed, showed himself a practiced warrior; for he struck his antagonist knightly in the midst of his shield, bearing his lance so straight and true that it shivered into splinters from the steel spear-head up to the very gauntlet. The horse of Sir Kenneth recoiled two or three yards and fell on his haunches, but the rider easily raised him with hand and rein. But for Conrade there was no recovery. Sir Kenneth's lance had pierced through the shield, through a plated corselet of Milan steel, through a secret, or coat of linked mail, worn beneath the corselet, had wounded him deep in the bosom, and borne him from his saddle, leaving the truncheon of the lance fixed in

his wound. The sponsors, heralds, and Saladin himself descending from his throne, crowded around the wounded man; while Sir Kenneth, who had drawn his sword ere yet he discovered that his antagonist was totally helpless, now commanded him to avow his guilt. The helmet was hastily unclosed, and the wounded man, gazing wildly on the skies, replied: "What would you more?—God hath decided justly —I am guilty!"

I. **De Vaux** (vō). **Richard Plăn tăġ'e nĕt** (1157–1199): an English king called *Cœur de Lion* (kûr de lē'ŏn*g*), the Lion Heart. **Ăc çĕss'ĭ ble**: easy of access; approachable. **Trăn'sient** (**shĕnt**): passing quickly away; not lasting. **Cà mĕs'cĭ à. Lïĕġe**: king. **À bōde'**: awaited. **Hà'kĭm**: a wise man; a physician, especially among the Mohammedans. **Rĕ quĭt'al**: return for something done; reward. **Mē'lĕch Rĭc**: a Saracen name for King Richard. **Ăl'là***h*: the Mohammedan name for God. **Lē***e***ch**: an old word for physician. **Năz à rēne'**: a follower of Christ, the Nazarene; a Christian, usually in contempt. **Bo͞on**: gift. **Prŏv'ost**: keeper of the prison,—an old use of the word.

II. **Prŏv'ĕn dĕr**: food, especially for domestic animals. **Tū'nĭc**: a loose-fitting garment. **Tŭr'rĕt**: a small tower. **Ăc çĕs'sŏ rў**: connected with as a helper. **Philip II.** (1165–1223): king of France, called Augustus, the Imperial. **Mŏnt'sĕr rat. Pạl'frey**: a small saddle horse. **Ĕs pī'al**: spying. **Ĭm pē***a***ch'**: charge; accuse. **Cā***i***'tĭf***f*: base fellow; wicked man. **Bĕsmĭrch***e***d'**: soiled; discolored. **Pō'ten tāte***s*: princes; kings. **Ĭn cûrs'**: meets with; exposes one's self to.

III. **Dė fĕnd'ant**: a person required to make answer in a law case. **Vĭs'ors**: movable front pieces of helmets. **Côrs***e***'lĕt**: armor for the whole body. **Trŭn'cheon** (**shŭn**): handle.

Song on a May Morning

By John Milton

John Milton (1608–1674): One of the greatest of English authors. He is the noblest type of the Puritan. "The Defense of the English People," "Tractate on Education," "Areopagitica," and his other prose pamphlets are models of stately English. "Paradise Lost," "Paradise Regained," "Comus," "L'Allegro," and "Il Penseroso" are his principal poems.

Now the bright morning star, day's harbinger,
Comes dancing from the east, and leads with her
The flowery May, who from her green lap throws
The yellow cowslip and the pale primrose.

Hail, bounteous May, that dost inspire
Mirth and youth and warm desire!
Woods and groves are of thy dressing,
Hill and dale doth boast thy blessing.
Thus we salute thee with our early song,
And welcome thee, and wish thee long.

Love thyself last; cherish those hearts that hate thee:
Corruption wins not more than honesty.
Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
To silence envious tongues; be just, and fear not.

— Shakspere

Good Books

From "Sesame and Lilies," by John Ruskin

All books are divisible into two classes: the books of the hour, and the books of all time. Mark this distinction — it is not one of quality only. It is not merely the bad book that does not last, and the good one that does. It is a distinction of species. There are good books for the hour, and good ones for all time; bad books for the hour, and bad ones for all time.

The good book of the hour — I do not speak of the bad ones — is simply the useful or pleasant talk of some person whom you cannot otherwise converse with, printed for you. Very useful often, telling you what you need to know; very pleasant often, as a sensible friend's present talk would be. These bright accounts of travels; good-humored and witty discussions of questions; lively or pathetic story-telling in the form of novel; firm fact-telling, by the real agents concerned in the events of passing history; — all these books of the hour multiplying among us as education becomes more general, are a peculiar possession of the present age: we ought to be entirely thankful for them, and entirely ashamed of ourselves if we make no good use of them.

But we make the worst possible use if we allow them to usurp the place of true books: for, strictly

speaking, they are not books at all, but merely letters or newspapers in good print. Our friend's letter may be delightful or necessary to-day: whether worth keeping or not, is to be considered. The newspaper may be entirely proper at breakfast time, but assuredly it is not reading for all day. So, though bound up in a volume, the long letter which gives you so pleasant an account of the inns and roads and weather last year at such a place, or which tells you that amusing story, or gives you the real circumstances of such and such events, however valuable for occasional reference, may not be, in the real sense of the word, a "book" at all, nor, in the real sense, to be "read."

A book is essentially not a talked thing, but a written thing; and written, not with a view of mere communication, but of permanence. The book of talk is printed only because its author cannot speak to thousands of people at once; if he could, he would—the volume is mere multiplication of his voice. You cannot talk to your friend in India; if you could, you would; you write instead; that is mere conveyance of voice. But a book is written, not to multiply the voice merely, not to carry it merely, but to perpetuate it.

The author has something to say which he perceives to be true and useful, or helpfully beautiful. So far as he knows, no one has yet said it; so far as he knows, no one else can say it. He is bound to say

it, clearly and melodiously if he may; clearly, at all events. In the sum of his life he finds this to be the thing or group of things manifest to him;—this, the piece of true knowledge or sight which his share of sunshine and earth has permitted him to seize. He would fain set it down forever, engrave it on rock if he could, saying: "This is the best of me; for the rest, I ate and drank and slept, loved and hated, like another; my life was as the vapor, and is not; but this I saw and knew: this, if anything of mine, is worth your memory." That is his "writing;" it is, in his small human way, and with whatever degree of true inspiration is in him, his inscription, or scripture. That is a "book."

Now, books of this kind have been written in all ages by their greatest men, — by great readers, great statesmen, and great thinkers. These are all at your choice; and life is short.

You have heard as much before; yet, have you measured and mapped out this short life and its possibilities? Do you know if you read this you cannot read that — that what you lose to-day you cannot gain to-morrow? Will you go and gossip with your housemaid or your stable-boy, when you may talk with queens and kings; or flatter yourselves that it is with any worthy consciousness of your own claims to respect, that you jostle with the hungry and common crowd for *entrée* here, and audience there, when

all the while this eternal court is open to you, with its society, wide as the world, multitudinous as its days, the chosen and the mighty, of every place and time? Into that you may enter always; in that you may take fellowship and rank according to your wish; from that, once entered into it, you can never be an outcast but by your own fault; by your aristocracy of companionship there, your own inherent aristocracy will be assuredly tested, and the motives with which you strive to take high place in the society of the living, measured, as to all the truth and sincerity that are in them, by the place you desire to take in this company of the dead.

"The place you desire," and the place you fit yourself for, I must also say; because, observe, this court of the past differs from all living aristocracy in this: — it is open to labor and to merit, but to nothing else. No wealth will bribe, no name overawe, no artifice deceive the guardian of those Elysian gates. In the deep sense, no vile or vulgar person ever enters there. There is but brief question: — "Do you deserve to enter? Pass. Do you ask to be the companion of nobles? Make yourself noble, and you shall be. Do you long for the conversation of the wise? Learn to understand it, and you shall hear it. But on other terms? — no. If you will not rise to us, we cannot stoop to you. The living lord may assume courtesy, the living philosopher explain his thought to you

with considerate pain; but here we neither feign nor interpret; you must rise to the level of our thoughts if you would be gladdened by them, and share our feelings if you would recognize our presence."

This, then, is what you have to do, and I admit that it is much. You must, in a word, love these people, if you are to be among them. No ambition is of any use. They scorn your ambition. You must love them, and show your love by a true desire to be taught by them, and to enter into their thoughts. To enter into theirs, observe; not to find your own expressed by them. If the person who wrote the book is not wiser than you, you need not read it; if he be, he will think differently from you in many respects.

Very ready we are to say of a book, "How good this is, — that's exactly what I think!" But the right feeling is, "How strange that is! I never thought of that before, and yet I see it is true; or if I do not now, I hope I shall some day." But whether thus submissively or not, at least be sure that you go to the author to get at his meaning, not to find yours. Judge it afterward if you think yourself qualified to do so; but ascertain it first. And be sure also, if the author is worth anything, that you will not get at his meaning all at once; — nay, that at his whole meaning you will not for a long time arrive in any wise. The wise men make

themselves sure that you deserve their deeper thought before they allow you to reach it. It is the same with the physical type of wisdom, gold. There seems to you and me no reason why the electric forces of the earth should not carry whatever there is of gold within it at once to the mountain tops, so that kings and people might know that all the gold they could get was there; and without any trouble of digging or anxiety or chance or waste of time, cut it away and coin as much as they needed. But nature does not manage it so. She puts it in little fissures in the earth, nobody knows where; you may dig long and find none; you must dig painfully to find any.

And it is just the same with men's best wisdom. When you come to a good book you must ask yourself: "Am I inclined to work as an Australian miner would? Are my pickaxes and shovels in good order, and my breath good, and my temper?"

And keeping the figure a little longer, even at the cost of tiresomeness, for it is a thoroughly useful one, the metal you are in search of being the author's mind or meaning, his words are as the rock which you have to crush and smelt in order to get at it. And your pickaxes are your own care, wit, and learning; your smelting furnace is your own thoughtful soul.

Do not hope to get at any good author's meaning without those tools and that fire; often you will

need sharpest, finest chiseling and patientest fusing, before you can gather one grain of the metal.

Pĕr pĕt′ū āte: cause to endure; preserve for all time. **Entrée′ (än trā)**: A French word meaning entrance; the right to come in. **In hēr′ent**: natural; inborn. **Ē lys′ian (lĭzh an)**: pertaining to Elysium, the land of the blest. **Feign**: pretend. **As çĕr tān′**: find out; make certain. **Fĭg′ūre**: a mode of expressing ideas by words which suggest pictures.

Silvia

By William Shakspere

William Shakspere (1564–1616): The greatest of English poets. Among his plays are "Hamlet," "Othello," "Julius Cæsar," and "The Merchant of Venice." A biographical sketch of Shakspere will be found in the Fifth Book of the "Graded Literature Readers."

This song occurs in the play of "The Two Gentlemen of Verona."

Who is Silvia? what is she,
That all our swains commend her?
Holy, fair, and wise is she;
The Heaven such grace did lend her,
That she might admired be.

Is she kind as she is fair,
For beauty lives with kindness?
Love doth to her eyes repair,
To help him of his blindness;
And, being helped, inhabits there.

Then to Silvia let us sing,
That Silvia is excelling;
She excels each mortal thing
Upon the dull earth dwelling:
To her let us garlands bring.

Wonders of the Deep Sea

By Rev. Theodore Wood

I

Not very many years ago, it was supposed that life was altogether absent in the deeper parts of the sea. Now we know that this is not the case. Expeditions of scientific men have been sent out by different countries to dredge in very deep water, and their discoveries have clearly proved that fishes, mollusks, crustaceans, and even the soft-bodied sea anemones are capable of living more than three miles below the surface of the ocean.

To those profound depths no ray of sunlight can ever penetrate; and, though many of the deep-sea creatures possess eyes, we might think that they would never have an opportunity of using them. For to see in absolute darkness is impossible. We often say, it is true, that cats can see in the dark; but the fact is, that even on the darkest night there is always some little light, while a cat's eyes are made in such

a way that they can take in many more rays of light than our eyes. The animal, consequently, is able to see clearly when we ourselves can scarcely see at all. But at the bottom of the sea the darkness is almost complete, so that to the creatures of the deep, eyes would seem useless.

But that is not all. The bodies of these animals must be able to resist an almost inconceivable pressure. We ourselves, living at the bottom of the ocean of air, have to endure an atmospheric pressure of fifteen pounds to the square inch; that is to say, the weight of the air above us is so great, that it presses upon every part of our bodies with exactly that degree of force.

If, however, we dive under water, we have to bear the pressure of the water in addition to this; and as water is very much heavier than air, this pressure soon becomes so great that even a trained diver cannot descend to a depth of more than fifty fathoms.

Now, fishes and other animals have been found at a depth of over three miles. This means that they have to endure, upon every square inch of their bodies, a pressure of rather more than two tons and a half, or five-and-twenty times the force required to drive a railway train at a high rate of speed. It would seem impossible that any living creature could resist a pressure so tremendous.

Nevertheless, the inhabitants of the deep sea are somewhat numerous. More than twenty kinds of fishes alone have been found at a depth of more than two thousand fathoms; and, as only a very small portion of the ocean-bed has as yet been explored, we may feel quite certain that a great many more still remain to be discovered.

Strange to say, although these fishes live at depths so profound, they are not entirely destitute of light. The sun's rays cannot reach them, it is true; but, on the other hand, they are very frequently themselves luminous. In some cases their whole bodies glow with phosphorescent light, which seems to issue from the slime with which the skin is covered; in others the light proceeds from a double row of curious eye-like organs, which run along the sides from the head almost to the tail. Thus these animals are independent of sunlight. They are their own lightgivers. They dwell in the midst of absolute darkness, and yet are always able to see.

One of these luminous fishes uses its light for a very remarkable purpose.

It is a creature of prey, feeding entirely upon other fishes; and its appetite is so voracious that it always appears to be hungry. Yet it is so slow in its movements that it is quite unable to pursue and overtake its victims. Nature, however, has provided it with an apparatus which is admirably adapted for luring

those victims to their fate. The first or front fin of the back is wanting; but its place is taken by a long, slender spine, the base of which is fastened to the bones of the back by a kind of ring-and-staple attachment, so that it can be freely moved in any direction. At the end of this spine is a flattened tip, which is highly luminous.

Now, fishes are extremely inquisitive creatures. Any strange object invariably rouses their curiosity, and they are especially attracted by anything that glitters or shines. Anglers, for example, often catch pike and other fishes by means of a spoon bait, which is simply a piece of polished tin armed with hooks, and fastened to the line in such a manner that it revolves rapidly when drawn through the water. Now, the luminous spine of this deep-sea fish is simply a natural spoon bait, and all that its owner has to do when it feels hungry is to dangle it up and down in front of its mouth. All the small fishes in the neighborhood are sure to come and examine it, only to be snapped up by the jaws of their foe as soon as they venture within its reach.

How successful this remarkable fish is in its angling, may be judged from the number of victims sometimes captured by its near relation, the fishing frog, which is found not uncommonly in shallower water. In the stomach of one of these fishes which was killed and opened immediately after capture, were found no

fewer than seventy-five herrings, while another had swallowed twenty-five flounders.

The fishing frog.

There is an eel of the deep sea, however, which can dispose of even larger meals than these, for it has actually been known to swallow fishes of greater size than itself. This may seem impossible: the fact is that its jaws, like those of a python, can be separated to a surprising extent, while the flesh of its throat and body is exceedingly elastic. In one of these fishes, when brought to the surface, was found the twisted-up body of another fish three times as long as itself; from another were taken victims amounting to nearly five times its own weight; while

a third had swallowed a captive so large that it had actually dislocated its own fins in doing so!

II

But how do these deep-sea fishes contrive to resist the enormous pressure which throughout their lives they have to sustain?

That is not an easy question to answer. All we can say is that the whole framework of their bodies is so flimsy, that it could not perform its functions without a great weight of water to hold it, as it were, together, and that the gases contained in their swimming-bladders, and dissolved in their blood, neutralize the pressure to some extent, and enable them to live at depths to which otherwise they could never descend.

Owing to this fact, it is very difficult indeed to obtain specimens of these fishes in perfect condition. As soon as they are raised from the bottom, the pressure begins to decrease, and the gases in their bodies to expand; and long before they reach the surface, their internal organs are generally forced out of their mouths, and their eyes from the sockets, while their bodies are so flattened and distorted that their true shape can only be guessed at.

Sometimes, too, a most curious accident befalls one of these creatures. Eagerly pursuing a victim, perhaps, it incautiously rises to too great a distance

from the sea-bottom. Its swimming-bladder of course expands as the pressure upon it is reduced, and renders the fish so much lighter in proportion to its size that, when it attempts to sink to the bottom, it finds itself unable to do so. Still rising, the pressure is yet further reduced, till at last the body of the hapless creature literally bursts, and floats upward, mangled and shapeless, to the surface of the sea. These fishes, in fact, have constantly to be on their guard against the danger, not of falling downward, but of tumbling upward!

But other remarkable creatures besides fishes are found in the depths of the sea. There is a crab, for instance, which carries its young about in an odd little pouch on the lower surface of the body, just as the kangaroo does. Thus, while they are still small and unable to defend themselves, the little creatures are protected from their many enemies. Another crab has legs nearly four times as long as its body, while the body and limbs of a third are so densely clothed with long, sharp spines, that it can only be handled with the very greatest care. Most of these deep-sea crabs are entirely blind, the curious eyestalks, on which the organs of vision are usually set, being absent.

There is a very strange hermit crab, too, which is found at a depth of three thousand fathoms, or rather more than three miles and a quarter. Like all hermit crabs, it has its long, flexible tail unprotected

by the shelly armor that covers the rest of the body, and is therefore obliged in some way to guard it from the attacks of its enemies. Empty whelk-shells, however, which are generally employed for this purpose by other hermit crabs, are not to be found in the depths of the ocean; so it either forms cases for its tail of sand, fastened together in some curious way which has not been satisfactorily explained, or else makes use of pieces of bamboo, which, being saturated with water, have slowly sunk to the bottom, or of the holes in lumps of water-logged wood. On the back of this crab, strange to say, a small sea anemone is generally found to be living.

Then there are some very remarkable creatures known as sea spiders, which combine the characteristics of insects, spiders, and crabs. Their legs are very long indeed, and their bodies are very small, while the mouth is placed at the top of a long beak which runs out from the front of the head. But the strangest feature of these animals is that a branch of the stomach runs down each of the legs, almost as far as the claw at the tip!

Finally, there are stalked crinoids, or sea lilies, which may be briefly described as starfishes growing at the end of long stalks. These stalks are made up of an astonishing number of tiny joints — as many as a hundred and fifty thousand having been found in the stem of a single sea lily — while the base is fastened

down to the surface of a rock by a number of spreading rootlets.

In days of old these stalked crinoids were extremely plentiful; marble, for instance, often consists of little else than the joints of their stems, and the rocks in many parts of the world are full of their fossil remains. But until the bed of the deep sea was explored, it was supposed that they had become

A stalked crinoid, or sea lily.

1, Natural size. 2, Cup and arms. 3, Single arm. (Nos. 2 and 3 magnified.)

almost entirely extinct. Now, however, we know that the floor of the ocean is in many places densely clothed with them, just as it must have been almost everywhere thousands of years ago.

Such are some of the wonders of the deep sea. Many more there are which space will not allow me

to describe, or even to mention. And we can have little doubt that when the great abysses of the ocean have been more thoroughly explored, our knowledge of its inmates will be very largely increased, and that even stranger creatures will be found to exist than any which have yet been discovered.

I. **Mŏl′lŭsks**: animals covered with shells, such as cuttle-fish and snails. **Crŭs tā′ceans** (**shanṣ**): shellfish, such as lobsters and crabs, so called from the crustlike shell with which they are covered. **Phos phor ĕs′çent** (**fŏs fŏr**): shining with a light like that of phosphorus, a natural light-giving substance. **Vo̊ rā′cious** (**shŭs**): greedy; gluttonous. **Lūr′ĭng**: attracting. **Pȳ′thŏn**: a large-mouthed snake, somewhat like a boa-constrictor.

II. **Neū′tral ize**: destroy the effect of.

Sir Galahad

By Alfred, Lord Tennyson

My good blade carves the casques of men,
  My tough lance thrusteth sure,
My strength is as the strength of ten,
  Because my heart is pure.
The shattering trumpet shrilleth high,
  The hard brands shiver on the steel,
The splintered spear shafts crack and fly,
  The horse and rider reel:

They reel, they roll in clanging lists,
And when the tide of combat stands,
Perfume and flowers fall in showers,
That lightly rain from ladies' hands.

How sweet are looks that ladies bend
On whom their favors fall!
For them I battle till the end,
To save from shame and thrall:
But all my heart is drawn above,
My knees are bowed in crypt and shrine:
I never felt the kiss of love,
Nor maiden's hand in mine.
More bounteous aspects on me beam,
Me mightier transports move and thrill;
So keep I fair through faith and prayer
A virgin heart in work and will.

When down the stormy crescent goes,
A light before me swims,
Between dark stems the forest glows,
I hear a noise of hymns:
Then by some secret shrine I ride;
I hear a voice, but none are there;
The stalls are void, the doors are wide,
The tapers burning fair.
Fair gleams the snowy altar cloth,
The silver vessels sparkle clean,

Sir Galahad

From the painting by G. F. Watts — Engraved by Walter Aikman

The shrill bell rings, the censer swings,
And solemn chants resound between.

Sometimes on lonely mountain meres
I find a magic bark;
I leap on board: no helmsman steers:
I float till all is dark.
A gentle sound, an awful light!
Three angels bear the Holy Grail:
With folded feet, in stoles of white,
On sleeping wings they sail.
Ah, blessed vision! blood of God!
My spirit beats her mortal bars,
As down dark tides the glory slides,
And starlike mingles with the stars.

When on my goodly charger borne
Through dreaming towns I go,
The cock crows ere the Christmas morn,
The streets are dumb with snow.
The tempest crackles on the leads,
And, ringing, springs from brand and mail;
But o'er the dark a glory spreads,
And gilds the driving hail.
I leave the plain, I climb the height;
No branchy thicket shelter yields;
But blessed forms in whistling storms
Fly o'er waste fens and windy fields.

A maiden knight — to me is given
  Such hope, I know not fear;
I yearn to breathe the airs of heaven
  That often meet me here.
I muse on joy that will not cease,
  Pure spaces clothed in living beams,
Pure lilies of eternal peace,
  Whose odors haunt my dreams;
And, stricken by an angel's hand,
  This mortal armor that I wear,
This weight and size, this heart and eyes,
  Are touched, are turned to finest air.

The clouds are broken in the sky,
  And through the mountain walls
A rolling organ-harmony
  Swells up, and shakes and falls.
Then move the trees, the copses nod,
  Wings flutter, voices hover clear:
"O just and faithful knight of God!
  Ride on! the prize is near."
So pass I hostel, hall, and grange;
  By bridge and ford, by park and pale,
All armed I ride, whate'er betide,
  Until I find the Holy Grail.

Sir Găl'á hăd: a knight of King Arthur's Round Table, the only one who succeeded in the quest for the Holy Grail.

Casques (**cȧsks**): armor for the head and neck. **Brănds̤**: a poetic word for swords, so called from their brightness. **Stal̤l̤s̤**: seats in the choir of a church for the clergy. **Void**: empty. **Çĕn′sẽr**: a vessel for perfumes, used in churches for burning incense. **Mēres̤**: lakes. **Holy Grāil**: grail is an old word meaning cup or dish. According to a legend of the Middle Ages, the Holy Grail was the cup or dish used by Christ at the last supper, and could be seen only by a perfectly pure and holy person. **Stōles̤**: long, loose garments; sometimes, scarfs worn by clergymen. **Cŏps′ĕs̤**: woods of small growth; thickets of brushwood. **Hŏs′tĕl**: an old word for inn.

On American Taxation

By William Pitt, Earl of Chatham

William Pitt, Earl of Chatham (1708–1778): An English statesman and orator, "the Great Commoner." He made several brilliant speeches in defense of the American colonies. This selection is from an eloquent speech delivered in the House of Commons, January 16, 1766, in which he condemned the Stamp Act, and argued that England had no right to tax the colonies.

Gentlemen, sir, have been charged with giving birth to sedition in America. They have spoken their sentiments with freedom against this unhappy act, and that freedom has become their crime. Sorry I am to hear the liberty of speech in this house imputed as a crime. But the imputation shall not

discourage me. It is a liberty I mean to exercise. No gentleman ought to be afraid to exercise it. It is a liberty by which the gentleman who calumniates it might have profited. He ought to have desisted from his project.

The gentleman tells us America is obstinate; America is almost in open rebellion. I rejoice that America has resisted. Three millions of people so dead to all the feelings of liberty as voluntarily to submit to be slaves would have been fit instruments to make slaves of the rest. I come not here armed at all points, with law cases and acts of Parliament, with the statute-book doubled down in dog's-ears, to defend the cause of liberty. But the defense of liberty, upon a general principle, upon a constitutional principle, is a ground on which I stand firm; on which I dare meet any man.

The gentleman tells us of many who are taxed and are not represented — the India Company, merchants, stockholders, manufacturers. Surely many of these are represented in other capacities, as owners of land, or as freemen of boroughs. It is a misfortune that more are not equally represented. But they are all inhabitants, and as such are they not virtually represented? Many have it in their option to be actually represented. They have connections with those that elect, and they have influence over them. The gentleman mentioned the stockholders:

I hope he does not reckon the debts of the nation as a part of the national estate.

The gentleman asks, "When were the colonies emancipated?"

But I desire to know when they were made slaves? But I dwell not upon words. When I had the honor of serving his majesty, I availed myself of the means of information which I derived from my office; I speak, therefore, from knowledge. My materials were good, I was at pains to collect, to digest, to consider them; and I will be bold to affirm that the profits to Great Britain from the trade of the colonies, through all its branches, is two millions a year. This is the fund that carried you triumphantly through the last war.

A great deal has been said without doors of the power, of the strength, of America. It is a topic that ought to be cautiously meddled with. In a good cause, on a sound bottom, the force of this country can crush America to atoms. I know the valor of your troops. I know the skill of your officers. There is not a company of foot that has served in America out of which you may not pick a man of sufficient knowledge and experience to make a governor of a colony there. But on this ground, on the Stamp Act, when so many here will think it a crying injustice, I am one who will lift up my hands against it.

In such a cause your success would be hazardous.

America, if she fell, would fall like the strong man. She would embrace the pillars of the state, and pull down the constitution along with her. Is this your boasted peace? Not to sheath the sword in its scabbard, but to sheath it in the bowels of your countrymen?

Will you quarrel with yourselves now the whole House of Bourbon is united against you; while France disturbs your fisheries in Newfoundland, embarrasses your slave trade to Africa, and withholds from your subjects in Canada their property stipulated by treaty; while the ransom for the Manillas is denied by Spain, and its gallant conqueror basely traduced into a mean plunderer, — a gentleman whose noble and generous spirit would do honor to the proudest grandee of the country?

The Americans have not acted in all things with prudence and temper; they have been wronged. They have been driven to madness by injustice. Will you punish them for the madness you have occasioned? Rather let prudence and temper come first from this side. I will undertake for America that she will follow the example. There are two lines in a ballad of Prior's, of a man's behavior to his wife, so applicable to you and your colonies that I cannot help repeating them: —

> "Be to her faults a little blind,
> Be to her virtues very kind."

Upon the whole, I will beg leave to tell the House what is my opinion. It is, that the Stamp Act be repealed absolutely, totally, and immediately. That the reason for the repeal be assigned, because it was founded on an erroneous principle.

Sĕ di'tion (dĭsh ŭn): rebellion; discontent against government. **Cā lŭm'nĭ ātes**: accuses falsely of a crime; slanders. **Bŏr'ŏughs**: English towns which send members to parliament. **Vĭr'tū al lў**: practically. **Ŏp'tion (shŭn)**: power of choosing; choice. **Ē măn'çĭ pāt ĕd**: set free. **The last war**: the French and Indian war (1754–1763). **Stamp Act**: an act of the British parliament (1765) imposing a duty on all the paper and parchment used in the American colonies. **Scăb'bard**: the case in which the blade of a sword is kept. **House of Bo*u*r'bon**: a family of French kings. **Stĭp'ū lāt ĕd**: agreed on. **Trā dūçed'**: slandered. **Its gallant conqueror**, etc.: Sir William Draper (1721–1787), a British officer who commanded as colonel at the capture of Manilla from the Spaniards in 1763. **Grăn dēe'**: man of high rank; nobleman. **Matthew Prior** (1664–1721): an English poet and diplomatist.

In Praise of Wisdom

PROVERBS iii. 13–26

Happy is the man that findeth wisdom, and the man that getteth understanding:

For the merchandise of it is better than the merchandise of silver, and the gain thereof than fine gold.

She is more precious than rubies: and all the things thou canst desire are not to be compared unto her.

Length of days is in her right hand; and in her left hand riches and honor.

Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace.

She is a tree of life to them that lay hold upon her: and happy is every one that retaineth her.

The Lord by wisdom hath founded the earth; by understanding hath He established the heavens.

By His knowledge the depths are broken up, and the clouds drop down the dew.

My son, let not them depart from thine eyes: keep sound wisdom and discretion:

So shall they be life unto thy soul, and grace to thy neck.

Then shalt thou walk in thy way safely, and thy foot shall not stumble.

When thou liest down, thou shalt not be afraid: yea, thou shalt lie down, and thy sleep shall be sweet.

Be not afraid of sudden fear, neither of the desolation of the wicked, when it cometh.

For the Lord shall be thy confidence, and shall keep thy foot from being taken.

Storming a Mexican Temple

By W. H. Prescott

William Hickling Prescott

William Hickling Prescott (1795–1859): An American historian. His works, "The History of Ferdinand and Isabella," "The Conquest of Mexico," "The Conquest of Peru," and "The History of Philip II.," are all about Spain and her conquests.

This account of a combat between the Mexicans and the Spaniards is from "The Conquest of Mexico."

Cortes, having cleared a way for the assault, sprang up the lower stairway, followed by the gallant cavaliers of his little band, leaving a file of his own men and a strong corps of Indian allies to hold the enemy in check at the foot of the monument. On the first landing, as well as on the several galleries above, and on the summit, the Aztec warriors were drawn up to dispute his passage.

From their elevated position they showered down volleys of lighter missiles, together with heavy stones, beams, and burning rafters, which, thundering along

the stairway, overturned the ascending Spaniards and carried desolation through their ranks. The more fortunate, eluding or springing over these obstacles, succeeded in gaining the first terrace; where, throwing themselves on their enemies, they compelled them after a short resistance to fall back. The assailants pressed on, supported by a brisk fire of the soldiers from below, which so much galled the Mexicans in their exposed situations that they were glad to take shelter on the broad summit of the teocalli.

Cortes and his comrades were close upon their rear, and the two parties soon found themselves face to face on this aerial battlefield, engaged in mortal combat in presence of the whole city, as well as of the troops in the courtyard, who paused as if by mutual consent from their own hostilities, gazing in silent expectation on the issue of those above. The area, though somewhat smaller than the base of the teocalli, was large enough to afford a fair field of fight for a thousand combatants.

It was paved with broad, flat stones. No impediment occurred over its surface except the huge sacrificial block and the temples of stone which rose to the height of forty feet at the farther extremity of the area. One of these had been consecrated to the Cross; the other was still occupied by the Mexican war god. The Christian and the Aztec contended for their religions under the very shadow of their

respective shrines; while the Indian priests, running to and fro, with their hair wildly streaming over their sable mantles, seemed hovering in mid-air, like so many demons of darkness, urging on the work of slaughter.

The parties closed with the desperate fury of men who had no hope but in victory. Quarter was neither asked nor given; and to fly was impossible. The edge of the area was unprotected by parapet. The least slip would be fatal; and the combatants, as they struggled in mortal agony, were sometimes seen to roll over the sheer sides of the precipice together.

Cortes himself is said to have had a narrow escape from this dreadful fate. Two warriors, of strong, muscular frames, seized on him, and were dragging him violently toward the brink of the teocalli. Aware of their intention, he struggled with all his force, and, before they could accomplish their purpose, succeeded in tearing himself from their grasp and hurling one of them over the walls with his own arm. The story is not improbable in itself, for Cortes was a man of uncommon agility and strength.

The battle lasted with unintermitting fury for three hours. The number of the enemy was double that of the Christians; and it seemed as if it were a contest which must be determined by numbers and brute force rather than by superior science. But it was not so. The invulnerable armor of the Spaniard,

his sword of matchless temper, and his skill in the use of it, gave him advantages which far outweighed the odds of physical strength and numbers.

After doing all that the courage of despair could enable men to do, resistance grew fainter and fainter on the side of the Aztecs. One after another they had fallen. Two or three priests only survived to be led away in triumph by the victors. Every other combatant was stretched a corpse on the bloody arena, or had been hurled from the giddy heights. Yet the loss of the Spaniards was not inconsiderable; it amounted to forty-five of their best men; and nearly all the remainder were more or less injured in the desperate conflict.

The victorious cavaliers now rushed toward the sanctuaries. The lower story was of stone, the two upper were of wood. Penetrating into their recesses, they had the mortification to find the image of the Virgin and the Cross removed. But in the other edifice they still beheld the grim figure of the Mexican war god, with his censer of smoking hearts, and the walls of his temple reeking with gore, — not improbably of their own countrymen.

With shouts of triumph the Christians tore the uncouth monster from his niche, and tumbled him, in the presence of the horror-struck Aztecs, down the steps of the teocalli. They then set fire to the accursed building. The flames speedily ran up the

slender towers, sending forth an ominous light over city, lake, and valley, to the remotest hut among the mountains. It was the funeral pyre of paganism, and proclaimed the fall of that sanguinary religion which had so long, like a dark cloud, hung over the fair region of Anahuac.

Ăz′tĕc: belonging to the Aztec race, an early North American race which the Spaniards found inhabiting the plateau of Mexico. **Hernando Côr′tĕs̤** (1485–1547?): a Spanish adventurer, the conqueror of Mexico. **Mĭs′sĭle̤s̤**: weapons intended to be thrown. **Ē̆lūd′ĭng**: shunning; avoiding. **Ga̤l′ed**: injured; annoyed. **Tē ō̆ căl′lĭ**: a Mexican temple in the form of a pyramid. **Môr′tal**: deadly. **Hŏs tĭl′ĭ tĭe̤s̤**: acts of warfare. **Quar′tẽr**: mercy. **Păr′a pĕt**: a low wall, especially one protecting the edge of a roof, bridge, or the like. **Shēer**: steep; straight up and down. **Ŭn ĭn tẽr mĭt′tĭng**: uninterrupted; not stopping. **Ĭn vŭl′nẽr a ble**: that cannot be injured. **Tĕm′pẽr**: hardness. Metal is tempered or hardened by repeated heating and cooling. **A̤ rē′na**: place of public contest. **Pȳre**: heap; pile. **Săn̲′guĭ nā̆ rў**: bloody; cruel. **A̤ nä huac′ (wäk)**: the plateau of Mexico.

The Poet

By Ralph Waldo Emerson

The gods talk in the breath of the woods,
  They talk in the shaken pine,
And fill the long reach of the old seashore
  With dialogue divine;

And the poet who overhears
Some random word they say
Is the fated man of men
Whom the ages must obey.

The Landing of Columbus in the New World and his Return to Spain

From "The Life of Columbus," by Washington Irving

I

It was on Friday morning, the 12th of October, 1492, that Columbus first beheld the New World. As the day dawned he saw before him a level island, several leagues in extent, and covered with trees like a continual orchard. Though apparently uncultivated, it was populous, for the inhabitants were seen issuing from all parts of the woods and running to the shore. As they stood gazing at the ships, they appeared by their attitudes and gestures to be lost in astonishment.

Columbus made signal for the ships to cast anchor, and the boats to be manned and armed. He entered his own boat, richly attired in scarlet, and holding the royal standard; whilst Martin Alonzo Pinzon and Vincent Jañez, his brother, put off in company in their boats, each with a banner of the enterprise emblazoned with a green cross, having on either side

the letters F. and Y., the initials of the Castilian monarchs Fernando and Ysabel, surmounted by crowns.

As he approached the shore, Columbus, who was disposed for all kinds of agreeable impressions, was delighted with the purity and suavity of the atmosphere, the crystal transparency of the sea, and the extraordinary beauty of the vegetation. He beheld, also, fruits of an unknown kind upon the trees which overhung the shores. On landing he threw himself upon his knees, kissed the earth, and returned thanks to God with tears of joy. His example was followed by the rest, whose hearts indeed overflowed with the same feelings of gratitude.

Columbus then rising drew his sword, displayed the royal standard, and assembling round him the rest who had landed, he took solemn possession in the name of the Castilian sovereigns, giving the island the name of San Salvador. Having complied with the necessary forms and ceremonies, he called upon all present to take the oath of obedience to him, as admiral and viceroy, representing the persons of the sovereigns.

The feelings of the crew now burst forth in the most extravagant transports. They had recently considered themselves devoted men, hurrying forward to destruction; they now looked upon themselves as favorites of fortune, and gave themselves up to the

most unbounded joy. They thronged around the admiral with overflowing zeal, some embracing him, others kissing his hands. Those who had been most mutinous and turbulent during the voyage were now most devoted and enthusiastic. Some begged favors of him, as if he had already wealth and honors in his gift. Many who had outraged him by their insolence now crouched at his feet, begging pardon for all the trouble they had caused him, and promising the blindest obedience for the future.

The natives of the island, when at the dawn of day they had beheld the ships hovering on their coasts, had supposed them monsters which had issued from the deep during the night. They had crowded to the beach, and watched their movements with awful anxiety. Their veering about, apparently without effort, and the shifting and furling of their sails, resembling huge wings, filled them with astonishment. When they beheld their boats approach the shore and a number of strange beings, clad in glittering steel or raiment of various colors, landing upon the beach, they fled in affright to the woods.

Finding, however, that there was no attempt to pursue nor molest them, they gradually recovered from their terror and approached the Spaniards with great awe, frequently prostrating themselves on the earth and making signs of adoration. During the ceremonies of taking possession, they remained

gazing in timid admiration at the complexion, the beards, the shining armor, and splendid dress of the Spaniards. The admiral particularly attracted their attention, from his commanding height, his air of authority, his dress of scarlet, and the deference which was paid him by his companions, — all which pointed him out to be the commander. When they had still further recovered from their fears, they approached the Spaniards, touched their beards, and examined their hands and faces, admiring their whiteness. They now supposed that the ships had sailed out of the crystal firmament which bounded their horizon, or had descended from above on their ample wings, and that these marvelous beings were inhabitants of the skies.

The natives of the island were no less objects of curiosity to the Spaniards, differing as they did from any race of men they had ever seen. As Columbus supposed himself to have landed on an island at the extremity of India, he called the natives by the general name of Indians, which was universally adopted before the true nature of his discovery was known, and has since been extended to all the aboriginals of the New World.

The islanders were friendly and gentle. Their only arms were lances, hardened at the end by fire, or pointed with a flint or the teeth or bone of a fish. There was no iron to be seen, nor did they appear

acquainted with its properties; for, when a drawn sword was presented to them, they took it by the edge.

Columbus distributed among them colored caps, glass beads, hawk's bells, and other trifles, such as the Portuguese were accustomed to trade with among the nations of the gold coast of Africa. They received them eagerly, hung the beads round their necks, and were wonderfully pleased with their finery and with the sound of the bells.

The Spaniards remained all day on shore, refreshing themselves after their anxious voyage amid the beautiful groves of the island, and returned on board late in the evening, delighted with all they had seen.

On the following morning, at break of day, the shore was thronged with the natives; some swam off to the ships, others came in light barks which they called canoes, formed of a single tree, hollowed, and capable of holding from one man to the number of forty or fifty. These they managed skillfully with paddles, and, if overturned, swam about in the water with perfect unconcern, as if in their natural element, righting their canoes with great facility.

They were eager to procure more toys and trinkets, — not, apparently, from any idea of their value, but because everything from the hands of the strangers possessed a supernatural virtue in their eyes as having been brought from heaven; they

even picked up fragments of glass and earthenware as valuable prizes.

The avarice of the discoverers was quickly excited by the sight of small ornaments of gold, worn by some of the natives in their noses. These the latter gladly exchanged for glass beads and hawk's bells; and both parties exulted in the bargain, no doubt admiring each other's simplicity.

Columbus inquired of the natives where this gold was procured. They answered him by signs, pointing to the south, where, he understood them, dwelt a king of such wealth that he was served in vessels of wrought gold. He understood, also, that there was land to the south, the southwest, and the northwest, and that the people from the last-mentioned quarter frequently proceeded to the southwest in quest of gold and precious stones, making in their way descents upon the islands and carrying off the inhabitants.

The island where Columbus had thus, for the first time, set his foot upon the New World was called by the natives Guana-hané. It still retains the name of San Salvador, which he gave to it, though called by the English Cat Island. The light which he had seen on the evening previous to his making land may have been on Watling's Island, which lies a few leagues to the east.

On the morning of the 14th of October, the

admiral set off at daybreak with the boats of the ships to reconnoiter the island, directing his course to the northeast. The coast was surrounded by a reef of rocks, within which there was a depth of water and sufficient harbor to receive all the ships in Christendom. The entrance was very narrow; within, there were several sand banks, but the water was as still as a pool.

The island appeared throughout to be well wooded, with streams of water, and a large lake in the center. As the boats proceeded, they passed two or three villages, the inhabitants of which, men as well as women, ran to the shores, throwing themselves on the ground, lifting up their hands and eyes, either giving thanks to heaven, or worshiping the Spaniards as supernatural beings. They ran along parallel to the boats, calling after the Spaniards, and inviting them by signs to land, offering them various fruits and vessels of water.

Finding, however, that the boats continued on their course, many threw themselves into the sea and swam after them, and others followed in canoes. The admiral received them all with kindness, giving them glass beads and other trifles, which were received with transport as celestial presents, for the invariable idea of the savages was that the white men had come from the skies.

In this way they pursued their course, until they

came to a small peninsula, which with two or three days' labor might be separated from the mainland and surrounded with water, and was therefore specified by Columbus as an excellent situation for a fortress. On this were six Indian cabins, surrounded by groves and gardens as beautiful as those of Castile. The sailors being wearied with rowing, the admiral returned to the ships, taking seven of the natives with him, that they might acquire the Spanish language and serve as interpreters.

Having taken a supply of wood and water, they left the island of San Salvador the same evening, the admiral being impatient to arrive at the wealthy country to the south, which he flattered himself would prove the famous island of Cipango.

* * * * * * *

II

At midday on the 15th of March, Columbus entered the harbor of Palos, whence he had sailed on the 3d of August in the preceding year, having taken not quite seven months and a half to accomplish this most momentous of all maritime enterprises.

The triumphant return of Columbus was a prodigious event in the history of the little port of Palos, where everybody was more or less interested in the fate of his expedition.

Great was the agitation of the inhabitants of Palos

when they beheld one of the ships standing up the river; but when they learned that she returned in triumph from the discovery of a world, the whole community broke forth into transports of joy. When Columbus landed, the multitude thronged to see and welcome him, and a grand procession was formed to the principal church, to return thanks to God for so signal a discovery made by the people of that place — forgetting, in their exultation, the thousand difficulties they had thrown in the way of the enterprise.

At the court he was treated with like honor, being addressed as "Don Christopher Columbus, our admiral of the ocean sea, and viceroy and governor of the islands discovered in the Indies."

About the middle of April Columbus arrived at Barcelona, where every preparation had been made to give him a solemn and magnificent reception. His entrance into this noble city has been compared to one of those triumphs which the Romans were accustomed to decree to conquerors. First, were paraded the Indians, painted according to their savage fashion, and decorated with their national ornaments of gold. After these, were borne various kinds of live parrots, together with stuffed birds and animals of unknown species, and rare plants supposed to be of precious qualities. Great care was taken to make a conspicuous display of Indian coronets,

bracelets, and other decorations of gold, which might give an idea of the wealth of the newly discovered regions.

After this, followed Columbus on horseback, surrounded by a brilliant cavalcade of Spanish chivalry. The streets were almost impassable from the countless multitude; the windows and balconies were crowded with the fair; the very roofs were covered with spectators. It seemed as if the public eye could not be sated with gazing on these trophies of an unknown world, or on the remarkable man by whom it had been discovered.

I. **Suav′ĭ tў (swăv)**: pleasantness; softness. **Martin Alonzo Pin zon′ (pĕn thōn)** (1441–1493): a Spanish navigator who commanded the Pinta. **Vincent Yañez Pin zon′ (pĕn thōn)** (1460?–1524?): a Spanish navigator who commanded the Niña. **Vĭce′roy**: one ruling with kingly power in the name of a king. **Dė̆ vōt′ĕd**: here, doomed; usually, zealous; loving. **Ăb ŏ rĭg′ĭ nalṣ**: first inhabitants; natives. **Fà çĭl′ĭ tў**: ease; readiness. **Ăd mīr′ĭng**: wondering at, — an old use of the word. **Rĕc ŏn noi′tĕr**: examine, especially for military purposes. **Spĕç′ĭ fīed**: named; selected. **Çĭ păn′gŏ**: a fabulous island, the object of search of many early navigators.

II. **Mŏ mĕn′toŭs**: important. **Măr′ĭ tĭme**: marine; connected with the sea. **Trĭ′umphs (ŭmfṣ)**: magnificent processions and ceremonies held by the Romans in honor of victorious generals. **Sāt′ĕd**: satisfied. **Trō′phies (fĭz)**: evidences of conquest; memorials of victory.

WORD LIST

à bōde′. Awaited.

ăb ŏ rĭg′ĭ nalş. First inhabitants; natives.

ăc çĕss′ĭ ble. Easy of access; approachable.

ăc çĕs′sŏ rў. Connected with as a helper.

ăc cū′mū lāt ĕd. Collected; stored up.

ăd mīr′ĭng. Wondering at,—an old use of the word.

à ē′rĭ al. Airy.

āid-de-camp′ (-kăng). An officer chosen by a general to carry orders and to assist and represent him in other ways.

ăl′à băs tĕr. A very hard stone.

à-lēe′. On the side away from the wind.

Ăl′lăh. The Mohammedan name for God.

ăm bŭs cāde′. Lying in wait, especially for the purpose of attacking an enemy by surprise; a place where one lies in wait.

Ă nă huac′ (wăk). The plateau of Mexico.

ăn′tē chām bĕr. A small room leading into a larger one; an outer room.

ăp pâr′ent. Seeming.

är′bĭ trà rў. Bound by no law; possessing and abusing unlimited power.

är′dū oŭs. Difficult.

à rē′nà. Place of public contest.

är′tĭ fĭçe. Workmanship.

ăs çĕr tāin′. Find out; make certain.

ăs′sà gāiş. Spears used by native tribes in south Africa.

Ăz′tĕc. Belonging to the Aztec race, an early North American race which the Spaniards found inhabiting the plateau of Mexico.

bāle′fụl. Hurtful; deadly.

bē dī*gh*t′. Ornamented.

Bĕrk′shire. An English county, in the southern part of which is situated the little village of Three Mile Cross, the scene of Miss Mitford's sketches.

bē smīrched′. Soiled; discolored.

Black Hole of Calcutta. A cell in a fort at Calcutta into which 146 English prisoners were put, 123 of whom died before morning from lack of air.

blā′zoned. Emblazoned; adorned with a coat of arms.

Boer (bōōr). A farmer people of

Dutch descent in South Africa, recently at war with the British.

bōlt'rōpeş. Ropes stitched to the edges of sails to strengthen the sails.

bōōn. Gift.

bŏr'ŏughş. English towns which send members to parliament.

Bo̤ur'bon, House of. A family of French kings.

bow'ĕr, best. Large anchor.

bŏx ha̤ul'ĭng. Going from one tack or direction to another.

brāç'ĕş. Ropes by which the yards are moved horizontally.

brănds. A poetic word for swords, so called from their brightness.

bŭc'kleş. Curls of hair; usually, metal frames with catches, used for fastening things together.

bŭs'kĭnş. Strong coverings for the feet, coming some distance up the legs.

Çaē'şăr, Caius Julius. The greatest of Roman generals. He conquered Spain, 49 B.C.

cāi'tĭff. Base fellow; wicked man.

cȧ lŭm'nĭ ātes. Accuses falsely of crime; slanders.

Căm'ĕ lŏt. A legendary town in Winchester, England, the seat of King Arthur's palace.

cȧ mĕs'cĭ ȧ. A loose robe.

casques (cȧsks). Armor for the head and neck.

căv'ȧl cāde. A procession of persons on horseback.

çĕn'sĕr. A vessel for perfumes, used in churches for burning incense.

chăr'ăc tĕrş. Letters.

Charge of the Light Brigade. In the battle of Balaklava, in the Crimean War, an English brigade was, by some mistake, ordered to charge a Russian battery, and obeying, had three-fourths of its men killed.

chēer'lў. Cheerily.

chûrlş. Rough, ill-bred men; laborers.

Çĭ păn'gŏ. A fabulous island, the object of search of many early navigators.

clāy'mōre. A large two-handed sword.

cŏf'fĕr. Chest, especially one used for keeping valuables.

cō hē'sion (zhŭn). The law of nature by which the particles of a body are held together.

cŏm bŭs'tion (chŭn). State of burning.

cŏme'lў. Good looking; handsome.

cŏm pōrts'. Agrees with; suits.

cŏn stĕl lā'tions (shŭnş). Groups of fixed stars.

cŏn sŭm'mȧte. Of the highest quality; perfect.

cŏps'ĕş. Woods of small growth; thickets of brushwood.

côrse'lĕt. Armor for the whole body.

Côr'tĕş, Hernando (1485–1547?). A Spanish adventurer, the conqueror of Mexico.

Cŏv'ĕrt. Cover; woods or land covered with underbrush which conceals game.

crȧfts'man shĭp. Skill in one's work; knowledge of a trade.

crĕ dĕn'tials (shalş). Letters of credit; testimonials showing that a person has a right to exercise official power.

crĕd dū'lĭ tў. Readiness of belief.

Crĭ mē'ăn War. A war waged by France and England against Russia, to repel Russian advances in Turkey.

crŭs tā'ceans (shanş). Shell fish, such as lobsters and crabs, so called from the crustlike shell with which they are covered.

crўpt. A secret place; a vault, especially one under a church used as a chapel.

çўm'bal. A musical instrument.

dĕ clĕn'sion (shŭn). Falling off.

dĕ fĕnd'ant. A person required to make answer in a law case.

dĕ pĭct'ĕd. Marked; painted.

dĕ tĕr'mĭ nāte. Fixed; positive.

dĕv as tā'tion (shŭn). Ruin; destruction.

De Vaux (vō).

dĕ vōt'ĕd. Ho[illegible] doomed; usually, zealous, loving.

dĕx tĕr'ĭ tў. Skill; cleverness.

dĭn'gleş. Narrow dales; small valleys.

dĭs cerned' (zĕrnd). Seen; distinguished.

dĭs cōurse'. Conversation; talk.

dĭs crēet'. Prudent; careful.

dĭ'vĕrş. Diverse; differing in kind, —an old meaning of the word.

Dō'grà Sĭkhs. A tribe in India.

dŏn. A Spanish title, formerly applied only to persons of high rank, now used in the sense of Mr. or Sir.

Draper, Sir William (1721–1787). A British officer who commanded as colonel at the capture of Manilla from the Spaniards in 1763.

ĕ jăc'ū lāt ĕd. Exclaimed.

ēked. Added to; increased.

ĕ lūd'ĭng. Shunning; avoiding.

Ē lys'ian (lĭzh an). Pertaining to Elysium, the land of the blest.

ĕ măn'çĭ pāt ĕd. Set free.

ĕm bär'gō. An order of government forbidding the departure of ships of commerce from certain ports.

ĕn cō'mĭ ŭmş. High praise; strong commendation.

Ĕn'dĭ cott, John (1588–1665). Colonial governor of Massachusetts.

en trée' (än trā). A French word meaning entrance; the right to come in.

ĕs pī'al. Spying.

ē'thĕr. A medium in all space, through which light and heat readily pass.

ē'ven. A poetic form of the word evening.

ĕv ŏ lū'tion (shŭn). Prescribed movement, as of a ship or a body of troops.

ĕx çĕss'. Undue amount; too much.

ĕx pĕ'dĭ ent. Means of overcoming a difficulty.

ĕx pĕnd'ĭ tûre. Laying out; spending.

ĕx plĭç'ĭt lў. Clearly; plainly.

ĕx tĕn'ū āte. Cover with excuses; make less the crime of.

fà çĭl'ĭ tў. Ease; readiness.

făv ŏ sī'tēş. A kind of fossil coral.

feign. Pretend.

fĭg'ūre. A mode of expressing ideas by words which suggest pictures.

fīre'lŏck. An old-fashioned gun.

fire water. The Indian name for whisky.

fĭr'mȧ ment. Sky.

frȧ tẽr'nal. Brotherly.

frą*ught*. Freighted; filled.

fū ȿē*e'*. An old-fashioned gun.

Găl'ȧ hăd, Sir. A knight of King Arthur's Round Table, the only one who succeeded in the quest for the Holy Grail.

Găl'ăx ў. The Milky Way. See definition.

gą*lled*. Injured; annoyed.

ġĕm'mў. Ornamented with gems.

Gōōr'k*hȧ*ȿ. A tribe in India.

Grā*il*, Holy. Grail is an old word meaning cup or dish. According to a legend of the Middle Ages, the Holy Grail was the cup or dish used by Christ at the Last Supper, and could be seen only by a perfectly pure and holy person.

grăn dē*e'*. Man of high rank; nobleman.

grē*aves*. Armor for the leg below the knee.

Hȧ'kĭm. A wise man; a physician, especially among the Mohammedans.

hȧ răng*ued'*. Addressed; made a speech to.

hăr'bĭn ġĕrȿ. Forerunners; messengers.

hăz'ard oŭs. Dangerous; daring.

Hẽr'cŭ lēȿ. A fabulous Greek hero, celebrated for his great strength.

Hĭg'gĭn son, John (1616–1708). An American clergyman and author.

hĭg'gleȿ. Disputes; bargains.

Hĭp pär'chus. A Greek astronomer who lived about 150 B.C.

Hō'mẽr. A Greek poet supposed to have lived about 1000 B.C.

hŏs'tĕl. An old word for inn.

hŏs'tĭle. Warlike; unfriendly.

hŏs tĭl'ĭ tĭeȿ. Acts of warfare.

hŭm'mock. Rounded knoll or hillock.

Hў'ȧ dēȿ. A group of five stars supposed by the ancients to foretell rainy weather when they rose with the sun.

hў mē nē'al. Of a marriage song.

ĭl lĭm'ĭt ȧ ble. Boundless.

ĭm ăġ ĭ nā'tions (shŭnȿ). Purposes; ideas; fancies.

ĭm pēach'. Charge; accuse.

ĭm pẽr çĕp'tĭ ble. Not to be seen; invisible.

ĭm'pẽ tŭs. The force with which a body is driven or impelled.

ĭm prĕg'nȧ ble. Unconquerable; that cannot be taken.

ĭn çĕs'sant. Unceasing; uninterrupted.

ĭn çĕs'sant lў. Unceasingly; continually.

ĭn cûrȿ'. Meets with; exposes one's self to.

Indian Mutiny. In 1857 the native troops in India rose against the British soldiers, whom they outnumbered eight to one, and for a time threatened the overthrow of British power in India.

ĭn dĭs pĕn'sȧ ble. Not to be spared; necessary.

In hēr'ent. Natural; inborn.

In sĭd'ĭ oŭs. Deceitful.

In sū lā'tion (shŭn). The state of a body's being separated from others by nonconductors so as to prevent the passing of electricity.

In vĭn'çĭ ble. Not to be overcome.

In vī'ō lāte. Not violated; uninjured.

In vŭl'nĕr a ble. That cannot be injured.

jŏc'ŭnd. Merry; gay.

joy'anç*e*. A poetical word for joyfulness.

Kän'juts. A tribe in India.

Kĕp'lĕr, Johann (1571–1631). A German astronomer.

K*h*ä'sĭ ä Hills.

Lân'çe lŏt, Sir. The most famous of the knights of King Arthur's Round Table.

lăn'guor (gwĕr). Weariness.

lēech. An old word for physician.

lĕt'tĭng. Delaying; hindering,—an old meaning of the word.

l*i*ēġ*e*. King.

lĭg'ä tūre. Bands.

lĭn'ē a ment. Feature.

Lŏd'don. A small river in southern England.

lŭf*f*. Turn a vessel's head toward the wind.

lūr'ĭng. Attracting.

māç'ĕş. Heavy warclubs.

măg'nĭ tūd*e*. Size.

mà lic'ious (lĭsh ŭs). Mischievous; spiteful.

măl*l*. Public walk.

mà neu'vĕr. Change of position; skillful movement.

Mä'ō rĭ. Inhabitants of New Zealand.

märġ*e*. A poetic form of the word margin.

măr'ĭ tĭm*e*. Marine; connected with the sea.

märk. One of the bits of leather or colored bunting placed on the sounding line at distances of from two to five fathoms; the unmarked fathoms are called *deeps*.

măr'tial (shal). Warlike.

mâss'ў. Massive; forming or consisting of a large mass.

Mĕ dū'sà. According to Greek mythology, a woman whose hair was changed into serpents, after which all who looked upon her were turned to stone.

Mē'lĕch Ric. A Saracen name for King Richard.

Me nŏm'o nē*e*. A river in Wisconsin and Illinois.

mēreş. Lakes.

Milky Way. The bright belt which is seen at night stretching across the sky. It is composed of stars so far and so blended as to be distinguishable only with the telescope.

mĭs'sĭleş. Weapons intended to be thrown.

mŏl'lŭsks. Animals covered with shells, such as cuttlefish and snails.

mô mĕn'to ŭs. Important.

Mŏnt'sĕr rât.

môr'tal. Deadly.

mū̆ nĭç ĭ păl'ĭ tў. A town having local government.

mur rain take such trumpery. A petty evil wish. Murrain is a disease among cattle.

mўth'ĭ cal. Fabulous.

Na̤u'tĭ lŭs, chambered or pearly. A small sea animal inhabiting a cell having many chambers or cavities, each of which is occupied in succession. As the animal increases in size, it advances, forming a larger chamber and partitioning off the one last occupied.

Năz ȧ rēne'. A follower of Christ, the Nazarene; a Christian, usually in contempt.

nĕc rō̆ măn'tĭc. Enchanted; magic.

neū'tral īze. Destroy the effect of.

Newton, Sir Isaac (1642–1727). An English philosopher and mathematician.

noi'sȯme. Disagreeable; offensive.

nox'ious (nŏk shŭs). Hurtful; harmful; unwholesome.

Ō cŏn'tō. A city in Wisconsin.

ŏp'tion (shŭn). Power of choosing; choice.

ôr'dĭ nançe. Law.

Ȯ rī'ŏn. A large bright star named for the fabulous hunter, Orion.

out lănd'ĭsh. Strange.

păd. An easy-paced horse.

pa̤l'freў. A small saddlehorse.

păl'pȧ blў. Plainly; evidently.

pa̤l'trў. Worthless; trifling.

pȧ rāde'. Ground where troops are drilled.

păr'ȧ pĕt. A low wall, especially one protecting the edge of a roof, bridge or the like.

pĕr di'tion (dĭsh ŭn). Ruin; destruction.

pĕr ĕn'nĭ al. Never failing; unceasing.

pē'rĭ ȯds̤. Sentences.

pĕr pĕt'ū̆ āte. Cause to endure; preserve for all time.

pė̆ trō'lė̆ ŭm. Rock or natural oil.

pheas'ant (fĕz). An English game bird.

Philip II (1165–1223). A king of France called A̤u gŭs'tŭs, the Imperial.

phos phor ĕs'çent (fŏs fŏr). Shining with a light like that of phosphorus, a natural light-giving substance.

Pin zon', Martin Alonzo (1441–1493). (pė̆n thōn) A Spanish navigator who commanded the *Pinta* on Columbus's first voyage.

Pin zon, Vincent Yañez (1460?–1524?). (pė̆n thōn) A Spanish navigator who commanded the *Niña*.

plăsh'ў. Watery.

pla̤u's̤ĭ ble. Seemingly reasonable.

Plē'ia dēs̤ (yȧ). A group of seven small stars named for the seven daughters of the fabulous hero, Atlas.

plŭmbed. Found out the depth; sounded.

pō'tĕn tātes. Princes; kings.

prē mȧ tūre'lў. Too early; before the proper time.

Prior, Matthew (1664–1721). An English poet and diplomatist.

prō dĭġ'*i*oŭs. Huge; monstrous.

prō mŭl'gāt ĭng. Publishing; making known.

prŏv'ĕn dĕr. Food; especially for domestic animals.

prŏv'ôst. Keeper of the prison,—an old use of the word.

pū'ĭs sant. Powerful.

pȳre. Heap; funeral pile.

pȳ'thŏn. A large-mouthed snake, somewhat like a boa constrictor.

quạr'tĕr. Mercy.

quạr'tĕr màs'tĕr. An officer of low rank who attends to the helm, signals, etc., under the direction of the master of the vessel.

quĕst'ĭng. Seeking; going in pursuit of.

quĭz'zĭng. Making sport of; mocking.

răl'lĭed. Teased.

rămp'ant. Leaping.

rĕc ŏn noi'tĕr. Examine, especially for military purposes.

red-cross knight. St. George, the patron saint of England.

rẽ doub*t*'á ble. Dreadful; fearful.

rē'gal. Kingly.

rẽ quīt'al. Return for something done; reward.

rĕt'ĭ nūe. Train of attendants.

rē'trō grāde. Moving backward.

Richard Plăn tăġ'ẽ nĕt (1157–1199). An English king, called Cœur de Lion (kûr de lē on*g*), the Lion Heart.

Rŏd'ĕr ĭck. The last of the Gothic kings of Spain, who was driven from his throne by the Moors.

rout. Defeat; confused flight.

sà găc'ĭ tȳ. Quickness of judgment; wisdom.

săg'á mōreş. Indian chiefs.

săn'gui nà rȳ (gwĭ). Bloody; cruel.

sāt'ĕd. Satisfied.

sà tī'ẽ tȳ. Excess of gratification; surfeit.

scăb'bard. The case in which the blade of a sword is kept.

scĭm'ĭ tĕrş. Curved swords used by the Arabs and other Oriental people.

sẽ çēde'. Withdraw; separate from.

sẽ di'tion (dĭsh ŭn). Rebellion; discontent against government.

sēer. Prophet.

shä grēen'. A kind of grained, untanned leather used for covering small cases and boxes.

shāleş. Kind of rock.

shăl'lòp. Boat.

shēer. Steep; straight up and down.

shĭn'gle. Coarse gravel.

shōal. Shallow water; advances into shallow water.

sĭg'nal. Remarkable; notable.

sĭg'nĕt. Seal; sign.

Sĭk'kĭm. A state in Bengal, India.

sī'rĕn. One of three sea nymphs said to sing with such sweetness that they drew sailors to destruction.

sŏl'âçe. Comfort.

sō'lar. Of or pertaining to the sun.

spẽç'ĭ fĭed. Named; elected.

spăş mŏd'ĭc. As in a spasm; shaking violently.

Stamp Act. An act of the British parliament (1765) imposing a duty on all paper and parch-

ment used in the American colonies.

stạlk'ĭng. Moving forward stealthily, under cover of a screen, for the purpose of attack.

stạlls. Seats in the choir of a church for the clergy.

stĭp'ū lāt ĕd. Agreed on.

stōles. Long, loose garments; sometimes, scarfs worn by clergymen.

strā'tŭm (pl. strata). Layer.

suav'ĭ tў (swăv). Pleasantness; softness.

sŭb tĕr rā'nĕ an. Underground.

sŭn'drў. Several. *All and sundry:* all together and each separately.

sŭ pīne'lў. Carelessly; idly.

tăck. The direction of a vessel with regard to the position of its sails; change the direction of a vessel by shifting the position of the helm and sails.

tär'gĕts. Small shields used as defensive weapons in war.

tăt tōōed'. Marked, according to a savage custom, by pricking in coloring matter under the skin.

tĕm'pĕr. Hardness. Metal is tempered or hardened by repeated heating and cooling.

tĕm'pō ral. Worldly.

tē ō căl'lĭ. A Mexican temple, in the form of a pyramid.

tĭt ĭl lā'tion (shŭn). Tickling.

trà dūçed'. Slandered.

trăns fŏr mā'tions (shŭns). Changes.

trăn'sient (shĕnt). Passing quickly away; not lasting.

trăns mĭt'. Send.

trăns mūt'ĕd. Changed from one form or nature into another.

Trī'tŏn. According to Greek mythology, a sea god who raised or calmed the billows by playing on a conch shell.

trī'umphs (ŭmfs). Magnificent processions and ceremonies held by the Romans in honor of victorious generals.

trō'phies (fĭz). Evidences of conquest; memorials of victory.

trŭmp'ĕr ў. Things of no value; rubbish.

trŭn'cheon (chŭn). Handle.

tū'nĭc. A loose-fitting garment.

tûr'bĭd. Muddy.

tŭr'rĕt. A small tower.

ū biq'ui toŭs (bĭk wĭ). Being everywhere at the same time.

Ū lўs'sēs *or* Ō dўs'seus. The wisest of the Greek heroes who fought against Troy.

ŭn dū lāt'ĭng. Rolling; rising and falling in wave-like forms.

ŭn ĭn tĕr mĭt'tĭng. Uninterrupted; not stopping.

ŭn prĕ mĕd'ĭ tāt ĕd. Unplanned; unthought of beforehand.

väunt. Boast.

vĕ lŏç'ĭ tў. Speed; quickness of motion.

vĕr'nal. Spring.

vīçe'roy. One ruling with kingly power in the name of a king.

vĭr'tū al lў. Practically.

vīs'or. Movable front piece of a helmet.

void. Empty.

vŏ rā′cious (shŭs). Greedy; gluttonous.

wĕl′kĭn. Sky.

Wĭn′thrŏp, John (1588–1649). Colonial governor of Massachusetts.

wĭṣe′ā cres (kĕrṣ). Persons who pretend to be very wise; dunces.

wōld. Plain; low hill.

wȯnt. Accustomed; used.

yĕarned. Wished greatly.

Phonic Chart

Vowels

ā *as in* hāte
ȧ *as in* senȧte
ă *as in* hăt
ä *as in* färr
ạ *as in* ạll
å *as in* åsk
â *as in* câre
ē *as in* mē
ė̄ *as in* bėlieve
ĕ *as in* mĕt
ē *as in* hēr
ī *as in* pīne
i̇ *as in* i̇dea
ĭ *as in* pĭn
ī *as in* sīr
ō *as in* nōte
o̊ *as in* vio̊let
ŏ *as in* nŏt
ū *as in* tūbe
u̇ *as in* pictu̇re
ŭ *as in* tŭb
ụ *as in* pụll
û *as in* fûr
oi, oy *as in* oil, toy
ou, ow *as in* out, now
o͞o *as in* mo͞on
o͝o *as in* fo͝ot

Equivalents

ạ=ŏ *as in* whạt
ę=ā *as in* thęy
ê=å *as in* thêre
ï=ē *as in* polïce
ī=ē *as in* bīrd
ọ=o͞o *as in* dọ
ọ=o͝o *or* ụ *as in* wọman
o̊=ạ *as in* hо̊rse
o̊=ŭ *as in* so̊n
ȳ=ī *as in* flȳ
y̆=ĭ *as in* hy̆mn

Consonants

c *as in* call
ç *as in* çent
ch *as in* chase
ch *as in* chorus
çh *as in* çhaise
g *as in* get
ġ *as in* ġem
s *as in* same
s̱ *as in* has̱
th *as in* thin
th *as in* this
n̲ (=ng) *as in* ink̲
x (=ks) *as in* vex
x̱ (=gs) *as in* ex̱ist